

# SOPHIE IN LONDON-1786



UNIVERSITY  
OF VICTORIA  
LIBRARY

136  
128

To one who stood by  
close.

---









SOPHIE IN LONDON, 1786



SOPHIE V. LA ROCHE, 1778

*From the original in the University Library at Münster*

# SOPHIE *in* LONDON

1786

being the Diary of  
Sophie v. la Roche

---

Translated from the German  
with an Introductory Essay  
by Clare Williams

---

With a Foreword by  
G. M. Trevelyan

---

JONATHAN CAPE

Thirty Bedford



Square, London

1933

UNIVERSITY OF VICTORIA  
LIBRARY

FIRST PUBLISHED 1933

JONATHAN CAPE LTD., 30 BEDFORD SQUARE, LONDON  
AND 91 WELLINGTON STREET WEST, TORONTO

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY J. AND J. GRAY, EDINBURGH  
PAPER MADE BY JOHN DICKINSON AND CO. LTD.  
BOUND BY A. W. BAIN AND CO. LTD.



## FOREWORD

THIS book is a valuable addition to the library of old travellers' tales which forms so attractive a part of modern reading. A clever woman, belonging to the fine cosmopolitan civilization of Europe in the third quarter of the eighteenth century, herself coming from the noble Germany of that period, describes the English scene. That European civilization has since been changed past all recognition by machinery, and by resurgent 'enthusiasms' of every kind.

Some things, doubtless, have been gained by these changes, but reading this book has reminded me more forcibly of what has been lost. The good lady's eulogistic remarks on Wedgwood ware (page 122) are characteristic: 'At Wedgwood's to-day 'I saw a thousand lovely forms and images; vases, tea-things, 'statuettes, medallions. . . . Were I a traveller of means this 'would have accompanied me home to Germany. "That the ' "Briton is born for all that is noble," is a true, not a biassed, 'statement. For so soon as his spirit is untrammelled, and he 'acts independently, his is the path to greatness, simplicity, 'and beauty in all things.' Such a statement perhaps raised a smile in 1786; if uttered in 1933 it could only raise a guffaw. But if in England we have, like every one else, lost good taste under the pressure of the machine age, we have as yet kept the spirit of liberty that the eighteenth century bequeathed us.

This is a remarkable picture of our ancestors, and I hope it will have the success it deserves. We owe Mrs. Williams a debt for bringing it to light.

G. M. TREVELYAN



## PREFACE

THIS diary, intended rather for the bedside table than the study desk, written, like the countless scribblings of the period, for edification 'without tears' (if one may apply this most descriptive anachronism) has not been annotated. The earnest seeker, however, need never flag for want of printed matter, and to those interested I address this note. I have pursued a policy of exclusion, though by careful use of sources mentioned the reader should soon thread his way through the diversions of eighteenth-century studies. Perhaps an introduction of the diarist as she appears on paper would form the best approach. She finds a place—now a line, a page, or paragraph—in many general literatures. It will be well to consult Professor J. G. Robertson's *Short History of German Literature*, 1931, for a start. (Here I must pause to thank him for putting the diary in my way, for friendly encouragement, and permission to use an article of his—mentioned below—to which I am much indebted.)<sup>1</sup> In the excellent bibliography to the above such general works as F. J. Schneider's or A. Köster's literatures and others, or the monumental Hermann Hettner's *Literaturgeschichte des xviii Jahrhunderts* (revised, E. Boucke, 1926) will be found, while those anxious for a German introduction may take W. Scherer's classic, *Geschichte der deutschen Litteratur*, 1921, using Körner's book selection. Biographies of Sophie and her husband by L. Assing, 1859, and R. Asmus, 1899, may be supplemented by the delightful sketch of Sophie as an old lady in the lively 'moonshine' letters of her famous granddaughter, Bettina v. Arnim, *Die Gündertode* (edited H. Amelung,

<sup>1</sup> Since these lines were printed German scholarship has been impoverished by the death of this *doyen* of German letters.

Inselverlag, 1914). Other, sometimes newer, aspects of her character and works are obtainable from tributes, or the contrary, in Erich Schmidt's *Richardson, Rousseau, Goethe*, W. Scherer's *Aufsätze über Goethe*, 1886, from articles by K. Ridderhoff, J. G. Robertson (see *Modern Language Review*, xxvii), or letters edited by R. Hassencamp, F. Horn, A. Bach in book and periodical format, in G. v. Loeper's *Goethe Letters*, 1879, K. Wagner's and E. Martin's to Merck and Jacobi respectively, and finally in the intimate requests to Crespel to send her such varied fare as sausages, curtains, watches, stockings, down from Frankfurt! (see W. Hertz in *Bernhard Crespel*, 1914). To the publishers of H. C. Jansen's stimulating new material in *Sophie v. La Roche im Verkehr mit dem geistigen Münsterland*, 1931, I am indebted for permission to reproduce the silhouette, and should like here to add my grateful thanks to the photographic and general staff at the British Museum and London Library for much help and patience. Of the many books on woman's place and culture in society, Christine Touaillon's *Der deutsche Frauenroman des xviii Jhdts.*, 1919, is a very real contribution, and devotes much space to Sophie; Adalbert v. Hanstein, 1899, gives an efficient survey, Matthew G. Bach, in a far smaller work, specialises on *Wieland's Attitude toward Woman*, etc., 1922, and so includes Sophie's early years, and H. Lachmannski, 1900, deals with women's periodicals. Myra Reynolds's *The Learned Lady in England, 1650-1750*, 1920, is an excellent precursor to the period for those seeking an English study, and reminds one, though they are too late for her, that the memoirs of a Hannah More (edited William Roberts, 1835), Mme. d'Arblay (edited Charlotte Barrett, 1883), Mrs. Delany (edited Lady Llanover, 1861) make good counterparts to Sophie—for in these are met Mrs. Fielding's 'game of twenty questions,' with Sir Joshua Reynolds amongst the victims; 'the Cagliostro and the Cardinal's necklace'; the 'mad' Nicholson woman's attempt on His Majesty; our friend Lyttleton and his ghost and many more familiar anecdotes



from Sophie; while the journal of John Wesley (edited N. Curnock, Vol. vii) for Monday, 28th August-Sunday, 3rd September 1786, testifies to Sophie's veracity and gives us the somewhat mournful subject of his sermon thus: 'It is appointed unto men once to die.' Any such contemporary evidence can be recommended both as a pleasure and a check on Sophie's work. It seems almost superfluous to add the *Dictionary of National Biography* and its German brother, *Die Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie*, S. Redgrave's old *Dictionary of Artists* and G. K. Nagler's older *Künstlerlexikon* (see in the latter, for instance, Sophie's friend Hurter) as clues to the detection of personalities, though some readers may be grateful; or again Wraxhall's *Historical Memoirs*, 1836 (compare with Sophie, the Gordon Riots and 'gutting' of Savile's house), J. T. Smith's *Nollekens and his Times*, 1829, as popular funds of anecdote, or Genest and Allardyce Nicoll as the theatrical 'who's who's.' In E. Beresford Chancellor's *Lives of the British Sculptors*, 1911, a newer Smith, will be found references to compare with Sophie (Smith's list of Nollekens' works contains all those which Sophie saw) and again in Photiades' *Les Vies du Comte de Cagliostro*, 1932, Sophie plays quite a minor rôle as visitor to this worthy.

Lastly the tourist traffic may be followed satisfactorily through W. E. Mead's *Grand Tour in the xviii c.*, 1914, the excellent bibliography of which contains works connected with all phases—the traveller in France (A. Babeau, 1885), in England (Edward Smith, 1889, or Arturo Graf, 1911, etc.). Anglo-German tourist relations are best handled by L. M. Price's *English-German Literary Influences*, 1919, and J. A. Kelly's *England and the Englishman in German Literature of the xviii c.*, 1921, the bibliographies of which contain most original sources and German works on the subject. Beside these P. E. Matheson's *German Visitors to England*, 1930, is but slight.

As for the 'London Scene,' H. B. Wheatley's *London Past and Present*, 1891, W. Besant's volume entitled *London in the xviii c.*, 1902, in his *Survey of London Series*, Daniel Lyson's

*Environs of London*, 1792 (Vol. II, Middlesex) are indispensable for general reference, while H. B. Wheatley's *Hogarth and his Times*, 1909, Austin Dobson's *William Hogarth*, 1907, and E. Beresford Chancellor's recent popular survey, *The xviii c. in London*, 1920, contain delightful illustrations and form a good beginning. With Warwick Wroth, *The London Pleasure Gardens of the xviii c.*, 1896, one can follow the vicissitudes of fashion from Belsize to Ranelagh, or trace the changes around Well Walk and Marybone very agreeably, and should one be guilty of a too roseate vision, then *Dorothy M. George*, in a more specialised and deeper work, *London Life in the xviii c.* 1925, may be calculated to dispel illusions, while maintaining an optimistic viewpoint. Her bibliography will fill in the lacunæ, and Sections IV and VI more particularly will be a guide to the better-known topographers and travellers (see also 'maps')—the list from Daniel Defoe at the opening to T. Pennant at the close, is almost inexhaustible, as reference to the British Museum catalogue will show. Sir Mayson M. Beeton and E. Beresford Chancellor have extracted letters 5 and 6 from Defoe's first edition to make a luxurious volume with very gorgeous plates entitled *A Tour through London*, 1929.

Should the reader not be versed in German, yet care to sample some of their travel journals, he will find Baron Bielfeld's *Letters*, Count Kielmannsegge's *Diary of a Journey to England*, 1761-2, G. F. A. Wendeborn's *View of England towards the Close of the xviii c.*, 1791, A. W. Archenholz's *A Picture of England*, 1797, and the ever-popular Carl Philipp Moritz (see P. E. Matheson's reprint, 1926) all at his disposal (as given) in translation.

In conclusion, I mention John Timbs' quaintly antiquarian *The Romance of London*, 1865, knowing hardly whether to praise or blame these odd sensationalisms clad in drab attire, and hasten to add the name of one whose library of eighteenth century vignettes, studies, essays, poems, biographies and more, undoubtedly acclaim him as the literary hero of this Warburg contest—Austin Dobson.



*To*  
My Parents, and  
One Other



SOPHIE IN LONDON, 1786



## INTRODUCTION

### (i) *The Grand Tour*

A GENERATION of mechanics, cubists, press-buttons, and robots, pampered with rapid and easy communication, will hardly grasp the full significance of miracles like the grand tour or penny post of its eighteenth-century ancestors. Arthur Young's statement that there were no longer any novelties for the tourist outside of Tartary nowadays, conveys none of its deeper implications, unless we realise the tremendous impetus given to travel and exploration at the time. The very term 'grand tour' sounds as the proclamation of some great event. It calls to mind the pomp of eighteenth-century monuments, the flourish of contemporary beaus, and all the show of a spectacle-loving age. It personifies the virtues and the vices of foreign self-complacence and all the tawdry glitter at the courts; the qualities and defects of our own self-named 'emporium,' where we proudly hugged our insularity; the faults and excellence of rationalism, smug with its achievement. Yet we must beware unless it assert a right to innovation not its own. For travel was nothing new. Of Ulysses, the ceaseless wanderer, Phœnician traders, Cæsar's exploits, the voyages of a Cabot or Columbus, tales are often told. The eighteenth century, however, might lay claim to novel aims and methods, to improved communications which turned travail into travel, and gave birth to a new genus—the incorrigible globe-trotter. It created the traveller *per se*—a tremendous organised attack on all the vantage points of Europe ensued. It launched a different age of travel. The grand tour was *de rigueur*.

These two small words can conjure many a scene for us:

the crack of a coachman's whip, as he spurs his new relay of horses on to Dover to meet the packet there, which is to bear his master, a gentleman of parts and fortune, to Paris, that 'paradise of women and the follies': some foreign count embarking at Helvoetsluys for Harwich, thence to London for George III's coronation. The phrase recalls the tedium of eternal gaieties and our gallants' flight to a new round abroad. It brings to mind some refractory youth in the hands of an ill-used, sometimes ignorant tutor, skimming the continent in search of a veneer known as 'bon ton'—his store of capital for future years! We see a whole army of 'melancholy English' escaping their 'befogged' and 'smoke-bound' London for sunnier climes. But these are sketches of the leisured few. The tour has its more serious sides. The scientists and antiquarians travelled too, digging for data everywhere they went. For many of these, however, the tour, which Nugent roughly estimates as comprehending Holland, Germany, Italy, and France—we must add Switzerland and England—was not 'grand' enough, and so we shall leave them to their adventures at all four points of the compass in the trail of a Cook or Mungo Park.

Like all human institutions the grand tour had its uses and abuses. Many the cries and satires in its wake; pictures of naïve Englishmen and their families decked out by Paris wig and dressmakers, fleeced and ruined; crowds of young fops making themselves objectionable, learning nothing but debauch; the hasty tourist missing all the best. 'How the devil can you like being always with these foreigners? I never go amongst them with all their formalities and ceremonies,' to which Lord Chesterfield coined the appropriate retort, 'I am neither ashamed nor afraid; I am very easy with them; they are very easy with me; I get the language and I see their characters by conversing with them; and that is what we are sent abroad for. Is it not?' But we will leave his query to be answered later.

Nor must we imagine, despite improved communications,



that these voyages were all sweetness and content. More especially in its early stages the grand tour might in some respects be termed a *tour de force*. For marauders, broken wheels, closed city gates and a wretched lodging outside, in winter heavy rains, ice blocks falling on one's coach, swollen rivers, were only some of the evils which might befall. In Germany the roads were abominable, and the coaches cumbersome and comfortless. Sophie once complains that 'the reigning princes should be made to drive round daily in a mail-coach for four hours on end, and they might then acquire some sense of justice towards their fellow-beings. Even the Queen of Prussia twice overturned along this road,' and landing in a dirty ditch can have been no joke as one, the Baron von Bielfeld, proved to his discomfort. For Italy Nugent advises 'a sword and couple of pistols,' and 'an iron machine to fix to carriage handle' to prevent its opening in case of 'murderous villains' on the road, though the highwaymen, as we knew them, were not so common there. In England, before the improvement scheme on paving, roads, and lighting after the middle of the century, mud was the traveller's chief complaint. The sea also played its part in the series of accidents. Being 'excessive sick' was not the worst, though disagreeable as some know to their cost. An 'ugly matter,' one traveller remarked, baffling every effort at 'pleasant or attractive' narrative! Views seem to have varied as to the best preventative: some recommended the patient to gaze out upon the water, while others contended that nothing could be worse—one must keep one's eyes upon the ship. Reading and even meditation were forbidden. More troublesome than this, however, were the long periods spent in some 'dreary hole' like Helvoetsluys, waiting for the favourable wind. Here there was nothing for it but to gnash one's teeth, kick one's heels, and empty one's purse, for the natives knew how to charge in these tourist traps. Or having eventually got aboard successfully, the packet would be becalmed in mid-ocean for a space and one's

supply of food likely to give out; or else some storm tossed one to Yarmouth instead of Harwich, where finally, on arrival, one fell a prey to officious customs officers. Such were the possible calamities, though some escaped scot-free, boasting a pleasant voyage from start to finish. Towards the close of the century more particularly, tourist traffic had seen a transformation and England above all became the trippers' paradise.

An essential feature of the itinerary were the travellers' guide and reference books. Though the bureau belongs to a later date (the hostelrys it seems saw the beginnings of this institution), information in the form of manuals was abundant. For travel, as we have seen, had its abuses, though the 'man of sense' designed it for its uses. There is no point in touring aimlessly. What is the use of life if our experience is not ordered to some purpose? Travel has become inextricably bound up with life; it is a 'sentimental journey,' its 'accidents, rubs, and difficulties' the obstacles of life. The tour is both allegory and teacher. Injunctions to keep a record ensue; possibly 'alphabetically arranged' to simplify the jottings. The ideal in so doing was to sift one's evidence, to have an end in view from which one should not swerve to take in any secondary matter. Here the specialists earned their laurels, for bibliophiles and antiquarians, botanists ransacking Europe's cabinets for specimens, at Kew or Paris doing homage to their sire, Buffon, kept strictly to the letter of this law and noted only what concerned their field. Many, however, lost all sight of any aim they might have had, erring hopelessly through labyrinths of history, politics, and religion in an attempt to pad the narrative, letting the 'reflections swallow up the travels,' as Johnson aptly said. Nor perhaps can we blame them altogether, for these poor voyagers were weighed down with bibliography and counsel. Volkmann's handbook of 1781, for instance, compiled for German visitors to England, is a mine of English, Latin, French, and German works on the constitution, geography, topography, and other aspects of that 'queen of isles,' not forgetting special guides for



London and environs, maps and sketches of the best-known sights. Nugent might be termed the father of Baedeker, though without innumerable predecessors he could scarce have flown so high. These—Stows, Defoes, and Enticks here, the Bernouillis or earlier French journalists abroad—set the pace, and though doubtless indispensable to the conscientious traveller for pointing out the landmarks, they turned his innocent pleasure into a Herculean labour. Besides the collections of an Astley or Bernouilli, there were catalogues such as Schad's of Nürnberg, periodicals like Hamburg's *Traveller* or England's *Modern Voyages*, for the perusal and disposal of the tourist or directory compiler. Thus has the bulk of our material swollen from the tiny stream of readable and apposite reflections early in the century to a torrent of encyclopædic matter from the 70's on. This aspect of the 'European Itinerary' should not be overlooked in the general storm of abuse flung at the good-for-nothings of the time.

And how does England fare in all this touring? Long before the century had passed through all its crescents to reach full splendour towards 1770 and wane again round about 1800, England had witnessed a steady progression of visitors from abroad. The centre of gravity had shifted from Italy, which in previous epochs claimed priority from the traveller for her treasures and her learning—she was still the 'garden of Europe' and 'fountain of the arts'—to England, the hub of the world in politics and commerce. Like a magnet she attracted foreigners to her shores to breathe the purer air of liberty and learn the secrets of prosperity. Though that 'beautiful city with some ugly things,' Paris, still rivalled the 'ugly city with some beautiful things,' London, she was rapidly losing ground, for she was but the rotten core of a decaying system, and any serious thinker looked towards the latter for a possible solution of new problems which might avert the catastrophe of '89.

So Montesquieu, Voltaire, and many other Frenchmen took the lead, and Germany, never slow to copy France, was

close at heel here. One by one and in their scores the Germans take the plunge and cross the Straits, until by 1799 London was larger by thirty thousand of them resident over here. Most of Europe was suffering from Anglomania, Germany worst of all: England, 'that land whose very name is as music to our German ears,' one traveller rhapsodically exclaims; obviously no unbiased witness of our scene in 1783! And amongst the endless German literature on England one man only dares to take a definite stand against us, and he is a pro-French revolutionary whose views reflect the tricolour. Furthermore, he seems to have been a crusty, quarrelsome fellow, who in consequence suffered many buffetings, though his statements are not without veracity even when he sees white at its blackest! Some minor attempts at crushing the idealists occurred, and negative criticisms appear occasionally in the works of praise, but they are 'still, small voices.' The classic author in our time deserves a mention here: Wendeborn, writing in 1784, adopts the motto, 'Speak of me as I am,' and deals with us accordingly.

In general, German visitors did not feel as strange and outcast as a Frenchman or Italian; for to the French we were diametrically (and politically) opposed—it was only necessary for him to wear a small hat for us to adopt an outsize in that line, one German chuckles—while the German, racially related, was tolerated, if not loved. German imagination, too, was fired by literary aspiration—for having exchanged the polished verses of French classicism for the barbarous but titanic Shakespeare, they flung themselves with fervour into Ossian's bardic mists, Young's melancholy nocturnes, and other English works, and so gained an intimacy with the 'promised land' before arrival. Finally, an Elector of Hanover sat upon the English throne, forging the firmest link between both nations, and so, once across the water, friends and relatives at the court awaited them, the German pastor at the Savoy shepherded them, and Germans in plenty at the Turk's Head or Paris Coffee-house or similar localities welcomed them.



As for their criticisms, we have already found them favourable. Our literature, in their opinion, had arrived, our philosophy and science likewise flourished with a Locke or Newton and the Royal Society at the head; our laws and constitution 'discovered in the backwoods' of our Saxon forebears, were 'indubitably the masterpiecc of all forms of government' (according to one zealot, aforementioned). And although our fine arts lacked spiritual fire, our universities were fat and prosperous and sluggish, our education needed thorough overhauling; yet these evils quickly vanished before a sight of the city or the docks, or Father Thames laden with merchandisc. And if 'kings chose to live like invalids' in a 'crazy, smoky, dirty' convent, while the 'invalids like kings' inhabited the stately palaccs of Greenwich and of Chelsca, why, that was just another English 'whim.' The nation, too, was prosperous as a whole—those drawn and haggard faces so familiar on the continent had disappeared. Beggars were plentiful enough, but even they wore tidy, cleanly rags. As for the English arrogance and candour, those, like other vices, had their virtues, for they gave rise to charity and good works, to loyalty and liberty of speech and action; and while their sadic lust for hangings, baitings, and similar sports was certainly difficult of comprehension in such a people, perhaps the relic of ancient Roman shows explained it, perhaps it was a mark of that proverbial English scorn of death. 'Young man . . . my soul is steadfast. I am English. I can die, for I can live and suffer like a man,' are my Lord Edward's words, imbued as Rousseau doubtless thought, and maybe rightly, with characteristic local colour.

'Nation of shopkeepers' as we were in many respects, the taunt lost much of its sting in the applause of hosts of foreign visitors. 'Grande Brettagna, it goes well with thee and happily, above many nations of the earth.' Such was the spirit up to 1786, when Sophie v. La Roche first set foot on English soil at Harwich.

(ii) *My Lady, the Grand Tourist*

My lady 'has been a traveller. She is a connoisseur in antiquities and in those parts of nice knowledge . . . with which the learned and polite of other nations entertain themselves.' How ably do these few words from Henriette Byron's pen meet Sophie's case. They mark the very essence of her qualities and defects as traveller and diarist. For this 'connoisseur in antiquities,' this 'learned lady,' likewise has leanings to the part of *bel esprit*. And so personalities and anecdote, quite lovely Rousseauistic nature studies, glimpses of well-known sights and monuments, are introduced as appetisers before the heavier fare of museum or natural history catalogues, historical or other semi-learned disquisitions.

At the same time my lady Sophie was in every way adapted to the part of eighteenth-century globe-trotter. A child of her age, as we shall see, she shared the general appetite for travel. La Roche, her husband, had travelled a little in his time, and his patron's tours in Holland, France, and Italy (Sophie explains that the polite in his day did not necessarily include England), formed part of the 'nice' discourse at the castle of Warthausen, where they lived some years with him. While her library, in which we know La Mottraye figured, no doubt contained much of the travel literature then in vogue. At least she was well read in this department, for Mungo Park and Lettice, Mme. du Bocage, von Watzdorf or Wendeborn, are only some of the representatives she mentions. Yet all this fund of previous information did not hamper that spontaneity of vision and impression which was her greatest charm. Nor did Sophie suffer 'homesickness' *en route*. Indeed, in the jubilation of this new-found toy, the tour, that ailment was overlooked. And travelling, too, mostly a luxury article, merely meant a transfer from the learned and polite of one country to a



similar circle in another latitude. And so Sophie, lady of rank and authoress, travelling in company with a friend or son (it was advisable to have a companion during tedious, sometimes dangerous, stretches), bearing introductions to her peers in foreign parts, has neither time nor inclination for the disease.

Twice in her career Sophie bears witness to the three great moments of her life. Once from her look-out on the Baltic coast (doubtless referring to her trip to Hamburg, when she met Klopstock, the 'heavenly' Stolbergs, and others of the magic circle there), once in England, and once on a mountain summit facing the then unscalable Mt. Blanc in Switzerland. We should like to add a fourth and fifth: before the sea at Havre de Grace in France, and on the shore at Scheveningen in Holland. No doubt, however, she knew best! One thing is certain. Though Sophie belonged to that 'tearful sect' of 'sensitive and beautiful souls' so easily 'affected,' though she was present at many a 'sentimental congress,' these were moments of genuine emotion. Her voice thrills with gladness and her sometimes pedestrian narrative rises to pæans of praise before the verdant, undulating hills of Richmond, the silver gleaming Thames threading its way through fertile valleys, past prosperous country seats and rustic villages. Likewise, surrounded by the mountain majesty at Chamonix, she feels some vast and all-pervading power about her. This indeed was Nature's apotheosis. 'Sing unto the Lord a new song,' cries our eighteenth-century pietist, drowning her utilitarian instincts in this feast of Nature, oblivious for a moment of politeness and preciousity. Nor are these the only moments in her work. As she crossed from Germany into Switzerland she noticed how the 'seam of the Fatherland was edged with wild roses,' revelling in their masses, and her work is sown with many delightful images of the kind, bright flowers in meadows sometimes fertile, often dead or arid.

Before following Sophie on her continental tour, one question of biographical interest might be answered here.

Why exactly did she cram her travels into the narrow margin of some months within the three consecutive years of '84 to '86? Her fate and fortunes at the time will solve the question. Her daughters married, her eldest boy fully fledged and flown, Carl at the university, and Franz, the youngest, waiting to be packed off to boarding-school at Colmar, Sophie was free from all maternal cares, while her husband, now retired, as the last section will tell, might be left to potter in his garden, or busy with his mineral cabinet and specimens. On the other hand, the period after 1786, fraught with much grief for Sophie, who lost a husband, favourite son, and daughter between 1788 and '93, fraught with grave political unrest for the world at large, hardly inspired Sophie, an old lady, to wander far from home. Further reasons for her decision in 1784 were obvious too. She must have often dreamed of seeing the world and playing her part in the contemporary grand tour. For Italy she had sighed, but symbolically this dream was never realised. To Switzerland she had looked forward now for 'forty years'; certainly since her youthful love affair with Wieland, and her subsequent epistolary link with Julie Bondeli, a remarkable feminine personality of the time. If Franz was to go to Colmar then, why not take him to Switzerland first and leave him with her old friend Pfeffel, the director, on return? Besides, there might be scope for some journalistic sketches here to swell the periodical she edited, *Pomona*, or some other publication. And so it happened; and Sophie left on 25th June of 1784 with Franz for Switzerland.

They had a fair to moderate journey, though the roads were bad in parts. Once, on entrance into Switzerland, they were compelled to leave the coach while the horses were unharnessed and led along the narrow defile. On arrival at Zürich, their first main port of call, they put up at the 'Sword,' where La Roche had lodged before them. Sophie did not care for the steep, narrow streets and tall houses, but she did her duty, visiting the libraries and schools, the silk and muslin



factories, which jointly with the heavy tourist traffic were blamed for the undermining of the simple life, to the sorrow of Swiss patriots. In Zürich, too, where Gessner (the pastoral poet) and other old friends of Wieland, her young admirer, greeted her, her spirit harked back to 'Doris,' and her youthful romance. 'For what woman does not smile gladly at the memory that she has been lovable and beloved, even though it be thirty-two years since?'

But Sophie's main objective was Lausanne, so we will press on with her, though incidents *en route* must hold us up occasionally. At Lucerne, for instance, after a stormy passage across the lake, Sophie went up the Blumenalp. The guide addressed her as 'Mama,' and offered her his hand as soon as the path grew difficult. Then in the broadest dialect, which she faithfully reproduces, he continues, 'Mama, ye marn't go further, ye be a heavy woman and not wont to sich climbing.' In Berne, 'the cradle of her Julie,' she did not tarry long, though architecturally it was an elegant town, and Tschanner and other famous friends of Julie's gave her hospitality. July 17th saw her in Lausanne, much struck by the difference between French and German Switzerland. 'The French villages look sad, their stone houses less rustic, less cleanly than the wooden dwellings of the German peasant.' Nor does the French labourer look as hale and hearty as his German neighbour. Nevertheless, Lausanne, home of Gibbon and the Neckers, was already the Mecca of the English tourist, and a great settlement of schools for children of the rich. 'Whole troops of charmingly clad English women, just like Reynolds paints them,' were taking the air one day while Sophie was out walking, '*followed* by their menfolk.' (The Englishman was reputed to be a bachelor at heart even in eighteenth-century England!) And Sophie doubtless felt this was a haul, for these unfriendly English formed colonies of their own and did not mix. Some of their customs, however, filtered through, for on her return to Lausanne six days later we find Sophie at Rapin Thoyras'

daughter, Mme. Blaquières, taking tea with a dainty little roll, at six o'clock, as 'introduced here by them.' On this occasion and on her previous visit she met Mercier (prophet of Paris' coming downfall), Gibbon (historian of past decline), and Mme. Casanova.

In her subsequent adventure Sophie was led higher, if not further, than she had anticipated. For to please her son she joined in an expedition to the glaciers from Chamonix. Starting by *char-à-bancs*, 'a wooden bench supported on four wheels with a piece of cloth drawn tautly over it,' Sophie was then chaired part way, but eventually decided to climb, for fear of being tipped into a precipice. She rested at the 'English table of ice'—an ice plain named after its 'dare-devil' habitués—where the others joined her later for the descent. For this Sophie had to shed her heels, and a storm, which met them half-way down, did not make matters easier. They arrived back drenched—in Sophie's case rather frightened—but none the worse for their adventure. Indeed, having put their clothes to dry, they formed a merry party by the fire and over a steaming meal. Sophie wore the goodman's slippers, as his housewife's wooden clogs did not quite suit! Indeed, this day amongst the splendours of Haller's Alps was memorable to Sophie, as we saw, nor did she in any way rue a venture which made of her a pioneer in mountaineering—the first woman of her race in fact to undertake the ascent.

These then, the high lights of Sophie's tour in Switzerland, must satisfy us, though at times the shades possess a charm entirely their own. Her visit to Ferney and pilgrimage to Vevay might be added. She found the 'patriarch's' estate dilapidated, 'rank with weeds, like some of the owner's writings,' while Vevay, immortalised by Rousseau, was a flourishing market town, cleaner and lovelier in its natural simplicity than any place she had visited. That Sophie gave an unconsidered, somewhat biased verdict does not concern us here; the 'Ferney factory,' scene of departed glory, could



not in any case compete with a new and vigorous order of society. Be this as it may, we must proceed with Sophie's itinerary. In haste to reach Colmar with her son, she had to forego hosts of invitations—a luncheon with the Neckers, party at Mme. Casanova's, to mention two—but managed to spend a couple of days or so at Basel exploring the town and making friends. To an introduction to a certain Sarasin and his wife, faithful followers of Cagliostro, she owed a meeting with the latter two years later in London. But we must take our leave of her. Having dropped a son and collected a 'foster' daughter to stay with her, she ordered horses at Strassburg on 22nd August to carry her back to hearth and husband at Spires.

We meet her again, however, the following spring, when she decided to compare the 'wonders of Nature' witnessed in Helvetia with the 'wonders of art' for which Gaul was famed. In how far she appreciated the latter, and whether her impressions of 'sweet France' are as complimentary as one French commentator imagines, we shall see. That she did not find France's most 'smiling aspect' altogether her 'truest one,' is certain. For all through her narrative can be heard the plaintive note of poverty and subjection. These twin miseries seem to haunt her like the silent spectres of some immeasurable, nameless crime. Let us explain. On her route to Paris, for example, she calls in at an occasional cotter's by the wayside. She finds the people clean, but very poor indeed. Again, almost her first impression of Paris is 'disappointing,' 'the streets are narrow and dirty, and the common people likewise.' Later she tries to convince herself that it is truly the home of 'art wonders,' but cannot lose sight of the fact that the people, segregated into two distinct classes, one 'wishing and enjoying,' the other larger group 'waiting on the pleasure and egoism of the former,' are wretched. 'The abject misery of the populace and the dirt are past all imagination.' This land where 'pedestrians are jammed between carriages and carts makes one's heart sink.'

In truth, 'the good taste and wealth which supply art with bread' are quite 'remarkable,' but the 'misery bordering on it all' can scarce be 'overlooked.' On one occasion, while watching a royal procession, she observes the lavish expenditure and luxury, but in contrast to the extravagance of the coaches, the mob looked 'wretched.' Certainly Louis xvi 'appeared a beneficent monarch, as he smiled kindly on every side and saluted his people,' but this fact hardly glossed over realities. Visiting a silversmith's the following day, this idea is repeated: all very handsome, but see the people outside collecting 'rags and rubbish.' Feeling is beginning to run high too, for when the queen makes her entry into Paris after her confinement, a mild surprise goes round amongst the spectators on the balcony about Sophie, and a murmur of 'What's this? The streets are packed, and not a single cry of "*Vive la Reine*,"' and one lady explains to Sophie that the populace is bravely evincing discontent. 'It bears burdens, but does not fawn like the great.' Two days later, at a procession of Corpus Christi, people are run over heedlessly. 'There is no longer the slightest regard for human beings or things.'

We have purposely emphasised a theme in Sophie's record recurrent as the tragic motive in Wagnerian opera with its prophecy of coming doom; yet like this last, though Walhall's time approaches, there are still sunny patches in the surrounding country. 'Gold is scarce' in Paris as in Walhall! 'Spain was not circulating much.' All the cunning of the combined deities was required to cover Freia with the Nibelungen hoard and yet there were beauties on the Rhine and in the woods, and likewise France has beauties by the Seine which must not be forgotten in our denunciation. If Versailles looked worn and dilapidated after one short century's gaiety, the Tuileries still charmed Sophie's eye, the Trianon, Marly, St. Cloud and Sèvres were 'delicious,' the Louvre with its colonnade, the Luxembourg magnificent. Nowhere in the world were such parade, nowhere such elegant equipages, as



in the Bois. In Paris only did one find a coffee-house, where, as if laden by 'invisible' hands, the table appeared from out the floor already served. In Paris, too, Mlle. Bertin ruled supreme, for the 'whole of Europe bowed its head beneath the sceptre of fantastic fashion.' While Paris at night, around the palace area, looked like a 'fairyland' of myriad lamps, though suburbs and outskirts did not compare with London in this respect. But Sophie was happiest out of the din and 'rattle' of Paris vehicles; away in Touraine, for instance, fertile and smiling even then, with its 'busy' labourers, 'lovely' country-side, and its clean, neatly clad inhabitants. Or away in Bordeaux watching the ships and dock life. This was evidently an English characteristic, for, as distinct from other foreigners, the English were known at once by their liking for the quay-side, which they visited within their first fifteen minutes on shore, loitering there for hours on end, gazing at the work. Sophie heard that they were clannish too, as in Lausanne. Nevertheless, the French regretted having helped America in the war against them, for now her competition was hitting France's export trade. Or again, Sophie was happy at Havre de Grace, where a 'wish long cherished' was at last fulfilled. Here she saw the sea, and marvelled at its changing beauties, spending the greater part of her short stay in its vicinity, either in the lighthouse inspecting the great lamps some 'ten feet in diameter,' or sitting on a mound of grass in contemplation.

But Sophie, despite this attitude and the many evils all around her, did not forget her social side. And so we see her at Versailles among the spectators in the palace after the royal household had heard mass, or in the marquee at Trianon during a garden fête given by the queen. She gained admission on these occasions through friends in the ministry. Again we catch a glimpse of her idolising Buffon, 'the high priest of Nature,' walking with him in his domain, the Botanical Garden. Then she is taken to Mesmer's house, where three hundred patients were gathered awaiting cure

from the quack magnetist. She goes to Mme. de Genlis, the French authoress, and discusses the attitude of men to women—that is, intellectual women!

In truth, we cannot accuse her as she feared of ‘seeking every tombstone for inspection,’ like many of her countrymen, for though the past and its memorials interested her, she had a keen sense of the present, its people, and conditions, and has made her diaries live accordingly. Her sojourn in France was crammed with sights and people, her diary with apposite reflection amidst—Sophie admits a weakness she cannot help—long discursive passages. Yet she left this ‘wonder-city’ without the least regret, and welcomed the mountain country which heralded the Fatherland. On the whole she must have enjoyed her stay, or else what purported to be a six weeks’ tour would scarce have exceeded a period of three months. The French had two redeeming qualities, she thought—‘good roads and handsome theatres’—two matters of great value for the public. Whatever her criticisms may have been, however, she was carrying back with her the nucleus of ‘a book most interesting and remarkable’ for its impressions of the ‘waiting city.’

A year elapsed before Sophie set out once more for foreign parts. The best—we mean in her opinion—lay before her; she had but to choose the route. Calais or Boulogne to Dover, Dieppe to Brighthelmstone, Ritzebüttel to Yarmouth, by sloop from Rotterdam to London Bridge (not advisable, however), or Helvoetsluys to Harwich—all these paths led to the sons of Albion. She chose the last, like the majority of her countrymen, and took in Holland on the way. After meandering with the Rhine as far as Düsseldorf (and Friedrich Jacobi, her friend) past wooded banks and vineyards, steep rocks, and ruined fortresses, back through time to earlier scenes and old familiar faces, happy days at Mainz or Ehrenbreitstein, Sophie and her friend, accompanied now by Carl, sped on via Clèves and Nimwegen, into Batavia. Here they found no mere ‘deposit of German mud,’ no ‘indigested



vomit of the sea,' as de Ruyter's enemies or other scoffers chose to call her, but a spruce and prosperous people, industrious and thriving. Gone the haggard faces, vanished the poverty and dirt, the tawdry remnants of French grandeur; here was a power to be reckoned with, a flourishing community second to none abroad and rivalling Britannia on the ocean wave. The bustle round the harbours, great ship-yards, prosperous villages and villagers, livened the 'monotony of boundless meadow flats,' the 'perfect quiet' of the country-side with its 'solitary farms and fisher-dwellings.' For a study of conditions we might profitably turn to Amsterdam as typical. This city, with its harbour—like a stone flung into water—irradiating circle upon circle of canals, bordered by fine patrician buildings, as if by such a form to impress the curious guest or ignorant idler with its centrality and prime importance, was a very hive of industry and excited speculation. East India Company, Admiralty and 'Change, Town Hall, fine shops (some finer than in Paris), and oriental wares (the Japanese dressing-gowns in all shades of light silk padded with wool, yet easily rolled for packing, attracted Sophie) were branches of a great commercial unity, the several spokes of an industrial wheel with docks and wharves for hub. Here Sophie watched the smiths and carpenters and rope-spinners; the whalers back from Greenland with seventy tons of blubber reckoned at 10,000 guilders' clear profit. Such scenes and sums stirred the imagination, though the cost of living was relatively high. From Amsterdam again, Brook and Sardam were attainable. These villages were famous for Dutch spotlessness and prosperity, then proverbial. In Sardam, with its innumerable wind-mills, wood and marble saw-mills, paper, flour, and fulling-mills, Sophie found a kermis in full swing. Admirable opportunity to see the gala. She thought the costumes striking, especially the 'caps of finest lace or linen with golden buckles in the nape and great gold or even diamond pins over the temples,' as we know them still.

Other Dutch towns might be regarded as Amsterdam in miniature—industrious, well-to-do, and spruce, their business mostly centred round the harbour. Haarlem, already famous for its bulbs; Leiden, proud of its university—a fine town, Sophie says: in memory of her father she paid homage at Boerhaven's grave. The Hague, elegant and residential; Delft, with its delightful ware, yet uninhabitable, 'without a library and friends.' At Scheveningen, a tiny fishing-village, already much sought by tourists, though unspoiled as yet by casino or hotel, the great North Sea rolled in 'omnipotent and infinite.' Sophie rose early here to see the catch, rating the old fishwives for their avarice as they hastened to The Hague with baskets full of fish. Lastly, at Rotterdam, nowadays a sea of masts, and doubtless not very different then, the kermis was again in progress, with its 'countless booths, streets packed with people, dancing dogs and monkeys, trick-riders,' and other strolling fry. The French players from The Hague had come in for the fair, and every evening there was 'Vauxhall after the English original.'

Nor must we forget the field of Dutch art. But Sophie, ignorant of 'significant form,' judged with eighteenth-century vision, mingled with independent standards of her own. 'The Night Watch' was particularly praised, she said, for its truth to Nature in the torch-light, while Potter's 'Bull' appealed to her, 'a lover of the country . . . fields and cows' as a true nature reproduction. Thus we will let these remarks suffice, for her mention of works by Dou, Mieris, Wouwerman, and many more besides will teach us little about art. Sophie's 'genius' clearly cared more for the sister muses, history and literature; or, better perhaps, preferred theories of Greek perfection in the past to facts about Dutch practice present before her there.

'And so once more we turn the page:  
The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,  
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,'

give place to a new scene. Emerald lawns now, wooded parks and verdant country-side are set to charm the eye. 'The heavens be praised,' after forty-eight hours at sea—Harwich, land, England at last!

(iii) *The London Scene*

Out of the ashes of 1666, 'this great and monstrous thing called London,' phoenix-like, rose up anew. For better or for worse? A question too far-reaching to be answered lightly. How many moderns can be heard echoing Defoe, who thought it 'the disaster of London, as to the beauty of its figure,' that it was 'thus stretched out in buildings just at the pleasure of every builder or undertaker'? Yes, æsthetically, the century had missed an opportunity; it might have handed on a finely planned metropolis. Yet the rebirth was not wholly bad, for streets were 'widened' and 'prodigious files' of excellent architecture erected; and as the century wore on, fine paving-stones were laid and illumination such as to be the envy of every foreigner. So if eighteenth-century men and women sometimes took fright at the rapacious monster which devoured their green fields and woods, we of the twentieth century know that some of London's proudest workmanship belonged to them. Foreigners, settled here for any length of time, could not fail to notice this expansion, but thought it an improvement, for 'fine streets and squares now stood on what but recently had been uncultivated ground, brick-kilns and dunghills,' so that 'within the last twenty years the environs were quite unrecognisable' (1764-84). Forty-three thousand houses had sprung up in little more than a decade (1762-79), quotes Archenholz, and if we may poach on the very fringe of nineteenth-century preserve (1801-2), we find one German leaving Southampton Row, with its foundations barely laid, to return in a week's time and find the row completed and unrecognisable. Recent studies of London in the century furnish some reasons for this



wholesale development. Citizens, weary of the rumble of city traffic, growing so vast, were migrating westwards to the outskirts; the country, in order to be near the central market for business transactions, and then 'to rub a little of the rust off,' was moving townwards. Industrial concentration has brought a 'deserted village' in its train, which explains an over-brimming city. From such a condition of affairs in London there springs a new issue peculiar to the age. 'East is East and West is West' refers to the 'emulation' between court and city, townsman and rabble. West-ender thought the city man a 'boor.' The city rose at six and finished at five (except the shops, which were open until ten p.m.); the West or 'other' end, rose at eleven and finished next day! We remember young Evelina's horror at being discovered by my lord, her admirer, in so despised and lowly an area as Holborn. Here the foreign view of London may prove misleading, for the place is 'judged by the company kept,' and he who resides at 'the St. James' End' will necessarily entertain a different idea from a 'lodger in the city.' Unfortunately, records often wear a courtly guise, for travel was a luxury as yet, and writing diaries the business of an educated few who knew the ropes to some extent, while foreign aristocrats, less inclined to a democratic outlook than our own, expressed the view that 'the sensible part of mankind is little concerned to know the manners, mode of thinking and living of common people.' One attitude saw the people as reflections of the great, sharing their virtues and their vices on a lower plane, yet in more emphatic form, their ambitions, sports, and pastimes on a smaller scale. This was one way of skirting difficulties, which undoubtedly contained more than an element of truth, but it is hardly a satisfactory study of lower-class conditions, and bodes ill for intimate knowledge of Gin Lane. Nor can we blame the foreigner altogether, for Gin Lane did not receive its guests with open arms, greeting all and sundry as 'French dogs,' so that he who valued his life, or at any rate his dignity, steered clear of possible calamity.

However, in the course of our descriptions an occasional glimmer of light creeps through the chinks, a crumb of information in the bountiful bill of fare—too often a mere digest of some previous source—concerning the face of London.

The face of London: how gain an adequate impression of such a visage? how take a 'measure of the mighty body?' Maps, meaningless labyrinths of streets and places, will but confuse unless we find our bearings. To do this, let us plunge into the heart of London and climb St. Paul's (completed 1710), like some of our German friends. We shall require a very miracle of visibility in this city of eternal mists, but granted that, no common sight awaits us from the summit. Below there 'fair Thames casts his course into a crescent,' winding east and west across the city and beyond. Across old London Bridge in Southwark, the Gothic spire of St. Saviour's might just catch our eye, with St. George's Fields stretching towards Lambeth. We gaze awe-stricken from 'the Tower at one end to Westminster at the other'—no insignificant boundaries to a city these—symbol of strife and cruel bloodshed in the east, of mastery and achievement in the west, two main factors of a nation's history. Westwards, Tot Hill Fields lie on our side, the Kent and Surrey hills across the river to the south. From the enormous mass of huddled brick beneath, the graceful steeple of St. Bride's or some other of Wren's triumphs might be discerned: little else. Two hours this prospect fascinated Moritz; we will not stay so long, but make across to London Bridge. Here the sprites of commerce crowd the fancy as the mysteries of those docks and wharves, those bales and crates, that turmoil of hands, of mingled black and white and half-caste races, are disclosed. We turn and watch the river traffic—for

' . . . such a road for ships  
Scarce all the world commands  
As is the goodly Thames  
Near where Brute's city stands'—



steering cautiously beneath the bridge west towards some light amusement, or east to Greenwich and the training-school, to Deptford and its mighty shipyards, and out to foreign lands.

Or if we have more time at our disposal we might wander down the century a little to Blackfriars Bridge (first stone laid 1760), or up the river again, and take our stand upon the parapet of Westminster Bridge (begun in 1738). What sights to charm the eye. That undulating country inviting us on one side, the backs of the old Savoy or Somerset Houses, and quiet Temple Gardens, or later (after 1769) the famous Adelphi Terrace on the other. What a diversity of scenes—the east so turbulent, the gateway through which prosperity and prestige flow into the luxury-loving, peaceful west.

So far we have not ranged farther than the town. One last attractive view awaits us from without the gates. A stroll to Hampstead, a 'village' once, now a 'city' almost linked with London by the Hampstead road, would be anathema in that century of horses, chairs, hackneys, and private carriages, so we will hire a vehicle (price little over 1s. 6d.) and hie us hence, or more realistically conveyed, 'tug up' one hill and 'straddle down' the next. From a situation 'so near heaven' we are able to take stock of the earth and lowest depths around us! We stand on a hill with hills about us in the distance—the heights of Kent and Surrey veiled in their own characteristic bluish haze, and Bucks invisible behind us—below us in the vale country residences, and farther on the minsters of east and west with meadows and villages on either hand—Islington, Hackney, Bromley to north-east; Paddington, Kensington, Hammersmith to south-west, and the turrets of Windsor just topping the wooded slopes beyond.

Thus equipped in the general topography of London, we will return, leaving the 'gallant' but none too 'modest' company in the popular resorts of Hampstead to their pleasures.

A stand at Leadenhall Street, the Strand, or any posting-

inn this or the other side of Thames, would pass the time of day and tell us much about eighteenth-century travellers. Better still, however, go and meet the packet where a motley gathering awaits onlookers. Here, jostled by porters and customs officers, are specimens of every tourist type—pedant, merchant, courtier, idle rich—a cosmopolitan troop of globe-trotters seeking strange lands or home from foreign parts. In such a group stood Sophie v. La Roche on 4th September of 1786, gleeful at her safe landing after forty-eight trying hours at sea, and revelling in the Hogarthian figures of the English working-class. There being nothing to linger for at Harwich, travellers made the seventy-four miles to the ‘capital of Europe’ as speedily as possible. By Sophie’s time communication had become a science; in 1723 it was an art, and consequently slower. Travellers at this early date evidently changed at Colchester and posted on from there next day. Long before Sophie’s visit, however, this change is made superfluous, and a traveller taking this route praises the ‘comfort and rapid travelling’ in England. That he was a private landau passenger (for which he paid five guineas) must be considered, though his remark applies to public conveyance just as well. Sophie, too, journeyed by private carriage, but complains of her privacy, envying the common lot in mail or stage-coach. Had she experienced a ride on top or been ‘shaken and bruised’ in the basket, ‘unforgettable’ in Moritz’s estimation, she might have been more grateful. A post-chaise, about the same price as a landau reckoned by the mileage, held two persons only. In one case a wooden bench was put in to accommodate four, but the consequent squeeze caused one to alight and hire a horse. For royal personages and others of high estate the way was smoothed as always, for coaches in plenty, sent to meet them, begged their patronage; but the King of Denmark, to maintain his incognito, spurned all offers in favour of a chaise.

The next consideration was to find a lodging. Volkmann, no doubt with some authority, as late as 1781, advises private



rooms as cheaper than boarding-house or inn. Most Germans, with or without his counsel, evidently agreed. Addresses range from St. James' Palace, Curzon Street, Mayfair, to Monuments' Yard or St. Catherine's near the Thames, an 'execrable hole!' Charing Cross and the neighbouring streets, a cross in both senses between 'court and city,' was the popular resort, partly owing to its centrality. Here Sophie put up temporarily at the German Hotel in Suffolk Street—we wonder idly whether it was connected with 'Mistress Benoit from the Pfalz,' who kept lodgings at the upper end in 1710—before going to rooms in Portland Street. That accommodation was dear goes without saying, for everything was dear in London, and travellers were warned to go there with full purse. But there is only one complaint of lodgings in 1761, before the coronation, when, owing to the crush, one room and dressing-room combined and servant's room in Little Ryder Street cost 35s. a week.

Once settled in there is much to be done. Those housed in the palace were obviously catered for; people with friends in London, as Sophie had, were not taxed with problems of how best to manage their stay, specialists were busy seeing their specialities; the rest relied on guides, good sense, and chance acquaintance, of which the German eating-houses had a store. Before 1780 most travellers, French and German, kept to London and near environs, excepting always flying visits to the Cam and Isis. The King of Denmark in 1768 drove up to York and took a look at our manufacturing towns—Leeds, Manchester, and others—but this was a royal exception. By the last decade, however, others followed suit, making 'circuits' in the 'island of Great Britain,' as the English had been doing. But perambulation of London was common to all our clients, rich or poor, blue blood or otherwise, with a more or less degree of perseverance. Their observations may not have probed far deeper than the surface, nor do we expect a penetrating study from the casual foreigner. His mission is to see familiar sights with unfamiliar and



objective vision, and render them strange and interesting to us. If he succeeds he will have fulfilled this mission; that is all we seek from him.

One or two final points on generalities. Meals—not unimportant in the daily round—have so far proved ‘more pleasing to the eye than to the palate.’ Vegetables cooked in water lose all character, fish is good, the meat roasted to a nicety, some admit, does not appeal to more sensitive natures, apt to turn pale at the mere sight of John Bull’s red ‘rosbif.’ Inns excellent in all respects—the waiting unobtrusive and polite, the stairs and passages carpeted (not in the manner of Erasmus’ time), the beds made differently from continental ones, but always clean and very comfortable, the linen aired, all in fact irreproachable except to tramping parsons like poor Moritz. Travel too is orderly and efficient—little delay *en route*. So much so that one Dutchman, coming down from Yarmouth, disliked the speed, which left no time for gossip with the coachman, or a dram of local ‘courage’ by the way, and yelled continually in his mother tongue, ‘I must get out,’ but ineffectively. The coaches, too, were in excellent condition, befitting rather a foreign princeling’s coach-house than public hire. With these remarks so good, and so to bed.

Next morning, accustomed to a foreign routine, our German guests sometimes woke up betimes. Sophie, as we shall see, rose early and was ready dressed by seven-thirty, ‘before the maids were even blinking.’ Not a mouse stirring then, she betook her to the window and looked out. What she saw was something reminiscent of those English prints she loved, rather than realities below. First a few workmen passed the house, then the cry of a tiny ‘prentice chimney-sweep trudging by his master, broke the stillness—a picture pretty enough, but appealing to humanity to plead its case—the clatter of milk-pans filled the air, and maids wearing black taffeta caps and ribbons (like the engravings), chintz or linen frocks, and white aprons came running up from Georgian basements to fetch the milk. Gradually hackneys start to ply,

and a drowsy west-end wakens from its slumbers. No possibility of breaking fast till ten a.m., however. Meals are curiously arranged, but on reflection quite conveniently: 'the workmen lunch at one, merchants and middle classes at three, and the genteel at four or after.' Ten till four—a clear six hours for those not too polite, to work. For the polite, however, 'rising late, attiring in frock coat, taking a turn with cane, back again, change of apparel, to coffee or chocolate house, to court for levée, dinner, the women retire, wine, promenade, visits, the show, the assembly, and supper at midnight,' are the several items of a full business day. From our window we might stay and watch the 'men of six a'clock give way to those of nine, they of nine to the generation of twelve, when they of twelve disappear and make room for the fashionable world, who have made two a'clock the noon of the day.' But we poor, tired itinerants must set out, for from our post but little can be seen.

Leaving Suffolk Street with Sophie then (we will keep to 1786, for by this date most of the innovations had been made: Tyers' Vauxhall, Ranelagh, the Pantheon, opened 1732, '42, and '72, Sadler's Wells and other gardens made from 1740 on, new squares round Mayfair added by 1756, new bridges begun in 1738 and '60, old London Bridge improved in 1754, while much of the London scene stood long ago and scorned its parvenu additions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries), we cross over to the Mall and along to St. James' Park for a fashionable few hours. In this pleasant counterfeit of Nature, Beau Tibbs and his colleagues take the air (a favourite English pastime), the 'ladies of St. James,' ride or stroll (silently as is their wont), cows graze, are milked to order for a glass, fallow deer crop the grass or laze. The queen's residence to our right, Buckingham House, is an inviting, homely little palace challenging its frowsy neighbour, St. James' (now behind us), to rebuild Whitehall after Inigo Jones' elegant design, more worthy of the glory of an English monarch. Surprising to find Dr. Graham and his



Temple of Hymen and of Health in such a neighbourhood (in '75 opposite the palace, in '81 once more in Pall Mall), or Katterfelto, 'with his hair on end,' over there in Piccadilly (spasmodically from 1782). But the English, original and luxurious, are a credulous crowd, and easily put upon by quacks. What better rendezvous than Graham's Temple for the Corinnas who throng the London streets, theatres, and drawing-rooms even, the only sign of their profession in the higher ranks being a certain chic, good looks, and sometimes wit, in which they surpassed the chaster members of their sex. The latter, lovely too, with large blue 'languid' eyes and milk and roses ('natural!'), captured almost every foreign traveller; one or two more critically disposed, occasionally withstood complete surrender. For with all their beauty these fair Saxons lacked that vivacity and general smartness of their Latin neighbours. The Englishwoman was stiff and often overdressed, seemed vain and cared for little but amusements, was silent, even amongst her sex, so that 'twenty women together did not speak a word.' But they kept excellent house, where numerous maids, ravishing creatures, dressed in silk and well-spoken, difficult to distinguish from their mistresses, had nothing else to do but dust the furniture. (We need hardly add that reference is to the upper ten.) They were good wives too, and generous towards their men-folk, accepting 'Harry's List of Covent Garden Ladies' with apparent resignation, as they accepted drink and other contemporary evils.

During these and similar reflections we have been rambling round the streets and squares in the vicinity. The latter are a delightful feature of modern planning and quite unique. Their copious trees and well-kept lawns add shade and greenery to an already verdant parkland in the west. The mansions railed off all around them, smoke-begrimed already, and unostentatious, are a little disappointing beside the hotels and palaces of foreign aristocracy. Once past those unassuming portals though, it is a different story altogether,

for here relics of handsome Jacobean furniture, shining mahogany, lordly Chippendale, graceful Adam, or light Hepplewhite or Sheraton, bespeak patrician ease, unbounded wealth; here Dutch masters, Italian 'plunder' or works by the new and pleasing English school adorn the walls; here delicate porcelain, gleaming silver, sparkling crystal, invite one to partake of giant meals. There is little of the continental gilt, but everything displays a taste, comfort, and abundance. The Englishman's home is quite obviously his castle.

To the south-west, past Hyde Park, famous for its duels and troop reviews, and later fashion parades, superseding the popular St. James', lies Kensington village; but we will turn down Tyburn Road to Oxford Street and see the shops. One German resident, on and off from '69 to '79, tells us that 'this street alone contained as many lamps as the whole of Paris,' so that the scene, with shops open till ten p.m. and brightly lit, deceived the Prince of Monaco into believing all this brilliance in his honour. Another German visitor, an Anglophobe, who wished to save his people from the wreck of British finance and corruption, decried this lighting as gross extravagance. Most were impressed, however, and grateful after the murkiness of foreign towns in this matter. The shops did us justice too: watchmakers, silversmiths, china-shops, confectioners without equal, and the goods so elegantly displayed behind those fine glass windows. We imagine the effect not unlike Old Bond Street of a few years back. England had plenty with which to fill her windows, for her Wedgwoods, Seddons, Hatchetts, her Bartolozzis, Rowlandsons, and Boydells, her matchless instrument-makers were renowned, her cutlery, clocks and cloth, engravings, furniture and coach-making, and sundry other manufactures famed. And, though she may have been praised unduly for her ironmongery and small steel goods, and could not compete with France in the art of fashioning bagatelles, as one Muralt (1725) cavils, these were mere trifles as compared to her



growing eminence in the field of manufacture. What else should England, nation of shopkeepers, boast if not first-rate shops. The Pantheon, too (erected 1771), decorating Oxford Street at a cost of £90,000, according to our Germans, is 'worthy of notice.' Here high life, gathered for concerts, masquerades, balls and ridottos, might be studied at leisure from the gallery—not altogether to its advantage.

Our next concern—how to pass the evening? London by Sophie's day teemed with amusements and gaieties. The programme was lavish, the choice complicated by such profusion. Much will depend on the season: in winter the gardens will be closed (Vauxhall open daily from spring to late summer, Ranelagh three times weekly in the summer); in summer from June till September Drury Lane and Covent Garden shut, leaving the Little Theatre or Italian Opera, Haymarket (the latter neither popular nor very good), as alternatives. Then again the climate was variable, never extreme, but, like the inhabitants, whimsical, so that it might be warm in the winter and cold enough for fires in June. (Those dreadful fires which the English call 'company,' 'hugging' them till the front of their body is 'roasted,' while the back remains 'frozen.' Perhaps the habit of staring into them accounts for the numerous bespectacled men!) We might spend our first night at the play then. We are too late for Garrick, whose great days at Drury Lane are past, but Sarah Siddons is there to stir us still, or Mrs. Abington to provoke our admiration. But failing these, we must content ourselves with lesser lights; one of Foote's or Cibber's plays may be running at the Little, featuring Palmer—and, if not, there is always the audience to amuse one. Unlike to-day, public and players were equally interesting. The English playhouses were 'famous' for their 'noise and uproar,' and the 'upper gallery' did not fail foreign spectators in providing some source of amusement, if it was only throwing orange skins into the pit. Such behaviour, however, did not imply any social derision of an actor's rank and status. Once an



acknowledged star in his profession, he was received and recognised by the great as in no other land. Where else in Europe did a lord stoop to become an actor's pall-bearer? Would that Germany would treat her actors and literary men with similar respect. The English school, however, did not always go down with foreigners, some finding it 'extravagant,' and the voices seeming like 'frightful howlings.' And after 1776, with Sheridan's supremacy or Kemble's regency at Drury Lane, the 'former glory' waned, Sheridan, despite his clever plays, having hastened the collapse by his indolence; while by 1802 Mrs. Jordan, once the popular Miss Tom Boy, was become too fat and vulgar, thought one German. Departed were the great theatre days, when stage controversy was rife as to the relative merits of France and England, Garrick's heyday, when such as Lichtenberg grew warm in praise of English acting, was no more.

The itinerary next day might include Westminster, a coffee-house for lunch, and a ramble round the city. The Abbey, with its history in monument, the Parliament, seat of part of that clever anomaly, the British Constitution, shared prominence in the traveller's record with St. Paul's and the Tower, Greenwich and Bedlam! In the Abbey—'awful and melancholy'—the German propensity for tombstones and epitaphs was sated. They collected these with avidity, and most took objection to Gay's frivolous lines. For the beauties of Gothic form, that 'frozen music' of architecture, eighteenth-century tourists had little appreciation. They were more concerned with entering by the west door for the Poets' Corner, with comments on contemporary sculpture as represented by Rysbrack, 'little Roubillac,' and others in the monuments, with the spirit of Addison's meditations on things transitory, or inquisitive as to whether national gratitude or proud relatives' full purses were responsible for so much recognition of the national figure-heads and minor personalities. The Parliament Houses, on the other hand, were material for reflection on things, not

permanent perhaps, but less perishable: the machinery of government, the house of peers, of commons, the monarchy. The *bureau du spic*, a hint of eloquence, of contemporary Ciceros, of rough debates and rowdy scenes; Black Rod, the Woolsack, quaint old survivals, very impressive though. Visions of great speeches or electioneering thrills were conjured up, 'excited scenes' at the hustings during campaigns.

After such a morning, lunch at some coffee-house, possibly near Charing Cross, not far from King Street, and on the route for further sightseeing, might be welcome. Especially since the English coffee-house habitués maintain a 'very decorous stiffness,' we shall not be disturbed. Indeed, the silence is quite impressive; have we perchance strayed into a Quakers' meeting? Evidently not; there is some little whispered conversation, and for the rest John Bull is studying the daily paper, of which there is ample choice. If anyone should mention politics, tongues will soon be loosened and the debating spirit, reared at evening 'spouting clubs,' will take the floor. These houses are the resorts of stock-jobbers and business men, wags and wits and every man, in fact. But for them, *Evelina* might never have seen the light, while even thieves and beggars had their clubs in the St. Giles' area, whither the graceful notice—since thought to be mere evidence of ironic eighteenth-century humour—'Here you may get drunk for 1d., dead drunk for 2d.,' beckoned their clientele to partake from tables where knives and forks were chained. The eating-house and drinking-booth were clubs delightful for their sociability, indispensable for business, but breeding and harbouring many a vice and drunken brawl.

Leaving Charing Cross we saunter down the Strand past the 'new, tasteful' Adelphi buildings on the river side, past Somerset House, now lately rebuilt and used for offices, the Royal Society and Academy, to Temple Bar, where we beg the Mayor and Aldermen for their traditional sign of admittance. St. Paul's, 'the beauty of all Protestant churches in the world,' comparable only to St. Peter's for magnificence



and size, monarch of the city, receives us next. Railed in and cramped between old mediæval streets and houses, against the architect's every scheme, which was 'unhappily baulked,' the interior is disappointing and presents an 'uncommon vacancy.' The Whispering Gallery—in which Sophie had an unprecedented experience—and the view retrieved its reputation. On again to Pluto's Palace, the Bank, or to the 'Change, where the statues of Gresham and Sir John Bernard awaited company in neighbouring niches, though from twelve to three o'clock the place was full enough of agitated living beings; East India House, where Sophie came upon a sale of tea, the Guildhall, cramped and unimpressive, chiefly remarkable in foreign eyes for a statue of Mayor Beckford, for those 'horrible-looking giants used to frighten perverse children,' Gog and Magog, than for its records or association with the London trades and guilds, yet very curious as a symbol of the Lord Mayor's estate with all his city retainers. Here in 1761, after a Lord Mayor's show, were served 'at the Foreign Ministers' table and at another, two large pieces of roast beef weighing 227 and 230 lbs.' Lastly, from here to that 'very great and most strong Palatine Tower' guarded by curious 'lobster-coloured' yeomen. The Tower formed a kind of general peep-show for the foreigner, with its zoo—the blood of wild beasts, we remember, was said to have 'tempered the mortar'!—its mint, its armoury, crown-jewels exhibited behind bars in a dimly lit apartment by a witch-like hag, and its fund of murderous legend. Home again via the docks and customs, no doubt like Billingsgate, 'forums of eloquence,' where Sophie succumbed to the oyster hawkers and enjoyed the first taste of this epicure delight. London's markets, 'monsters for magnitude' and 'very many,' 'flesh,' fish, vegetable, corn markets, not omitting rag fair, London's churches 'rather convenient than fine, not adorned with pomp and pageantry as in Popish countries,' our Germans took for granted on the whole, so crammed their programmes were with occupation and amusement. The Mansion House,

a 'clumsy building,' the city king's abode (begun 1739, completed 1753!), was apt to be forgotten amongst the host of more impressive sights. What, on the other hand, almost every German strove to include was a trip to Windsor and environs. The Hanoverian passion for this resort spread rapidly amongst their kinsmen, whose praises of the hallowed spot develop into lyric song. St. George's Chapel, with its ancient heraldic emblems in the choir, the Hall of Beauties, a terrace superb (dimension 1870 feet, inserted carefully by all), the Order of the Bath, and the frescoes of its history; Eton, now a school for aristocrats, a foundation for poor scholars then, so very English, close by, and Windsor Forest, immortalised by Pope, stirred the Anglophile imagination and realised his dreams of this fair isle. Richmond too, further ground for rhapsody, 'sweet Richmond,' with its 'fairy hills and flowery dells, above all with that queen of rivers, thy own majestic Thames.' Here was 'Elysium, Richmond,' or seen in a different light, here was 'a real Frascati.' Such 'green hills,' such rural beauties the Germans had anticipated from their reading of English poetry and novel. Here Sophie, whose affections for a Swabian meadow in her early childhood bred a subsequent love of English nature scenes in literature and engraving, sought and found the park-like qualities she cherished. Whatever else had failed, this trip at least did not disappoint admirers.

But London, with its crowded streets and haunts, recalls us from our rural panegyric. It still lays claim to some attention from us for its numerous charities, museums, and institutes. Bedlam (founded in the sixteenth century), since palatially reconstructed, a giant lunatic asylum in Moorfields, was reverently regarded by the Germans almost as a shrine of pilgrimage; to Greenwich and Chelsea, immense, majestic piles of eighteenth-century origin, fit to house kings, they also regularly repaired; the Foundling Hospital (1739) also had its share of visitors. Westminster, Guy's, the London Hospital, infirmaries, springing up like



mushrooms to support more hoary institutions, such as Bart's or Thomas', in this humanitarian age. Then again, the institutes and societies for the promotion of knowledge, medical and agricultural groups, and the Royal Academy (1769). No doubt many of these good works were overstaffed or money was wasted on administration, or other abuses might be found as Wendeborn, our realist, indicates, yet they were an advance from German duchesses carrying broth into poor hovels and visiting the bedside—a somewhat precarious subsidy. Further, the museums: catalogues and collections have intimidated us and we have weakly beaten a retreat. But since the time is come (having first carefully written for our pass), let us be bold and make for Montague House in Great Russell Street, now the British Museum (purchased for '£10,000 in 1752'). Here one of two measures must be ruthlessly adopted. Either we explore this vast assembly of acquisition and bequeathments thoroughly, devoting a week or more to sections on natural history, on coins, collections of books, manuscripts and charters, Egyptian curios, or classical antiquities, with Paulet for guide (1761), there being nothing better, or we merely cross the threshold and take a peep, leaving the rest to assiduous or leisured visitors. One refreshing feature, hardly scholarly, was the sign 'no gratuities,' for German visitors were weary of the fees and found the vails expected after meals at friends' private houses, ruinous. 'Stunned, confused, and overpowered,' after one effort at the Museum, we will try our luck at Ashton Lever's, whose private collection of natural history specimens, the Holophusican (!) open to the public was unanimously acclaimed as better even than the British Museum's. Natural history lovers like Sophie, eager disciple of St. Pierre, would revel in this mass of minerals, fossils, shells, animal, plant and vegetable kingdom; we will glance at her catalogue (copied carefully from Wendeborn, who copied carefully from Entick, we imagine!) and pass on to the library and pictures in Buckingham House, the cartoons



and fine paintings at Hampton Court, Agar's private gallery in Park Lane, Townley's antiquities, or the Royal Academy exhibition. Or if in search of lighter pleasures, we might look in at Cox's Museum or Merlin von Lüttich, inventor of mechanical curios and adaptable furniture at Hanover Square.

Sophie's description of his 'stunt' pieces makes amusing reading. The English seem to delight in such grotesque, sometimes macabre, amusements as cock-fighting, bear-baiting, wrestling, or boxing bouts, for which high stakes were laid. In fact, any kind of match from rowing to sack racing, or the great horse races at Newmarket or Epsom formed an excuse for betting, and drew spectators from rich and poor alike.

Last of all, some sunny days in the environs to blow away the dust of ancient monuments. 'Needless excursions' into the country should be avoided, but in this period, when surrounding villages, embryos of future suburbs, are joining up with London, that 'over-massive head upon the dwarf-like body of an elf,' a flying visit (the metaphor may be permitted in those days of balloons and 'Flying Machines') is imperative. Had we been wise or desired to save unnecessary journeyings to and fro, some of the programme might have been accomplished on our return from Windsor, starting from Hampton Court and following the river. Reminiscent of those lovely mediæval colleges at Oxford, or so one early German visitor describes it, Wolsey's luxurious Tudor mansion lay there almost sunk into oblivion since the modern craze for Windsor. An occasional visitor might disturb the peace and leave again with pleasant memories of the park and gardens, the maze, or pictures. But for any normal eighteenth-century Rambler the venerable Tudor courts and crenellated towers will sink into insignificance by the William and Mary wings, so very much more elegant in their opinion. Twickenham, their next stage, will prove more popular, where the villa and immortal grotto housed a poet praised by Voltaire as 'most elegant, most

correct and most harmonious,' as capable of 'transforming the shrill whistle of the English trumpet into the soft tones of a flute'—a French horn, we presume! To Kew, with yet another unpretentious royal manor, the queen's summer house, and lovely gardens spoiled somewhat by a curious Chinese pagoda, but some of the 'wealthiest for foreign plants,' a German specialist tells us (1777). On past Gunnersbury Palace, where the Danish king was entertained in '68, to Chiswick, one of Rousseau's temporary abodes with dog and mistress; Hammersmith, and Kensington, mere villages like the former, but Kensington distinguished for its royal palace, built by Mary, and her favourite residence, also for its gardens, now out of date but full of London strollers; then through Paddington village towards Harrow, which, according to Defoe, Charles II claimed could provide theologians with at least one prominent example of the 'visible church of Christ.' We will not venture further, but turn our horses' heads towards Hampstead, crowded with Londoners taking the air, the waters, or sitting at 'George's'. Here one might dance or talk and, before the 'forties, when Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and other gardens usurped its privileges, it was no doubt the townsmen's most popular resort.

During our circuit we shall have admired the numerous country seats to right and left. In these English hospitality should be sought, not in the city. Here the true spirit of English culture was displayed, which fact is sometimes stressed in foreign character sketches, to undeceive the prevalent view amongst them that the English were unfriendly and reserved. Some foreigners undertook a trip to Stowe or Blenheim, in which case they never failed to repeat the undying tribute to Vanbrugh: 'Lie heavy on him, earth!' We, however, must content ourselves with specimens less distant: Sion House or Osterley Park, for instance, both monuments of Adam's skill; or if we are fortunate as Sophie, an invitation to some country place, as Hastings' Beaumont Lodge, would lend more intimacy to such impressions. Our



attention would particularly be drawn towards the gardens, for English landscape gardening, like English literature, was coming into vogue and ousting French. The underlying theory of the system seems to have been adherence to natural lines and beauties, yet with discreet and cunning use of art to polish the crudities of nature—just that difference between the subtly powdered, perfumed urbane lady and her rough, but pretty, rustic cousin. ‘Winding gravel paths’—not straight and artificial avenues like the French—‘grass walks,’ and a rivulet or waterfall, for ‘the Englishman thought nothing of a garden without water,’ were the main features of a style of which William Kent became the great exponent.

And now our time is drawing to a close, leaving us with two familiar friends as yet unseen. Vauxhall and Ranelagh, playgrounds of London, where rich and poor, kings and beggars, wits and respectable bourgeoisie rubbed shoulders regardless. Notwithstanding, there were differences in the degree of rubbing, while the feeble ‘imitations,’ such as Marybone, Bagnigge Wells and others, were definitely scorned as for ‘apprentices, journeymen, and clerks to entertain their ladies.’ But returning to the parent tree, it is quite clear that Ranelagh was thought more decorous than Vauxhall. Was it not ‘quite a shocking thing,’ for instance, ‘to see ladies come to so *genteel* a place as Ranelagh with hats on’? [which reminds us that Madame Duval in Rome forgot to be a Roman, for no breach of etiquette was quite so criminal in England as for a lady not to wear a hat outdoors. Even the lower-class women did, some of our Germans noted]. But we have deviated.

There is no need of introduction to these twin famous gardens, the haunt of every eighteenth-century student. Who does not know Vauxhall where ‘grove nods at grove, each alley has its brother,’ the trees, the numerous lights and company, the scurry to the cascade—‘why we must run or we shall lose it’—the scenes of ribaldry in these ‘dark walks’ and ‘long alleys’? Foreign views show concerted admiration of this

wonder, but for one discordant note—a complaint that food was ‘exorbitant’ and tablecloths ‘dirty.’ Entrance, however, was cheap—a shilling only—and the place always open, so that on rainy days the orchestra withdrew indoors. The ‘Gothic’ obelisk, Roubillac’s statue of Handel, those of Milton and of Thomson, Hayman’s paintings as background to the supper-boxes, were all matters for applause, but more than all these, the walks lit by ‘large, globular lamps’ and ‘small glass ones,’ the whistle which blew at nine when, to prevent ‘catching cold,’ there arose from ‘out of the earth a vast number of rollers’ elegantly painted, unfolding as they rose ‘over all the boxes on three sides,’ providing shelter from nocturnal breezes, and the hallucination of the ‘tin cascade’ caused positive furore. While Ranelagh, with superior entrance fee of 2s. 6d. and ‘company much better and more select,’ was thought a gay, enthralling scene, ‘an elegant piece of architecture’; Matthew Bramble strongly disagreed, however, finding little fun in the pastimes of a company ‘following one another’s tails in an eternal circle like so many blind asses in an olive mill,’ or ‘drinking hot water under the denomination of tea till 9 or 10 o’clock at night to keep them awake for the rest of the evening. As for the orchestra,’ he continues, ‘especially the vocal music, it is well for the performers that they cannot be heard distinctly.’ But we recognise the misanthropic plaint of our whimsical dyspeptic, and have only to read on to find the livelier verdict of his young charges. That ‘only tea and coffee were served in the rotunda’ seems to have been an attempt at abstinence in this age of plenteous liquor. This rotunda was a ‘large circular hall, 150 feet in diameter, round which were 48 recesses, above these boxes and a fire in the centre,’ where the orchestra once stood. But who are we to speak of Ranelagh or Vauxhall, knowing Dobson’s delicate reconstruction of these pleasancess where ‘sauntered the beaux and belles’ and sometimes ‘happier cits’ of eighteenth-century London?

Sadler’s Wells, the Royal Circus, delicious tea-gardens and



milk-rooms have been neglected; 'high life below stairs,' the sinister aspects of eighteenth-century London, overlooked; the ballad of 'Beau Brocade,' the highwayman, with his lower-class brethren, the footpads, common thieves, and pickpockets, omitted from our narrative. But like Defoe, no unworthy guide, we 'in the person of an itinerant,' have scarce had time to delve much deeper than the surface layers which met the eye, nor have those of us who choose 'the manner of a letter,' the aims of an historian. That night-watchmen were drunken, bribery and corruption rife, the police non-existent, that poverty, distress, and roguery lurked in the back alleys and an excessive luxury corrupted those it seemed to bless, are horrid scars which marred the face of London, but no concern of such a cursory view. Nor has Sophie, with a vision always blind to unpleasantness, touched on such problems or presented any but the rosier spectacles—we should add that she had neither time nor opportunity to do other. We have purposely refrained from dipping into her material, so that it should seem fresh and cast new light on well-worn paths and familiar objects. Having already traversed the route ourselves with her compatriots and colleagues, we may presume to criticise her performance. As usual, she has mixed a pot-pourri of learning—often dull—picturesque description—always lively—with interludes of personal meetings and acquaintanceship. She had an odd assembly of celebrities upon her list: Cagliostro, 'crack-brained' Gordon, Warren Hastings, Herschel the star-gazer, Fanny Burney and their Majesties. Fanny's diary for the period 1785–87 throws much light on Sophie's view of London and forms an entertaining supplement, for they have many names and things in common. There, too, we shall find a comical and not altogether complimentary story of their meeting. Fanny admits Sophie's disadvantage, for Mme. La Fite, her friend, herself a bundle of uncontrolled emotion, had pressed the introduction against Fanny's inclination. 'Had I met her in any other way, she (Sophie)

might have pleased me in no common degree; for could I have conceived her character to be unaffected, her manners have a softness that would render her excessively engaging. She is now *bien passée*—no doubt fifty (actually 56) yet has a voice of touching sweetness, eyes of dove-like gentleness, looks supplicating for favour, and an air and demeanour the most tenderly caressing. . . . I can readily believe that she has had attractions in her youth nothing short of fascinating. Had I not been present and so deeply engaged in this interview I had certainly been caught by her myself; for in her presence I constantly felt myself forgiving and excusing what in her absence I as constantly found past defence or apology.' There follow passages of ludicrous emotion, the air was charged with a sentimentality with which Fanny could not cope. The interviews, conducted in French, were all too reminiscent of the *Précieuses Ridicules*, yet 'charmante Miss Borni,' having been kissed *mille fois* against her will almost yielded to this dynamic personality. We wonder what a Wesley or Warren Hastings thought of her.

Turning to her diary once more we admit that her politics, the mere 'journalistic gossip of a lady out to please,' count for little—but she never tried to shine in 'man's domain' of politics or history, as she imagined them, and certainly had no intention of figuring in a thesis on the subject—or again, that her style does not rank with that of Pastor Moritz or her matter with Wendeborn's objective study of conditions, we confess. Yet with all that she achieved first place for co-ordination of light and heavy matter, narrative and anecdote different from any contemporary diary. And steering her pen quite nimbly between the heavy handbook compilation and the airy letter which skipped from place to place at random, she succeeded in giving as complete a set of facts concerning London sights as any. We should like to make a study of her sources and those of other records at the time; we should like to show our readers how Lhong

Dinas, Sophie's origin of London, came from Volkmann, how in his turn he borrowed this from Entick, who in his turn borrowed it from—but if we were to follow out the astonishing coincidences in the spate of eighteenth-century travel literature, it would lead us far from the London scene and farther still from Sophie.

Let us conclude then on the note of appreciation which her handiwork demands. One German writes that he derived 'much pleasure and information from her diary.' 'You must be well acquainted with English history and literature,' he says. And so she was. With all her failings, her independent vision, her delightful personality never fail to win us to her side despite occasional irritation, and so her diary for these two qualities alone will find admirers ready to accompany her untiringly from St. James' round the city, from Cagliostro's presence to Herschel's telescope or to an eighteenth-century tea-party in the best of taste at Windsor.

(iv) *An Eighteenth-century Silhouette*

And so we turn to greet the personality who in her time might boast an international circle of acquaintance: one who had dropped a curtsy at Versailles and Windsor, exchanged a friendly word with such a motley crowd as Goethe, Cagliostro, Buffon, Gessner or Lavater and many, many more; one who inspired much criticism and affection, yet whose fame and writings, the very essence of her generation, faded with it. It is for us to bring to life this stark, black silhouette, to sense the mobility of those rigid features, and trace the subtler lights and shades of a vivacious countenance.

When Sophie v. La Roche was already an old lady—in the August of 1806—her oldest and most trusty friend, Christoph Martin Wieland, wrote her a 'sentimental' letter. In this



our patriarch of threc-and-seventy years reviews the spring-time of their friendship and reminds his Psyche of an old refrain she used to sing:

‘That I’m made so we all know,  
Why regret, if that is so,’

and in all sincerity admits that no rhyme could be more suited to her person. It is true that she hummed this air before she knew much of the buffetings of fortune, but as we follow her career we are inclined to agree with Wieland.

‘Sophie, Frau v. la Roche, *née* von Gutermann of Gutarzhofen, born 6 Xre 1730. Espoused 27 Xre 1750: this silhouette made July 28 1775. Lovely of stature, noble of birth and breeding, outstanding both in science and in virtue, best of spouses and of mothers, most loyal friend, most charitable of human souls, yet with a manly intellect and modesty’—this the hymenean in her husband’s hand on the back of an old silhouette. The testimony of a gallant age to an unusual woman, yet one which we may credit with some element of truth, for Georg Michael worshipped at the shrine of cold reason, like many of his contemporaries, and was not to be swept uncritically away. Let us expand this history in miniature and see what praise is due.

We can imagine Sophie as a child first in the small township of Kaufbeuren, Swabia, Southern Germany, transplanted in her early teens to the greater splendour of Augsburg, the capital, old imperial city and ‘magazine of Europe,’ and trained in the rigorous discipline of an orthodox Protestant household. The eldest of a family of thirteen, life seems to have been a serious, though not unpleasant matter, for Sophie. Her father to all appearances was a stern man and a learned—a doctor of some repute in the vicinity, who in his youth had studied in Holland under the eminent scientist Boerhaven. To her father then Sophie’s education was allotted, while from her mother she learned the gentler

feminine arts and pastimes of the age. So by the time she reached fourteen she must have been a quaint mixture of Pictist ideas gleaned from her father's garner of sermons by one Francke, eminent revivalist, philanthropist and preacher, Brocke's nature hymnal, a *Te Deum* in poetry entitled *Earthly Pleasure in God*, and the facile finishing-school accomplishments gained in her mother's company—French, drawing, painting, dancing and the like.

At this juncture Bianconi comes upon the scene. He was a young Italian doctor, stationed in Augsburg as surgeon to the Prince Bishop, whose introduction to the Gutermanns was no doubt effected at one of the doctor's learned gatherings. For Dr. Gutermann, medical officer for Augsburg and dean of the medical faculty there, made his home the meeting-place of scholars. Sophie would be present at those assemblies handing round the books—and no doubt storing information which was later to bear fruit. Thus began the romantic episode with Bianconi, and though the tale ends sadly, it left Sophie wiser and maturer.

Together the friends explored the regions of Italian art and poetry or made trips along the rediscovered paths of Greek and Roman antiquities—Winckelmann's epoch-making thoughts on ancient art were yet to come, though Montesquieu had already paved the way for Gibbon—nor must we forget the fine brown eyes of our brunette, that Bianconi was a dark and handsome child of the South. The idyll, however, was broken by religious strife, heritage of Augsburg's former schisms, and the marriage, fixed for 1748, but postponed till '49 on account of her mother's death, never happened. Earlier friction on religious scores between the father and the lover, now aggravated in discussing the religion of the offspring, led to a dramatic close. Bianconi, injured suitor, hied him to Bologna; the doctor made a bonfire of the relics of the intimacy; Sophie renounced all fruits of their friendship—her music, her Italian. So the typical romance of this and the coming age—irate and autocratic father, romantic



lover, thwarted but obedient daughter—drew to a close, and Sophie went to Biberach to recuperate.

In affairs of the heart repetition can prove a better remedy than cure! For it brings relief to the old wound and fresh stimulus to the patient. Sophie put this precept to the test during her sojourn with relatives in Biberach; here, 'looking out on to the distant, solitary churchyard of St. Martin's', the seeds of a new love took root in her. This time her erudite young cousin, Christoph Wieland, became the object of her affections. This young man, who boasted seventeen years to Sophie's score, was not ill-qualified to act as mentor, versed as he was already in the works of rationalist philosophy and thought, while his upbringing amongst the Pietist fraternity of the monastery of Bergen gave the couple certain points of contact from the start. This relationship, with its currents of new thought and the creative genius it aroused in Wieland, must have swept Sophie like a fresh breeze after the thundery stuffiness of the last years in Augsburg.

A picture of these adolescents hammering out the problems of their kind might engage our notice for a moment. Humanity and religion will no doubt puzzle them, they will want to find their own place in the universe. Was God the supernatural manifestation of Pietist creed? Were the Rationalists right in their conception of a material world, of nature as a game between cause and effect? Or they would wonder why in a community of human souls some were born to rule, while others fawned and groaned beneath their absolutism and caprice. Perhaps again current literary discussions would interest them. 'I like to think that the naturally good heart of my beloved is being beautified by the edifying reflexions of the Spectator, for example, or Mr. de la Bruyère's characters, Pamela, most of Molière's comedies, Destouches, Mlle Barbier . . . or the writings of a Scudéry, the Rational Critics, the Hamburg Patriot.' Here is a galaxy indeed, but none the less a signpost to their generation. Two young moderns corresponding here—



should we seek a parallel—would replace the French for Russian works, the English for German or American, while the last-named journals represent the weeklies which teach us how to think and what to read!

Wieland's catalogue of books brings to mind the young lady's library of the day, and suggests a further problem which may have crossed their path, though we find only unconscious echoes in themselves. For the roots of nineteenth-century suffragetism lie fast embedded in early eighteenth-century soil, and it fell to Sophie's generation in the main to reinstate what was then branded the 'incarnation of vice.' In this enterprise Fénelon, the champion of better education, and his disciples in Germany and elsewhere, the spiritual revival known as Pietism headed by a phalanx of 'beautiful souls,' the moral weeklies which 'grew up like mushrooms overnight,' modelled on Addison's *Spectator*, all prepared the way.

And so by such devious paths we resume acquaintance with our Arcadians, 'wandering in the shade of young poplar trees like Gessner's shepherds.' For Wieland regarded his 'Doris' with the mixed emotions of a Klopstock and a Gessner. She was his 'seraphic beauty' and 'heavenly vision' of Pietist convention, but no less his shepherdess, or his Platonic comrade of the mind, while he was yet aware of those attractions which caused him to exclaim in '69:

'Reason ne'er jested from a lovelier mouth  
And Amor ne'er round comelier bosom played.'

Perhaps we might draw this period to its close by citing another verse which sums up their relationship in these two years:

'God and wisdom, virtue and Sophie  
Are with me now, what evil can befall?'

No sooner said than they became an omen. For evil did befall them in this very year. And this is how it happened.

Fate in the forms of Dr. Gutermann, who had already declared the affair to be 'stuff and nonsense,' and Wieland's mother, intervened once more. Some letters, too, went astray and made confusion worse confounded. Wieland, obviously ignorant of the causes for this breach as later letters show, next heard of Sophie's marriage with Georg Michael Frank v. La Roche, Councillor to the Elector of Mainz, and steward of Count Stadion's Swabian properties. We are in December of 1753. [The inscription on the silhouette has blundered here.]

In one of Sophie's tales the heroine, 'conflict endured,' after love and disappointment, finds spiritual peace. It would not be extravagant to deduce that in this, as in many other of her works, Sophie's own experience had a part. In fact the striking similarity between the situation La Roche, Sophie, Wieland-Bianconi: Wolmar, Julie and the passionate St. Preux, may suggest at least one reason for the influence of Rousseau on Sophie—at least in this particular. Undoubtedly her union may be termed the 'mariage de femme-sœur' of her own Sophie T. with Lord Allen; hence perhaps the starting-point of her whole conception of love and marriage, and further one of possible explanations of what all condemned—and rightly—as the brutal treatment of her own daughters. 'Love is not necessary in marriage, but honesty, virtue, and a certain similar trend of character—friendship, in a word.' How often is Rousseau's sentiment echoed in Sophie's writings, and how well it suits her case.

Sophie fluttering for refuge to La Roche—his lord had christened him the rock of his future fortunes—might have alighted on less solid ground! Twelve years older than herself, a man of no mean standing, he impersonates the better type of courtier of his day. No dullard either, or his own and other versions lie. A letter from him to a friend concerning the matter of his title sketches him for us and 'his history to the present' with charming humour. 'A certain decorum' due to his status *without* nobility, he explains,



requires him to possess a knighthood. Not that 'he will serve his lordship any the less loyally should a steed, a sword, spurs and knightly headgear be refused him. . . . The equestrian (knight) shall not be arrogant, nor the pedestrian lowly.' A bright letter this, full of Latin tags, in mingled French and German tongue, as behoved an eighteenth-century wit. Here stands Sophie's life-companion, so popular with Sophie's literary friends, with her own testimony in addition as the 'best of fathers and of husbands.'

It is tempting to divide their career subsequently into multiples of nine—nine years' apprenticeship in Mainz, nine years of quiet retreat in the 'enchanted castle' of Warthausen and in Bönigheim, culminating in nine full and busy years' achievement in the lovely Rhineland valley of Ehrenbreitstein. This time of jubilation came to an abrupt conclusion, however, with the Councillor's sudden fall from grace in 1780. Councillor after Stadion's death to Clemens Wenceslas of Trèves, whose rule of 'benevolent inefficiency' was conducted from his centre at Coblenz, La Roche, and a friend of his, found reward for services in precipitate dismissal. Intrigue and earlier disfavour *à propos* of a religious publication, through which La Roche earned undesired notoriety, were the joint cause. But as Wieland strove to comfort, it is an ill wind, and so the couple returned to the well-earned quiet beneath the twin cathedral towers of Spires. The triple nine of Sophie's life from now until her death in 1807 sees her as blithe as ever, and full of enterprise, despite the many trials she underwent in these last years. She certainly was successful in her attempt to 'transform old age into an autumn evening,' to rob senility of all its sting. In one passage of her English diary we find her prayer that she might retain her faculties till the last. And again elsewhere: 'One's beauty wanes, why sacrifice one's charms as well, why become crabbed and chase all youth away?' So at the end we find a Sophie reminiscent of the youthful ditty.

Tischbein's portrait of the family group in the Green



Room at Ehrenbreitstein, dated 1777, is a happy study. From left to right we have Franz, the apple of his mother's eye, and Carl, Fritz, with great charm, but too much 'addicted to the ballroom,' then Sophie, Max, 'the black-eyed sylph,' her father's favourite, next the Councillor, lastly, Sophie's second daughter, Loulou. This gives the reader some idea how part of Sophie's time was spent during the period previously reviewed. Such a brood demanded care and education, her husband a charm and *savoir-faire* amongst his circle. So her days were hardly idle—indeed from what we know we can see her following the advice she gave to Lina in her educational letters: 'You are ready dressed at 7 a.m. and go to bed at 10. Just think, my dear, what can be fitted in in 15 hours systematically arranged.' A trifle pedantic no doubt, but so was Sophie—and needed to be if she was to complete her programme. She did not grumble though, in fact, she owns 'lovelier days I never spent than in Warthausen.' The 'parquet of petty courts' appealed to her; here with the count, his discourse and his library, a little music in the evening, and Wieland as occasional guest or eager correspondent, she found life blissful. No wonder that with her daughters' departure for boarding-school, her eldest son at Erfurt under Wieland's tutorship, Count Stadion's death and the family's removal to another of his seats, she missed the former life and felt a gap. And so it happened that her first work was conceived. Her old predilection for writing returned to save her now—notice here Wieland's earlier references to her 'fable,' verses, then later her *Silesian Anecdote* and his criticism of her German style—and so having lost her real daughters she decided to educate a 'paper maiden.' This effigy, called Miss Sophie Sternheim, rapidly came to life. She had intended the novel for private consumption only, but Wieland, unbeknown to her, published under his own name in 1770. The work called forth some little adverse criticism, partly personal spite against the supposed author, whose

popularity did not go unchallenged by his contemporaries, and partly justifiable; but on the whole opinion was unanimous. 'Oh verily great soul! Men must surely blush and tremble in your presence' one fantast later eulogised. And though we rather smile at such applause, yet we must admit that Sophie, the first woman to write a novel in Germany, was likewise the first to introduce the psychological element, and so prepared the way for Werther. Not that this element was of her invention—the *History of Miss Sophie Sternheim* savours of Pamela's trials, while the Seymours and the Derbys claim blood relationship with Grandison, Lovelace and their tribe. Nevertheless, the feat remains—and with it Sophie fulfilled the dream of both her early lovers: her fame outdid the 'Chatelets, Bassis, Gottscheds,' and the dwelling at Ehrenbreitstein, which saw the famous 'Congress of Sentimentalists' in 1772, became the place of call for all great travellers up and down the Rhine.

We have now reached the apex of our heroine's career. The adventures of her Sternheim sapped the best of her creative power. *Rosalie*, some half a dozen other novels, a volume of short stories are a sterile repetition of this one idea with a strong admixture of Rousseau. But we should not sit too heavily in judgment, for her works are linked inevitably with her life, and the expression of a leisured penmanship bears no comparison with the grind of a hack. A contemporary writes that Sophie bore the blow in 1781 with 'real courage,' in fact we know she settled happily at Spires, but at the same time, from now until her death, references to circumstances creep into the correspondence which never occurred before. In that very year Zimmermann, surgeon to the house of Hanover, tries to gain protection for her from Catherine the Great. 'It would be worthy in so renowned a woman to protect and avenge another of equal fame,' he writes, while Wieland asks for her contributions to his journal *Mercury* as paying better than her publisher would do. She herself expressed the hope that *Pomona* would



enable her to leave some savings for her younger sons. So a pile of educational and other tracts accumulated, lacking in all spontaneity and every tenet of artistic form: *Pomona*, to the daughters of Germany, her letters to Lina and to Caroline, her moral tales and such wordy, pointless novels as *Liebehütten*. On the other hand, the least little breath of inspiration is discernible; she enjoyed her travels and the autobiographical sketches. *Silhouettes of Hours Departed*, for example, deals partly with her stay, after thirty years' long separation, with Wieland and his family. Here tea-parties at the castle, lunch with Goethe, the company of the flower of Germany to greet her, such pleasures charmed the narrative and inspired her pen. Her travel diaries likewise have their moments, as a future chapter will reveal—though these too served a double purpose. Taken all in all, however, after the initial work, with its hesitant claim to immortality, Sophie won men's hearts for what she was rather than what she wrote. And though we feel the atmosphere she breathed after her marriage was in some ways retrogressive to her development, that had she been allowed a continuity she might have gone much further, keeping abreast of her generation; yet such surmise is fruitless and has no real foundation. The facts remain unaltered—Sophie, like a tree stunted in its prime, grew no taller. Richardson, Pietist sentimentalism, a nature adoration instilled by early influence and later fed by Rousseau, the new feminism of her early days remained her friends for life. The outriders of young German Storm and Stress she neither liked nor understood—the magnitude of the Revolution in France escaped her vision; she only deplored the slaughter in the light of her upbringing at petty courts. All her sympathies lay with that 'army of locusts,' the French emigrants on the Rhine—further she had no views.

In summing up, however, we must not forget the fascination she inspired in many—the homage paid by Goethe, Wieland, Schlüter, Lenz and countless other personalities of



her time—nor the positive influence of her exhortations on home and family life in Germany. Such a woman, though lacking the greatness of a master-mind, even the penetrating intellect of some smaller than herself, must have possessed a striking personality. Goethe proclaimed her the most wonderful of women, elegant in her bearing, with the dignity of the bourgeoisie and the grace of the aristocrat and a most independent mind. Perhaps we can do no better than recall the lines:

‘Our dirges, nay, nor all thy Wieland’s singing  
Will call thee back to us, thus comfort bringing.’



## A TRAVELLER IN ENGLAND

*Aug. 29*

AND now for Helvoetsluys, thence with all speed to England, as in any case all of us look more favourably towards Great Britain than to Holland.

*Aug. 30*

Having handed Mr. Wachter my letters to your father, we left at 2 o'clock yesterday, in a comfortable conveyance holding six, lovely, pleasant Rotterdam behind us; had to cross the Maas three times, for it winds about so much here, forming islands with its broad tributaries; these have remarkable names—one is called Portugal, another Calabria, the third Old Batavia. The boats were laden with coaches, carts and people hurrying to the kermis.

On these islands the soil is well nigh too fat. Grass, wheat, oats and flax abound in luxuriant beauty: all the trees are large and perfect. But around each acre of land a ditch is dug as in the marshlands near Hamburg, and the paths on these islands all run between canals, by which fine peasant farms are laid out, but all signs of estates and villas have disappeared. Finally one comes to a high dyke, planted with several rows of ash trees, very pleasant indeed and leading to our last crossing.

To our right, looking through the trees, we espied great ships speeding in full sail towards Rotterdam, and in the end we were obliged to wait till five of them had passed, for their course just barred the way for us; but the pleasure of watching these grand, graceful machines of man's invention, fruit of his courage and his industry, was sufficient reward for this delay. All the sails were taut and full of wind, driven so hard that they seemed almost to be flying past us. And indeed the dyke-reeves told us that we could not cross to



England by this wind.—Night soon closed in, however, so that from the fort of Helvoetsluys nothing but the bridge was visible; but at the gate we found an honest, friendly officer from Wertheim, near Frankfurt, who was glad to do us, his compatriots, a service, and gave us a common German too, for guide: without him we should certainly have been overturned more than once in the marshy egress cut across by dykes; for from the bridge of this fortification, between the walls and outworks, it is a long way to the outskirts alongside the harbour to Mistress Norman's, an English hostess, to whom the proverb 'that the fag-end is always far worse than the cloth itself' applies admirably: for neither English nor Dutch cleanliness is evident in this establishment. This struck us particularly, as we were already used to Holland, and looked forward favourably to England.

As we did not arrive till 10, we were only too glad to make straight for our rooms and our beds, where we lay down to rest after an evening meal; certain of a sufficient acquaintance with the place, as we shall be obliged to put up for a few days, and want to pass the time by practising the English tongue.

*Aug. 31*

There are now twenty-two of us, all sighing for a favourable wind; Wesley, the leader of the Methodists, who at the age of 81 travelled with two assistants to America to visit his congregation, and toured all the churches of the sects in Holland on his return. A venerable old man, and very understanding, who speaks well of everything and at the immense age of 83 enjoys complete good health. His disciples, charming young men of twenty or thereabouts, do not talk at all and mostly remain in his room with him.—An English captain, Webb, with his wife and sister-in-law, Miss Lake, and a cousin, have returned from a tour through France, Flanders and Spa—an American captain who served under General Green—an Englishman from the Falkland

Isles—Mr. du Moulin from The Hague, with his charming daughter—a French language master from Geneva—another Englishman who has been in Patagonia, and a wealthy young Suffolk farmer who travelled to Rotterdam to see the kermis. After the dinner-bell had sounded we assembled, and the Methodists straightway gave us a proof of their stern practices; for when we had taken our places Wesley began to pray. The good language-master was holding a discussion by the window, and was not at once aware of the prayers, when suddenly Wesley reproached him in the most violent manner, accusing him of lack of piety and righteousness. The poor man was very embarrassed; and old Wesley found it difficult to resume his sermonising, as the rest of us said we should be glad of a meal.

The Methodists, as perhaps my daughters do not realise, were thus named by some bright Oxford undergraduates while Wesley and Whitefield were living there, and true to their disposition were already strict observers of the University rules. Having terminated their theological studies, they left to preach their own doctrines, partly in England and then around America; repudiated all books but the Bible, from which they drew the first text they stumbled on, or else stuck a needle in for the purpose, and used this for their sermon in meeting-house, market-place or highway. Their principles are (1) literal obedience to Biblical precepts, (2) downright denunciation of their people's faults to their faces (3) never to wear diamonds, gold, silver, or silk (4) never to misconstrue or break a contract in their dealings. They have many followers, most of whom practise an exaggerated piety. All the English hold Wesley and his disciples in high esteem; and he told me 'he reckoned his congregation at more than 70,000 souls.'

Our lunch consisted of soup, some good-sized fish, large English roasts, vegetables boiled in salt water with melted butter; pastries, fruit, and a large and excellent cheese, served in a beautifully carved mahogany cart, and rolled



on four brass castors from one guest to another. But after a while the waiter drew our attention to some cannon shots, saying: that means the frigate *Jason* has arrived from the Mediterranean where she has been cruising since May. We turned to look at the sails all unfurled, which we could see some distance away, but they were approaching rapidly, and all at once we perceived a number of sailors on the rope-ladders and yards of the ship and great excitement in the port.

‘The frigate has capsized!’ the cry rang out, and all our fellow-boarders ran to look. When the worst of the crowd was scattered somewhat, we women joined too, saw the sailors at work, boats hurrying to the scene to unload things from the ship, in order to lighten it. The 350 privates and the 36 guns were already rescued. Many workmen from off the quay at Helvoetsluys were loitering around the sides of the disabled vessel to see the damage, which was rated at 10,000 guilders; but since no one had been injured we felt no sympathy with the wealthy Dutch republic; on the contrary, I confess for my part and most other foreigners—we were quite pleased about the accident, as it gave us a very clear idea of what a shipwreck looked like. This is how it happened: the helmsman had missed the turning at the entrance to the harbour, and misjudged the strength of the wind; but on discovering this and trying to mend matters, the high sea and a gust of wind drove the frigate with such force against the corner of an outwork of the fortress that the whole bowsprit was destroyed taking a part of the large gilt *Jason* with it. A calm but profound disgust lay on the faces of all concerned; but no curses or noise were to be heard. The ship was towed into the harbour with all the care demanded by an invalid, and *Jason*’s broken leg handled as lovingly as though it were sensitive to feeling; all the necessaries for bandaging and repairs were immediately fetched, however, showing that both large and small marine-stores are equipped for any emergency.



This matter of the frigate led us foreigners into general conversation and somewhat closer contact, so that we spent the remainder of the evening together; we teased Miss du Moulin a little because she had been given a bedroom behind strict Mr. Wesley's apartment, and told her she ought to be thankful too, for some other foreigners, a lady accompanied by a Moorish woman in particular, were obliged to sleep the night in the public sitting-room.—We attended the short sermon and chanting of the psalms which Wesley and his disciples had arranged in his apartment, and promised to breakfast together.—Charming du Moulin had to turn in early so that Wesley could shut his door.—Mrs. Webb and my friend sought repose because of their delicate health, and I since we had to rise betimes.

*Sept. 1*

We enjoyed our breakfast. All were assembled; Miss Lake made tea, while my Carl and the young Englishman, Sparling, prepared the bread and butter. We discussed English artists and scholars; also chemists, and wondered whether this science had for so long now been regarded with a kind of contempt, as many used it only for money-making purposes and yet became paupers and frauds. Then we turned to porcelain, especially noting the firing resistance of the Berlin ware, in which Chinese and Dresden porcelain can be baked. Captain Webb told us of a London chemist who exhibited phosphorus in oyster shells or other objects.—Chemical colours and new inventions were also mentioned.

On this occasion my Carl modestly and competently expressed what slight knowledge he had acquired in the subject, much to his credit. The approval and attention of the men gathered round him gave me tremendous pleasure.

Our young Englishman seems to be enchanted by charming du Moulin. I only wish he would behave like wealthy Mr. Beth and share his fortune with the dear child, for she is so fond of England, having been educated in a boarding-

school there, and knows all the customs and conventions; besides which her excellent treatment of her father and her conversational powers show an unusual clarity of intellect and a very noble, sensitive nature.—She is looking forward to seeing Colchester again, where she was at boarding-school, and tried to persuade us to visit some gardens with her not far from Harwich, where the boarders spent their recreation periods, so we might see something of national education and character. I should much like to, but . . .

I also managed to make a copy of a library catalogue, which an Englishman is taking along with him to the East Indies, for I am acquainted with so many book collections for all classes and countries that I did not want to miss this one.

- (1) A Persian, Arabian and English dictionary.
- (2) Dissertation on the languages, customs and character of Oriental nations.
- (3) Excerpts from Persian poems, or the odes of Hasan.
- (4) An Arabic-English.
- (5) A Persian-English grammar.
- (6) Excerpts from Asiatic poems.
- (7) Law-book of the Gentoos.
- (8) Collection of Persian decrees, a translation from the Persian original.
- (9) *Institutes*, by Timur, translated from the Persian by Messrs. Davis & White, with notes.
- (10) Persian and English description of East Indian diseases.
- (11) Reflections on sea-sickness.
- (12) The lives of British Admirals.
- (13) A History of the Mahrattas.

A man possessing books like these and at the same time well informed in European literature commands respect.

We went through some cupboards in my room; and as we only found all kinds of broken porcelain, torn maps, old Augsburg engravings of the seasons fallen out of their frames,

published by Engelbrecht, we kept to a bundle of Ipswich newspapers, which we picked out of the bottom and read from sheer boredom; in one of the papers I found two short articles about home-life, the first of which should render good service in any territory, though I hope the second is not serious.

*Domestic Economy (the first)*

‘This is not one of the shining attributes, though one of the most fundamental and useful, since the general and domestic welfare of family life depend on it: it may compare with the hidden roots nourishing the fine foliage of trees which thrust their branches cloudwards. Want is the source of carking cares, troubled minds and sleepless nights, often inciting besides to wicked and unjust actions. Thrift sets us free from all these worries, supports our lives and is the guardian of our virtue; it prepares a soft pillow for us, where we can rest peacefully and fearlessly in the face of a dark future. Its uses are not only limited to the present generation, but ensure for its successors an independence, which only they are able to maintain.’

Satire follows on this good counsel:

‘When a man and woman are observed in company bickering together without cause—

‘Or two others look out, one on this and one on that side a coach—

‘When a woman lets something fall, and the man nearest her tells her she has dropped something but does not pick it up—

‘When the male party keeps twenty paces ahead of the female on a walk, and climbs the stile without looking back—

‘When you see a man accosting a nice, attractive woman roughly and disagreeably, then you must know: they are man and wife!

‘If they always call each other by endearing names: My



treasure, my love—then again, 'tis man and wife. In this way the following calculations recently accrued:

Wives left their husbands . . . . .	1,132
Husbands left their wives . . . . .	2,348
Couples demanding separation . . . . .	4,175
Couples living in open conflict . . . . .	17,445
Couples more tender, hatred partially concealed . . . . .	13,279
Couples utterly indifferent . . . . .	32,246
Couples apparently happy . . . . .	3,175
Couples comparatively happy . . . . .	127
Couples utterly and completely happy . . . . .	13
Total . . . . .	<u>73,940</u>

Ipswich is the capital of the county of Suffolk; so I asked Mrs. Webb whether this account was taken from that part, and told her that I was puzzled by this sarcasm, as so many love-marriages were made in England, but she referred me to the following prescriptions standing at the end of the calculation and applicable all over the world: 'All married people should be *pleasant* and try to *please*; *give* and *take*—in this way all marriages would contain a foundation of happiness, and complete harmony would reign.'

After this I came to table and took my place near Mrs. Webb, the gentle, common-sensed woman, who without a trace of beauty manages to be extremely charming; she speaks French quite well and proves thus, as do her husband and sister, that the English have put off some of their pride and their prejudices, for at one time, with all their knowledge of foreign tongues, they would speak to no one who did not know some English or was not an Englishman.—The captain, his wife and Miss Lake all chatted pleasantly to us, and really enhanced our stay in Helvoetsluys by their delightful wit and pleasing manner.

Two little scenes took place at table which were quite new to us. Firstly, the waiter entered bringing the gentlemen

their nightcaps and hats to wear until their wigs were dressed; secondly, they put on their slippers while their boots and shoes were being cleaned so as to be presentable outdoors after lunch. It struck us Rhenish women as strange to see the men shifting their chairs from side to side so that their feet might be attended to. The donning of hats and caps wrought such an amusing change in some faces that the scene was quite a merry one. Soon after, however, murmurings arose about the food, which was not well prepared, nor was there sufficient to satisfy our appetites. We women wanted to do without meat so that the men should have enough, but they would not hear of it, and Mistress Norman, who came up to us quite anxiously when some of the men left to eat elsewhere, had many complaints forced upon her ears—and in the hurry could only prepare some boiled fish and potatoes in butter sauce. It was a long time before order was restored, and our only consolation was that we had heard a veritable English squabble. Wesley and his disciples did not take part, as they appeared to have no truck with the needs of the vile body. At last the potatoes introduced a different mood and entertainment. The North American captain praised the flavour of potatoes in his and their native land; we reckoned up how long they had been known in Europe, and decided that it was 222 years since the first ones were brought from St. Fé, the Spanish colony in America, into Ireland. Further reference was made to Sir Raleigh's little experience, that knight so famous for his service, enterprise and misfortunes under Queen Elizabeth. He had an estate in Ireland, and wanted to rear potatoes there right away; so he planted them, but did not know how they grew, and mistook the tiny seed-boxes at the top for the roots; had them cooked and naturally found them unpleasant, wanted to let them be and see if they would improve. After some time he impatiently ordered the field to be ploughed up. This was done, and now the potatoes appeared in heaps at the roots of this splendid plant, to the great joy of Sir

Raleigh. Our friend the American also praised the many services rendered by this simple victual during the war.

The word 'war' led to many questions concerning auxiliaries attached to the French and German troops; and I was glad to hear Herr Brahm of Coblenz, Major to the Engineering Corps there, referred to with so much praise. I added that I had seen the young fellow before he left for America, and that his family, which I very much respected, had shown me letters in which Herr Brahm spoke very highly of the West Indies and its inhabitants.

After lunch we took a stroll with the English ladies. We were shown the house in which the late King of England, George II, lived when he visited his Hanoverian dairy, as the Britons termed it. The question arose as to whether this was the inn which had so much angered George I. As he had put up there twice and been charged so outrageously each time, he would not go in on the next occasion, but sat on the pavement until the coaches were unloaded and re-harnessed, and demanded three new-laid eggs, for which he was asked 200 guilders. 'Are eggs so scarce here, then?' he queried. 'No, but kings are!' the cunning host retorted, and received his pay. We thought it quite in order that the king's conceit should have to pay for the landlord's avarice. It struck me that had the name of Orange been less hateful to the Dutch, they should have told the English that here, a hundred years ago, William of Orange went on board when he was summoned by the English Protestants to help against James II and elected king.

Then we discussed the difference between the individuals and races sitting at our table; and seeing one of them at a coffee-house with quite a different expression from that which he wore in our presence, it was remarked what different faces people could put on, upon which topic clever Miss — was most intent. It is not my wish to repeat it, but she maintained that they had long admired all the excellent qualities of a man they knew at home, till in the end they discovered that,



like this stranger, he was capable of any kind of low-down trick in other people's company, scoffed at love and devotion, which he had asked and received from them, and hurt them by his callousness and lies. My heart bled for good Miss —.

We went to Mrs. Webb's for tea, and she seemed immensely gratified that I should think so highly of her sister. The captain left us, according to English custom, but took leave of his wife very fondly.

The good woman watched his departure gratefully and with sparkling eyes, and seemed to have read my thoughts aright, which were, 'You are a good, happy wife,' for she took my hand, and, her head slightly inclined to one side, she looked at me and said kindly, 'Is it not strange, Madam, that such a fine man took a wife with so few outward attractions? But Webb saw into my heart and loved it for some years very faithfully. Though I too have suffered much through him, and almost died when I thought I had lost him.' I asked her to tell me about this while her sister and Miss du Moulin prepared tea.<sup>1</sup> . . .

Her little family anecdote afforded me much pleasure, and the good woman related it so simply and honestly that she rose doubly in my esteem. Her husband returned for tea, and both invited us to spend a few days on their estate in Suffolk at the seaside. Mlle. du Moulin and her father are going to stay in England during the unrest in Holland. The man has sustained great losses owing to the absence of the court from The Hague, as he owns a number of houses there, all empty at the present time. We then went to the packet-boat to reserve our berths, and I was pleased to be able to look over the ship before it rocked to the motion of the sea, for I very much fancy it will make me feel very giddy.

Two rooms and two cabins hold twenty-six berths for passengers; it is all very attractive. The outer room is panelled with mahogany, and has a fine mirror and lamp

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Webb's private history—her virtuous, sensible education, the vicissitudes of her affections—are omitted as irrelevant.

brackets fastened to the wall. The berths are ranged along the side walls in two rows like theatre-boxes, one above the other; they have thoroughly good mattresses, white-quilted covers, neat curtains, and on a ledge in a corner is the chamber made of English china, used in case of sickness. In order to lie down, the outer board of these boxes is removed and then fitted in again by the sailors to prevent people from tumbling out. It holds one person quite comfortably, and the whole looks very neat.—I shall be lodged right next door to Mr. Wesley.

*Sept. 2*

At last we are leaving, having taken recourse to dancing yesterday from sheer tedium and vexation at the dreadful weather—a turn of events I hardly anticipated. But Captain Webb was jolly, and they were so glad to possess an extra dancer in me that it would have been unfriendly to refuse. Miss Lake danced lightly as a bird—the captain and our B. were excellent dancers—Miss du Moulin and my Carl were also quite good. Having performed some English folk-dances, Miss Lake and the captain danced a curious mixture of burlesque called Fricassee. Had anyone told me that English people amongst themselves enjoyed these comic cuts and capers, or that serious dignity and reserve could be immersed in the droll, I should never have believed it. But my friend B. was right when she told me: ‘Dearest, should you ever come across a mortal attaining to the extreme limits of perfection by his noble acts, then diminish your admiration by thinking of the relapse which this noble being may encounter—especially if he be vexed by trifles, for in that case some paltry matter is sure to drive him to the extremity of imperfection’—and thus it is with nations.

Adieu, then, terra-firma, and all loved ones whom I leave behind! May the heavens keep you and my spiritual tenets unchanged! Yesterday I stood at the end of the pier watching the surface of the sea which we are about to cross. The

waters are dull, not as beautiful as they were in Havre de Grace, where the waves looked like silver nosegays upon the sea-green sward, many fathoms long, in hollow rolls. They beat thunderously upon the shore, and I shuddered a little as I saw them toss the ships and craft now high, now low. If only I can hold out on deck with Miss Lake, so as to see the work going on on board.

HARWICH, *Sept 4,*

11 a.m.

God be praised! We have arrived safely after dancing around forty-eight hours on the water. Everyone was seasick, and I first to start and last to finish.

We all went on board, arranged our things, and went on deck, from where we watched the four other packet-boats being boarded and putting out to sea; like ours, they were obliged to await a more favourable wind, and were crammed with people. In the nearest adjoining ship was an English family returning from Spa, with two of the finest creatures of my sex growing up in its midst—girls aged thirteen and fourteen, whom we should have liked to have along with us, and as they sailed past we wished them good luck.

As long as we sailed through the harbour and kept close to the Dutch coast, all went well; for I chatted with the ship's captain, a well-mannered, sensible man of good stature, whose sixteen-year-old son astonished us, nor is a finer or more handsome youth anywhere to be found. We told his father this. He was much pleased, and replied: 'If you care to visit me in Harwich you will see eight such children and their mother too, who is lovelier than all her children put together.'

This man and the sailors all paid Wesley and his disciples great respect. Everything on board was very clean and tidy, and nobody was heard talking except the captain. Wesley sat and read Virgil, with spectacles, in an Elzevir edition. Heavens! I thought, if the Methodists' principles keep the sight as clear as that to the age of 83, then I wish I had



been educated in their sect, for since their chief reads Virgil on the high seas, I too might have read my favourite works without damnation.

Shortly after this idea I threw a last glance at the land, now rapidly receding from us, then let myself be led downstairs by a sailor and lay down in my little nest, already feeling sick and unsteady, drew the curtains, and resigned myself to the Power that rocked us in the waves of the ocean as in its arms. During these forty-eight hours I could neither stand upright nor take pleasure in anything. So I lay quietly in my nice little bunk, except that from time to time my feet jostled the head of honest Wesley's resting-place; yesterday he preached a very fine sermon about the need for death and the danger of life, which was very well chosen and adapted to the storm. The sailors too showed a really appreciative interest.

The good man then spoke to one of my fellow-travellers about his stay in Germany, especially Halle, where he had visited our famous Francke, to whom he referred with great respect. He also knew Young, author of *Night Thoughts*, and praised him. But he cannot bear Sterne, because he deems it unworthy in a preacher to present a buffoon, and he hopes never to have a Sterne amongst the seven hundred clerics of his community.

My Carl was very ill too, and good Captain Webb could not hold out for a quarter of an hour, despite the big sea voyages he has twice made. Miss du Moulin was likewise ill, and Mrs. Webb and her sister were not able to partake much of the meals which the American had his servant prepare, now bringing a ragout, now a roast, or some very good wine to our bedsides. I was far more pleased to see the sailor waiting on us, whose gentleness, sympathy, and short, sensible talk I admired immensely as he went from one to another, cheering, comforting, or asking whether they wanted anything. The young Suffolk farmer was, indeed, one of the brightest, and amused himself with his nut-crackers, which

were carved and painted like mannikins with large mouths, and which he had bought for his children as portraits of young Dutchmen at Rotterdam kermis; for his friends, however, he had brought a number of melons with him.

The night was very stormy, and the ship swayed from side to side; waves breaking, ropes creaking, sails rustling, and water rushing, sailors running about with muffled cries, prevented sleep and made one anxious. But the English were the more overjoyed as they caught sight of the Essex coast lit up by the sun. Miss Lake, that estimable woman, wept for joy, and when I came on deck I was much revived by the fresh breeze off the land and the sight of the well-ordered and cultivated country-side. The mere thought, 'this is England,' made me leap for joy, and bless the hand of that noble friendship which had prepared such unspeakable pleasure for me: for I admit that books and travel have always been my only source of perfect happiness in life. Especially England, with whose history, writers and agriculture I had so long been familiar, and which I had so long cherished, the place for which my soul had always yearned; and this last half-hour on the sea I found of inestimable value. I beheld the full, lively motion of the water; saw, since we veered with the wind, the county of Suffolk long and near enough to contemplate its lovely hills sown with cornfields, copses and that grand English verdure, ancient castles and occasional farms. Good Mrs. Webb pointed out her country-house, situated between some fine shrubbery with a view of the sea; showed me the county of Essex, and how an arm of the sea inclined to the coast at the foot of great fertile hills towards the river Stour. This view and the good lady's friendliness, besides the advantage of seeing an English country establishment so far from the capital, were a most alluring combination. The management of the ship, sail and helm, the passing of other vessels to and fro, the gradual approach to port, where so many other ships of all different sizes lay at various distances away; even the landing of the customs



officers, grasping and suspicious, amused me, amongst whom some quite Hogarthian figures caught my eye, causing me to beg the shade of this artist for pardon for having so frequently been so angry and annoyed at the crude and ridiculous heads, figures, or apparel I had seen painted by his hand. In his day he obviously had all the originals before him.

The expression of these people's faces during the examination is quite remarkable. When they first arrive on deck they try to inspire fear and reverence; then during the investigation of foreign trunks, packets and bags, a certain penetrating astuteness and a sensation of their own power, at once comic and obstinate, comes over them; which struck me as quite absurd, particularly in the case of a wig-box. A foreigner was carrying it in his hand quite openly, not even tied up, and wanted to join the rest of us in the boat which was meant to bring us right into Harwich, when he was held up by one of these Hogarthian eccentrics with the queer cast of countenance already referred to, and asked what the box contained: 'Nothing, sir, but my periwig.' 'I must see it,' came the domineering retort; 'Open the box!' Now it opened with difficulty, and the stranger declared once more that it contained nothing but his wig. The customs man raised his voice, flashed his eyes with greater fire, and insisted on opening the box; then, looking important meanwhile, lifted out the wig, lying there in blissful content, and dropped it again scornfully. The foreigner said, 'It is only my wig after all, isn't it?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'but a wig often covers a multitude of sins.'

And now I took a last look at the sea, Suffolk and the packet-boat, and stepped cautiously and fearfully down the small ladder into the open boat, which glides over the waves and conveys us to Harwich in less than a quarter of an hour, where we found the banks crowded with men, women and children, who watched us unload with curiosity.

The first steps taken on firm land are like those of a drunkard, for one still feels very giddy. However, I picked up



a tiny black mussel shell, which to me was of value for being on English soil. I was also grateful to good Mrs. Webb for having candidly admitted that Harwich was a poor place, otherwise I should have been disappointed at the very striking difference between this and Dutch towns. But the attractive inn made up for everything.

We took tea with our charming travelling companions for the last time; Mrs. Webb gave me the note-book from her bag as a keepsake, and Miss Lake divided a jasmine flower with me which she had just received with Mr. Wesley's blessing. My friend went to bed, our men to the customs to retrieve our trunks and portmanteaus and hire a coach to London, while the captain ordered a small boat to take him and his women, with the handsome pointer which had accompanied them the whole way through France to Spa, across the Stour to Suffolk. He was in a great hurry, as he had promised himself and his Diana, over their first piece of English bread and butter shared together at tea, that they should still go out hunting to-day. He assured me, for my part, of Diana's lasting gratitude for my kindness to her at Helvoetsluys.

I was truly sorry at parting with these good folk who had shown me so much real kindness and sympathy.

Miss du Moulin accompanied her father to her friends, and I examined the houses in that quiet, yet wide and attractive street. The private houses only have two stories, and seem to belong to poor tenants. I was indeed astonished to find that the local lord mayor's house, erected in 1769, is built in completely Gothic style. The church which stands at the end of the street looks poor. Nor do I care for the English women here as yet; caps, hats, hair and clothes look as though an eternal wind-storm raged along this coast, allowing no single garment to remain in place.

Meanwhile I considered how an active imagination in good people will exaggerate the fine, in bad people pick out the nasty points; and when perchance hazard brings truth in

its train, then the former feel displeasure at seeing the lovely colours of their picture fade, while the latter are inwardly vexed at the conviction that those people whom they blamed are not so bad as they thought; and so a thing unweighed brings its owner sadness and his neighbour disgrace; and it is in any case nonsense to fancy Holland full of wealthy, England of fine, well-dressed, France of gay, smart people. I shall take note of the pranks played by the pictures of the imagination and register nothing but what I really see and hear.

The transport arrangements for London are excellent. From the capital to Harwich is a distance of seventy-four English miles; these are divided into five stages: from here to Mistley, twelve miles; Colchester, ten miles; Witham, fourteen miles; Ingatestone, fourteen miles; Romford, twelve miles; London, twelve miles. The host of the 'Three Bumpers,' our present abode, keeps horses, grooms and coaches, of which he has all kinds, letting them out for London, and he is connected with landlords at the above-mentioned localities who, if one arrives with his coach, immediately harness the best horses and put one *en route* again fast as lightning, accompanied by very well-dressed attendants. Our coach held five comfortably, was lined with fine cloth, and so well built and lacquered as befitted a state-coach. Four horses and two postillions brought us early into Ingatestone along

*Sept. 5*

the best of roads and through the finest of landscapes. First a long climb up the gentle slope with a view across the calm sea's surface, where one thousand years ago the English gained their decisive victory over the Danes; then we took leave of the Suffolk hills, which can be seen from across the Stour, and the small cove by the sea; and, wishing the Webbs and Lake family good luck, amused ourselves by watching hill, wood and meadow-land, which we had missed so amongst Holland's flats. The straight lines and meticulous



order of the Dutch have remained behind on the continent; there is no artificiality here; nature and man both equally enjoy noble freedom; the landscape, over which hundreds and hundreds of fertile hills extend, is set with the splendid country-houses of the great, and charming well-built farms. Fields and meadows bordered by quick-set hedges where horses, sheep and cows graze, add life to the whole scene as in no other land. Everything is simple and straightforward in taste and character like the nature here. I particularly admired the great caution with which ditches and pools were fenced around so that beast and man shall come to no harm.

We traversed this part of what was the East Saxon kingdom, when Britain was divided amongst seven lords, much too fast for my liking, and arrived in Colchester, capital of Essex; large, old and beautiful, proudly rising above Anglo-Saxon times, telling how it was built by Coil, father of the Empress Helen, mother of Constantine the Great, king of this part of Britain in the year 124. The fortress and walls with their many watch-towers show how firmly they once stood. Now it is famed for the best silk manufacture and the best oysters. We saw nothing of the former and tasted none of the latter; but as we drove past, enjoyed the fine shops, which jut out at both sides of the front doors like big, broad oriels, having fine large window-panes, behind which wares are displayed, so that these shops look far more elegant than those in Paris.

Soon after Colchester we passed through a village with a new church, charmingly built, though extremely simple, and a fine walk laid out on the large square in front. The local fountain has the rustic, but excellent, idea of obtaining its water from a swan swimming in it.

Were human happiness not conditioned like our virtues, by imperfections and incompleteness, I would have had the pleasure of stopping here and there and inquiring about this or that peculiarity. I should have loved to travel by cheap stage-coach like a common woman, and with some wise



friend by my side, to get to know everybody and gain some knowledge of popular character, habits and speech, and thus I should have returned with a far richer harvest. Yet we must be grateful to fate for the single ears. For I am surely far luckier than many others in fulfilling this, my one great desire. Though I should have liked to pass one of the big saffron fields, which, after three years' yield of saffron without manure, provides abundance of the best barley for another eighteen. I did not mind so much about missing this county's powder-mills as its great hop gardens.

We encountered a number of coaches and vehicles, especially goods-vans, whose wheels, by Act of Parliament, are over a hand's breadth; and so, constantly on the look-out for new and pleasant objects, we arrived in the lovely village of Ingatestone, where at once given the choice of a number of well-papered rooms fitted with every possible comfort, and carpeted, as were stairs and corridors, by which means even with the house full of guests there is a kind of hushed effect, which is just as pleasant in its way as the cleanliness of everything one sees and wants. I have not better bed or table-linen than was provided here. All the bed-covers are of a white cotton material with fringe decorations woven in. Everything we had was spotlessly white, and until our meal was ready we had the fun of watching the Colchester mail-coach arrive. Its name is quite rightly the Colchester Machine—seating six people inside, in front outside behind the coachman four more, and at the back, where the trunks usually go, as many again within a neat enclosure with benches, while eight people were sitting above on deck, their feet dangling overboard, holding fast with their hands to screwed-in brass rings. This was a new experience for us; we called to each other to come, and my Carl investigated the structure of the machine as soon as it was empty; this took place with all possible convenience to the passengers, as not only those occupying the seats of honour inside were able to descend as in every other good coach, but the rest could climb

down too with the aid of small, prettily worked and painted ladders placed immediately alongside, like those found at home in well-appointed libraries. Travellers cannot take many or large parcels with them, though they can quite well manage for themselves alone, as such good roads should not jolt them much. Half an hour after we saw them all re-enter, supplied with horses just as good and swift as those on our coach.

We enjoyed the first English supper immensely. We were given slices of beef and veal, cut very thin and beaten tender, about the size of a hand, sprinkled with bread crumbs and grilled, and nicely served on a silver dish; fine big potatoes with salt butter to follow; delicious beer and a good Bordeaux wine.

Here, where the soil is excellent, an acre costs twenty-five guineas, a pound of beef eightpence, likewise a pound of butter, twenty-four eggs a shilling, or thirty kreuzers, a capon three shillings, and a cow seven guineas.

LONDON, SUFFOLK STREET GERMAN HOTEL,

1 p.m.

And now not only am I in the land, but in the city I have wanted to see for so long; which have meant more to me than Paris and France, though not so much as Italy: for the history of mankind, of the arts and sciences from three-quarters of the globe prove that Italy will always hold first place. Yet London is the centre of a nation prominent throughout so many centuries, the theatre of such great debuts as have inspired the human heart and mind both with glory and repulsion. This was the home of Newton and of Addison.

Coming from Suffolk we were obliged to cross almost half London; and this alone would have made the journey worth while, for ancient and modern buildings and shops displayed so much good taste and excellence both in human industry

and art. In many ways London stands far, far more than Paris, especially in the near-lying districts and its ordinary city architecture, where so much general prosperity is evident, far more pleasing to a philanthropist's heart than is the sight of a hundred palaces, the property of might and wealth, jammed up against thousands of miserable hovels. Should not this more equal distribution of the good things of life in England and comparative lack of class distinction amongst London's inhabitants be ascribed to a republican spirit welded with a monarchy?

How refreshing the country was from Ingatestone here! Everything cultivated; trees and meadows everywhere most gloriously green; and Romford, oh how sweet! Wide streets with a little garden ten paces long in front of each house on the street side; not childishly laid out with cockles and mussels or trimmed box—oh no!—but planted with tasteful economy, on the fine lawn a large bush of flowers or else shrubbery; in one part stands a basket of flowers with paths running beside it, in another a vase is placed on a hillock covered with flowers, or a group of two boys playing amidst the wonderful verdure; the path leading to the steps neatly inlaid with marble tiles or Portland stone, the whole surrounded by light, well-wrought trellis-work.

As in London the houses are mostly of brick. What numbers of people, too! How happy the pedestrian on these roads, which alongside the houses are paved with large, clean paving-stones some feet wide, where many thousands of neatly clad people, eminent men, dressy women, pursue their way safe from the carriages, horses and dirt. In town and country buildings possess their own peculiar character, simple but lofty, always sensible. Humble dwellings and paupers' cots are also to be found in the country, but well-to-do houses prevail. Their agricultural implements, carts and carriages are excellently contrived, the latter all painted in oil, bearing the owner's name and address back and front, just as each stage-coach states its starting-place and destina-



tion on both doors. The country people do not look so haggard, pale and delicate as in many provinces of that fine country I visited last year, while they dress themselves and exhibit their work or commodities quite differently.

It is almost impossible to express how well everything is organised in London. Every article is made more attractive to the eye than in Paris or in any other town. What I already mentioned about Colchester is all the more perfect here. We especially noticed a cunning device for showing women's materials. Whether they are silks, chintzes or muslins, they hang down in folds behind the fine high windows so that the effect of this or that material, as it would be in the ordinary folds of a woman's dress, can be studied. Amongst the muslins all colours are on view, and so one can judge how the frock would look in company with its fellows. Now large shoe and slipper shops for anything from adults down to dolls can be seen—now fashion articles or silver or brass shops—boots, guns, glasses—the confectioner's goodies, the pewterer's wares—fans, etc. Behind great glass windows absolutely everything one can think of is neatly, attractively displayed, and in such abundance of choice as almost to make one greedy; in such streets as have fewer shops, especially the newer ones inhabited mostly by learned or rentier classes, an iron railing, erected some few paces from the house, runs up to the front doors dividing the road from the basement, which not only contains the cellar but also kitchen, bake-house and servants' quarters. In all the big streets stands a row of hackney coaches, as fine as any used at home to drive to court in, and such a crowd of them as though there were one to each house.

We crossed the Haymarket, and here I witnessed a method of taking hay to market which aroused my admiration and caused me no little pleasure. This was a number of boards, a hand-breadth in thickness, a few spans long, of rectangular form as neat as if cut with a razor, all bound round twice with thin reeds, and between them the hay is so firmly pressed

together that not a blade can be lost *en route*: I might almost term them hay-cakes, and shall certainly find occasion to study the rick and the preparation of these cakes with some countryman. The bundles of straw, also sold on the square here, are only one-third as thick as those at home, but arranged and cut just as nicely as the hay; not a single blade peers out longer than another, and it is all piled on the clean, painted waggons; the people with them are so well dressed and the horses so beautiful that it might all be mistaken for pageantry at some national festival. And should it be inferred that this good order costs a great deal of time, I shall beg to contradict: for seasons and days in England are no longer than with us, the countryman is economical too, and does not keep more people than are absolutely necessary; but these folk are used to such orderly work from childhood up, and carry it out just as rapidly as we do our usual slovenly humdrum routine.

Mr. Hurter, an old friend of your father's and agent for the Margrave of Baden in London, then called to see us. He has found us comfortable lodgings and board. His pleasant eldest daughter is getting me a cap and hat, as women here may not go out without a hat. So the land with the greatest freedom of thought, creed and custom is yet in some measure fettered by convention. Meanwhile, I am very glad that women of my age wear caps under their hats, and that I shall not have much trouble or expense with my coiffure.

Sept. 6

They eat at 3.30 p.m. here, so as we were ready at 11 a.m. yesterday, I was able to write down anything that came into my head during the first dazed hours of excitement and curiosity. Suffolk Street is rather quieter than the streets we drove through; we soon finished looking over the inn, in spite of its many nice rooms, and within the first hour my eye had grown fully acquainted with the costume worn by the maids, women of middle-class and the children. The former



almost all wear black taminy petticoats, rather stiff and heavily stitched, and over these long English calico or linen frocks, though not so long and close-fitting in the bodice as our tailors and taste cut and point them; here they are sensibly fashioned to the figure. Further, they mostly wear white aprons; though the servants and working-women often appear in striped linen aprons. The caps really resemble those seen on English engravings, and simple black taffeta hats besides with black ribbons fitting right down on to the head. I rather lingered on this subject, as English women's dress, in fact any strange attire, always tickles the curiosity. There is not much to be seen of the feet, except that nearly all the women wear black shoes with very low heels when walking, and get across the roads very rapidly. The houses are mostly brick and have no decoration other than big, well-kept windows, whose panes are framed in fine, white-painted wood. The front doors, compared to those in other countries, have the peculiarity of being tall and very narrow. The stairs are clean, well-lit and carpeted.

We had a very good meal, but a very dear one, at six o'clock, then proceeded to Mrs. Hurter's in the Marlborough Road, and took tea with her at seven. Without quite realising how the day had passed we returned to our rooms not very many yards away in Portland Street, and already found an invitation awaiting us to see some horse-racing.

Really, I cannot think why I did not join the rest to go and see the miniature horse-race held at Barnet by Mr. Hurter's Geneva friend who lives there. It would not help matters at all were I to state the reasons for my disappointment; the fact remains—the men went off alone, and I console myself for my loss with the thought that my dear son Carl will see it.

I spent part of the long morning clearing out my things from my trunk into a wardrobe, looking at the houses in our street, and the first pedestrians abroad. Native custom and travel have made me used to early rising. As, however, even the maids here seldom open their eyes before eight o'clock,



I was already dressed when I saw the first workmen passing and heard a young voice calling 'Chimney-sweep! chimney-sweep!' and perceived a tiny chimney-sweep boy, six years old, running along barefoot at his master's side, his soot-bag on his back, shouting for all he was worth; then I saw the milk-maids calling in the district, and some youths from the apothecary with china pans, and the maids coming up from the basement through the railings in front of the house to buy their milk. The beautifully bright milk-cans hung so prettily against the frocks and white aprons of the country wenches, who wear black taffeta hats like the town maids. After a time the crowd increased, and the coaches started running.

I was elated to think I was really and truly in London, and reflected on the history of England and its capital. Would it be possible for anyone to journey back into the distant centuries and form a clear impression of them to place beside the present? The Thames flowed on just the same, washing the foot of the slopes of London, Richmond and Windsor like it does to-day; but how many changes have come upon the inhabitants of its shores before its waters were fit to carry warships and merchant craft? I should like to read the great history of this land, of its rulers and subjects, sitting by the side of the English woman Macaulay, so well informed by history's sapient muse, or at the elbow of that estimable Mlle. Keralio in Paris, and then to listen to these women's comments.<sup>1</sup> . . . .

. . . Vividly the image of true happiness takes shape again in my imagination, and I picture a man of independent means, gifted with a lofty, active mind, reading the history of nature, government and art of our European countries in the lands themselves, combining visits to the most ancient records and matters of modern interest. But would the means and life of a human being prove sufficient? Indeed, I think

<sup>1</sup> There follows a jejune essay on English history from Roman times, to be found in any textbook of English history.

so, if no single second or penny were wasted, such a favoured one of fortune might place a volume of his own observations and thoughts beside each volume of history. I was able to think out all this and write it down, as lunch is not until 3.30 p.m. here, as I mentioned once before; this is an excellent scheme once it has become a habit, for the morning, which always lends more brightness to the mind, more lightness to the body where work is concerned, is thereby lengthened and only a moderate supper is required.

Sept. 7

Mr. Hurter gave me evidence of true Swiss loyalty, and showed a generous disposition when he undertook, in memory of the friendship formed with your father on a Swiss voyage in 1769, to let us board with him and take us to see the sights. This man's kindness of heart alone makes my journey worth while. Though I profited besides in several ways to-day, being shown the factory of mathematical and physical instruments which Mr. Hurter started at his house, together with Mr. Haas of Biberach in Swabia, a thoughtful man born to physics and mathematics. In this factory the great improvements on the air-pump were invented and carried out, subsequently so very highly commended in the philosophical transactions. I also saw a machine for which all kinds of mechanical feats have been devised, and was likewise able to muse upon Mr. Hurter's excellent collection of portraits on enamel; his particular *forte* lies in copying the idiom and colours of every great master, so that he once had the brilliant scheme of reproducing in enamel the finest pieces in the Dresden Gallery, in the Palace of the Duke of Orleans, those belonging to the Prince of Orange, others from Mannheim, Munich and Dresden. For the execution of this plan he opened a fund, but did not obtain sufficient encouragement, so left The Hague and went to London, where he found everything he required as an artist. His acquaintance and friendship is also very useful to my son, as he wants to



introduce him to Mr. Kirwan, the famous and learned chemist, who has a complete mastery of German, so as to read and study its works himself in the original; and as Kirwan may be reckoned a scholar by choice and not compulsion—his income amounts to 30,000 guilders—and has stimulated many wealthy young people to take up science, his discourse should certainly prove of great value to my Carl.

I wrote to my dear friend, Madame La Fite, who is with the court at Windsor, and sent a card to the Countess of Reventlow, the royal Danish ambassador's wife, whom I had met at Hamburg, then wearing her bridal wreath as the blooming Countess Schimmelmänn—the remainder of the evening I spent in the company of a person who gave me a very clear description of an educational academy for wealthy English girls of good family.

This establishment possessed a certain distinction in the character of its founders; these were four sisters with wealth and beauty, Stephenson by name, who said that they had no desire to marry, yet wished to become mothers according to nature's laws, and, as is the way of communal life, felt themselves called upon to be of some use; so they decided to avoid the reproach of leading a useless existence by bringing up young women. They arranged their own lovely home in Queen's Square and one beside it for boarders, and advertised their school, and, as they were known to be persons of merit, the best children were entrusted to them to receive all the good tuition which they themselves had obtained during their education. The number grew to 220. The sisters divided the business: one took over correspondence with receipts and expenditure; another the whole domestic side; the third superintended masters and private lady tutors, of whom there were twelve. Fees for the young ladies amount to more than one hundred guineas, but they are all excellently cared for and have all kinds of masters. My informant added the following details of the enterprise. They are particularly



fond of music and singing; adore dancing; love dress and ornament; but are so reserved in all their other affections that it takes one a little while to get to know a girl six or seven years of age. They must be strictly supervised, as they soon grow mischievous; are very adaptable, however, reasonably serious, and are always models of tender friendship. They all possess these traits in common, only mingled with a greater or lesser degree of merriment or meditative bent. Fancy work, drawing or painting, or whatever else they undertake, are all executed to a measure of perfection.

All this made me very desirous of seeing this place and making a comparison between St. Cyr in France and Queen's Square. This evening at the play the great love of finery was evident everywhere and in all classes. We went to the Haymarket theatre, which sometimes presents good society plays, and sometimes, like the 'Théâtre Italien' in Paris, two or three short sketches. I rather expected not to see the greatest actors, but as the big theatres of Drury Lane and Covent Garden are closed and national character may always be studied at the play, this in itself offered ample amusement.

The house seemed exceptionally small, but it is very prettily painted in blue and white; the boxes, as in Paris, are open and everything is well lit.

The first piece presented a fairy-tale, with a number of changes of scenery and scenes. Particularly effective was an island representing the basalt pillars of Ireland, where a charming maiden was brought up, who knew nothing of the ways of men. A shipwreck lands a nice young man there. For a time, of course, he laments; but now the fairy, a pretty actress, Mistress Bulkley, appears from between the basalt, comforts him, foretells his good fortune, if he can keep his peace, and vanishes. This, however, he cannot do, finding it necessary at least to converse with his echo. Finally the maiden arrives, and the scene of surprise and joy between the two is very charming. The father and fairy come as well, and they are made one.

The second play was a translation of the dialogue from the French, where a young aristocrat who is to be married in the country pretends to be the domestic, and the bride takes the place of the chamber-maid. This was very well acted by Miss Farren and Mr. Palmer. The third piece was a kind of farce for the populace, in which Harlequin plays the part of a great magician in order to abduct Columbine. The old major, her father and the servant are quite 'grotesque' Hogarthian figures. A stage-coach is about to leave; then all the people arrive and register, all of which is very amusing and realistically presented. And now the laden coach topples over, each passenger complains of some special woe, but the major is in the worst plight; then in the hostelry the scenes of abduction take place. The pantomimes are very jolly and comical. Amongst other things Columbine meets a man in the market selling birds, of which he has five in different cages and holds one after the other up to her, sings a verse in her praise, and imitates a bird's note so realistically that the flexibility of his throat and careful study of his art can but be admired, for the song of the white-throat, lark, finch, nightingale and canary are all perfectly true to nature. A twelve-year-old girl dressed as a poor boy who walks round with a bundle of rushes, straw and reeds to patch up old chairs, then really sits down to work on one, sang and played unusually well; indeed, was obliged to give two encores; the third time, however, announced with dignity and candour that it would not be possible, and that she feared she might be unable to take her part the next day; which would grieve her excessively, as she liked having her modest talents appreciated and applauded. Everyone clapped and praised her aloud. She is beautiful, and deserves to be the nation's darling, and will certainly become a great actress, competent to keep her voice, gesture and features in complete control, never using her talents wrongly or producing exaggerated effects.

After this delightful performance I saw the players hold a kind of trial and support the motion, 'That it is the duty of the

stage to condemn social evils, and seek improvement through the medium of its wit.'

It is already common knowledge that the goddess of fashion suffers from quotidian fever, which, it has often been noticed, at a certain degree of heat turns to madness; as the get-up of four ladies attested, who entered a box during the third play, with such wonderfully fantastic caps and hats perched on their heads, that they were received by the entire audience with loud derision. Their neckerchiefs were puffed up so high that their noses were scarce visible, and their nosegays were like huge shrubs, large enough to conceal a person. In less than a quarter of an hour, when the scene had changed to a market-square in any case, four women walked on to the stage dressed equally foolishly, and hailed the four ladies in the box as their friends. All clapped loud applause. The two gentlemen accompanying the fashionable fools were least able to endure the scorn, for they hastily made away. One of the women held her fan before her face, and was thereupon called by name—and when the expression of the remarks became too strong, they too departed before the end of the sketch, but they were followed out by a number of people from the pit and gallery, and held up to ridicule.

*Sept. 7*

Our hour at breakfast is most pleasant, as we plan out how to make best use of the day; then we read the daily paper, which gives us full information on the events of yesterday, and what may be seen and had to-day. It seemed a good idea to us to utilise the first page for news of the theatre, rope-dancing and trick-riding, although it comprises articles on commerce, health and service in addition. The notices in to-day's papers run:

(1) Plays produced at the Haymarket theatre; names of actors and actresses as with us, followed by the prices of the seats: boxes, 5s.; pit, 3s.; first gallery, 2s.; second gallery, 1s.



(2) Plays at the small Sadler's Wells theatre, where to-day's programme offers a satire on magnetism and somnambulism in particular, and where tumblers and tight-rope walkers may be seen: boxes, 3s. 6d.; pit, 2s.; gallery, 1s.

(3) At the Royal Bush, Mr. Astley's amphitheatre; men, boys and girls in trick-riding; fireworks; short comedies and ballets: boxes, 3s.; pit, 2s.; gallery, 1s.

(4) Bermondsey Spa, a place where firework displays are held, announces that the scaffolding has been well and strongly made.

(5) The Royal Circus; adults and children in trick-riding, children in comedy and pantomime; Italians in dancing and buffoonery.

(6) Two fine large green tortoises for sale, which can be pond-reared or else fed.

(7) A notice against some piratical printer.

(8) Discovery of new pills.

(9) Notice of maritime matters; that on 12th September the crossing of passengers and provisions to Botany Bay, also of Moors to the coast of Guinea, are to be dealt with.

(10) On the docks at Woolwich all kinds of old ships' timber and nautical instruments to be sold.

(11) Notice that at 11 a.m. on September 14th the South Sea Voyagers' company will meet.

(12) Fifty guineas reward for information concerning attack of a customs officer by one or more of the shipping hands.

(13) The East India Company wants to buy 300 chaldrons of coal.

(14) A pleasant villa in Fulham to be sold; with orchards and fish-pond.

(15) Bitter stomach pills.

(16) M. Clarkson; slave traffic investigated and proposals for liberating and educating the wretched beings, and a description of Guinea.

(17) Notice that the king and queen returned here yester-

day from Windsor to hold a court (called levée here), and all the names of the gentlemen presented: further, that the list of criminals committed to die was placed before the king; that yesterday evening in the queen's palace a concert was given for the Archduke and Duchess of Milan.

(18) That the East India Company offers several million pounds of tea for sale, terms of disposal consequently much lower.

(19) That on the continent there is a rising against papal power, and that the German Catholics would soon be talking like Lord Bristol some years back. I am a Roman by religion, but do not stand for the Romish court.

(20) More congratulations to the king from various cities for having escaped the mad Nicholson woman's attack.

(21) Mourning for the death of the great Frederick; much praise and political ratiocination.

(22) Concerning the attitude of the Palatine electors towards the Court of Rome.

(23) Discovery that the bottom of a fishing-smack was exclusively laden with French brandy.

(24) Growth of the fishing industry in Nova Scotia.

(25) That the commercial pact with France would mean permanent peace.

(26) That all those gentlemen opposed to the minister Pitt are gone to the country to increase the number of their supporters.

(27) That a nobleman has found and tested a method of pumping water from ships.

(28) A match between a Jew and a harness-maker in the Epping Forest.

(29) Notice of a lawsuit.

(30) The reason why the scaffolding collapsed at the fire-works and so many people were injured: some rogues having loosened the clamps.

(31) A neat retort to the complaints of Garrick's sensitive friends with regard to the printing of his letters, which bring

to light some small matters that might darken the great man's fame. The author of the retort maintains that a number of excellent people of Queen Anne's period would have remained unknown had her posthumous letters not spoken of them. I am quite convinced by this point. For as my noble Julie Bondeli destroyed and burned all her essays, and as her friends will also die, what testimonies remain to us now other than her inimitable letters? 'These are,' the Englishman says, 'the nearest way to the hidden places of the heart: to one's friends one makes a clean breast; passions, principles and intentions are honestly defined, just as each thought finds its mark in a picture.' And in a letter appended, such noble traits of friendship are disclosed that praise alone is due. And if it is true that the moral, charitable qualities of the soul are worth more than intellectual bombast, then such a letter will arouse greater posthumous renown than some book of learning which in no wise stirs the spirit. Here Garrick's sixth letter follows, to his friend Draper of Dublin, in 1745, in which he shares his fortune, his hopes and ambitions with him; at the same time directing him to raise money for an honest man who has lost a great deal through bankruptcy, and on whose loyalty Garrick so counted that he offered all his possessions should they be of any use to him.

(32) Miss Farren reprimanded for having been ashamed to repeat an epilogue for the fourth time.

(33) Fashion praised; since its caprice and changes contain elements of true charitableness, it would not be wise to combat the ruling taste of the age, as the fooleries which individuals perpetrate in their dress might serve the common cause. The author hopes, however, that the fashion for shoelaces will not become prevalent, as so many families of shoe-buckle manufacturers will be wiped out.

(34) Mutual advantages of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, since the former has always had the best poets, while the latter produced mathematical scholars, that monarch of genius Newton in particular.



- (35) Notice of the beautiful poem on charity, by Mr. Lacy.
- (36) That a young Newfoundland dog drew the milk from a sleeping woman's breast each night, so that her child very nearly pined, when the husband discovered it.
- (37) A reminder to change the post-time.
- (38) Praise of Mr. Jonas Hanway, a late writer, for seeking out all objects of sympathy and charity and particularly for writing on behalf of the poor little chimney-sweep boys.
- (39) Notice of the fraudulence of a certain Major Sempel.
- (40) Much news of horrible scenes in Ireland concerning the White Boys.
- (41) News from Paris.
- (42) From Plymouth.
- (43) Horse-racing, breed and virtues of horses.
- (44) Short verses.
- (45) Shipping news—who, where and whither.
- (46) Bills of exchange, per cents. and bank news.
- (47) Height of the water near London Bridge.
- (48) Auction of a country-house, and all the appurtenances.
- (49) Notice that the heirs of a certain Nash are desirous of selling the six houses he has built, and from which he derived £194 annually.
- (50) A desirable residence, eighty-four years' lease. In all these cases a separate breakfast-room is mentioned.
- (51) Another in Barnet for thirty-nine years.
- (52) Several estates, all laying particular stress on the fact that fruit-trees are planted there, and are watered by a canal.
- (53) A large estate, Court Lodge, where fox-hunting laws seem to prevail.
- (54) In addition several more houses, mills and farms. With the houses there is always a note to the effect that they do or do not contain many mahogany pieces.
- (55) A hunt for large parties on the Thames and some small, attractive craft for sale.
- (56) Sixty kinds of coaches for sale.
- (57) Horses of all descriptions.

(58) All kinds of wines, 110 bottles.

(59) Inquiry about two missing men.

I only wanted, dear children, to give you an idea of the papers here, of which twenty-one different kinds are issued daily, containing all the court, parliamentary, literary and foreign news besides.

This morning we accompanied Mr. Hurter to Vulliamy's, court-clockmaker by royal appointment, and witnessed works of exquisite beauty and perfection there. It is no prejudice on my part if I state that no Paris invention comes up to those which I saw here; and truly, ideas for practical use cannot be more nobly represented.

(1) One table-clock represents a genius showing a boy the clock with one hand, and Minerva with the other, as though he were saying: Wisdom will teach you to make good use of your time! The clock is suspended from a broken pillar standing on an incline; at the side sits Minerva, book in hand.

(2) A large French clock executed for the Prince of Wales: a round temple on whose altar the hours are marked out; Time sits on the steps clipping Cupid's wings.

(3) A nymph on a slope near a footstool on which stands a cinerary urn; around its base she slings an arm, looking meditatively meanwhile into the urn to which the clock is fixed. The expression on her face suggests that she is contemplating the fugitive race of time.

(4) A temple which the art-dæmons are busy decorating; but Time, looking out from behind a pillar, has already given other orders, namely, that it must be destroyed, and more dæmons behind the pyramid to which the clock is fixed are breaking parts of the beams and pillars in two.

(5) One where music, drawing and a figure reading share out the hours.

French artists have certainly created some fine things both in clocks and watches, as have artists in Geneva and Neuchâtel; but I never yet saw anything so noble, simple and instructive from their hands. All the images are Greek figures

in 'biscuit porcelain,' and Mr. Vulliamy's physiognomy and gentle modest person hide a store of Greek ideas and moral allegory. His spirit leads him along the path of true beauty. May he travel along it for many years with just as much good fortune as he has modesty. His lovely wife and children will serve as models to him for anything he requires. And yet I think I noticed a certain deep and subtle pride, for all that, very reasonable. This is how it was:

The room where the French clocks are is large, and the clocks stand round it on small, simple tables, arranged so as to reach to eye-level, and paper covers keep his beautiful works free from dust. Of course, Mr. Vulliamy takes off these covers when he exhibits his fine creations, and must feel boundless pleasure on observing the connoisseur or sensitive moral soul contemplate his labours with wonder and affection. Having absorbed all the beauty of his figures, invention and perfect craftsmanship, however, one is shown all manner of table-clocks of French manufacture, with particularly fine setting and bronze ornament, yet which must inevitably lose when placed beside his works, as it is impossible to change so swiftly from a feeling of noble simplicity to one of luxury and magnificence. Not many of these clocks will come to Germany, I should say, for the price is too high for most fanciers—fifty, eighty and one hundred guineas per piece. I enjoyed this visit, and I shall tell my Lina with what pleasure I looked back on the time when I gave her a precise and clear impression of the art of clock-making, encouraging her to get to know the elements of every art and science; not for bragging or vain show, oh no! but so that she might view a fine piece of mental and manual labour with a better knowledge and understanding of the long series of mental and artistic processes implied. Mr. Vulliamy did not hear me talking much, but he noticed that my soul was entirely given over to a realisation of the value and a feeling for the beauty of his works. This satisfied him, and quiet, fervent enjoyment of my knowledge, me; only on leaving did



I congratulate him on his intimate acquaintance with the Greek spirit.

From this house we arrived at St. James' Park, and right at the entrance we were shown the place where the mad Nicholson woman made an attempt on the king's life. This put me in mind of the marble court at Versailles, for there last year I was shown the spot where Louis xv was wounded by Damien. The treatment of these two poor lunatics differed in each case according to the differing spirit of the law: Damien went to a horrible death; Nicholson to a mad-house, where fanatics belong, rather than to judgment halls. But let me turn from such sad thoughts to nature's grandeur. The park is large and regal. It is one of the finest things ever conceived by Henry viii, and the first sight of it leads one to exclaim, 'Was it possible for the man who felt the charm of these gardens to be cruel in himself?' But Catherine of Medici, too, knew and loved the fine arts, and notwithstanding commanded the Huguenots to be massacred.

I was delighted to have nature so close to the royal palace; for cows were grazing on a meadow in the park and drinking from out a pond lying there. On entering the park the old palace, which consists of a number of detached buildings, is left behind, and the large three-fold avenue lies in front, which serves for riding, driving and walking; on the right the queen's palace, or Buckingham House, is visible on gently rising ground, and on the left stands the splendid pile belonging to the horse-guards; proceeding farther, Westminster Abbey can be seen towering above the fine trees, also a large square on which the bodyguard performs its manœuvres, and a lovely bosket alongside the canal where fallow deer stalk. There we saw a Scotsman in highland costume; his striped blue and white cloak slung round him; his apron and bare knees were new to us.

I prefer the park to the Tuileries in Paris, although the buildings there look more splendid, just as all London houses are far inferior to those in Paris; but as I said before,

I like this difference, as most of the well-to-do plebeian houses are witness to the fact that England divides up fortune's spoils more equally; just as if a state with a republican spirit controlling the power of the monarchy were to keep its ground territory more level, so that the goddess of fortune might roll her wheel unhindered into every nook and cranny. Enraptured by this park, designed for kings and a kingly nation, I sat down for a few minutes to enjoy a sight of the charming English women, that pretty picture hovering in my mind which Mme. du Bocage made of them in 1758. But even she would no longer find the chic, noble, sylph-like dress and nymph-like gait which she admired twenty-eight years ago in this park; for the good English ladies have spoiled their originally fine taste in dress by adoption and exaggeration of Paris modes in hats and heels. The characteristics of national costume are gone, the size of the head-dress is out of all proportion, and many of them neglect their petticoats to a degree which grieved me not a little.

We spent the afternoon with the learned Reverend Mr. Woide, who is besides librarian of the Museum, and inhabits a pleasant wing of this marvellous palace. I was amused at the analogy I discovered here with the French intellectual spirit. In Paris the palace of Cardinal Mazarin was used as royal library, and in London the Duke of Montague's, who, as Charles II's favourite, collected and gave away great treasures. It is a magnificent edifice, having four wings, just as though fate, at its erection, had intended it as a repository for the collection of nature's wonders and the greatest works of human genius; for in this house everything is large, in keeping with the dignity of the objects preserved there. I was very glad to be able to meet some of my worthy countrymen from Stuttgart at the same time and to find them eager for knowledge and attentive. Owing to legacies the library possesses a large number of books, which occupy several rooms, as a delicate and thoughtful sense of truth and gratitude always allowed each gift of books its own room



with a portrait of the donor. But, in my opinion, they doubly deserved that their name and collections of books and manuscripts should be preserved apart: firstly, because a man who has been an example of devotion to learning and a life well spent, merits the respect of his contemporaries and successors; and secondly, for having left his choice collection of instructive works for the common benefit. It also contains a great deal of material collected from the environment of kings and queens: amongst other things, a series of letters dating from Henry VI up to the present king, also many original portraits in chronological order.

There is hardly time enough amidst a swarm of foreigners to take note of everything one would like to see. The 'Magna Carta,' or the great charter of liberty received by the nation from Henry I in its entirety and for eternity, was shown beneath a glass casing. I shall never share in these liberties, but the sight of this piece of parchment, badly damaged in some fire, rapidly and vividly conveyed to my mind the splendid picture of the fortunes of an English monarch.<sup>1</sup> . . .

. . . You can readily imagine, beloved daughters, what my thoughts were before the original portrait of the lovely, reckless, luckless Mary of Scotland; before that of Elizabeth the vindictive, in many ways so great, and before the prayer-book which she wrote: how objectionable I found Cromwell's portrait and letters, especially after seeing the petitions handed to parliament by Charles I's children, next to which lies the *carte blanche* placed with them by Charles II, Prince of Wales, bearing the words: The parliament might make any conditions it pleased, he would fulfil them if only they would let his unhappy father live. Yet Cromwell, an evil man of prayer, who always carried the psalms about with him, was not softened by these petitions and tears. But there are still amongst us apparently good people who torture the best of creatures without cause, regard unmoved the tears

<sup>1</sup> Omitted are a few muddled concepts as to the history of English liberty, more adequately replaced by modern commentaries on Magna Carta.



and pleadings at their feet—why should an ambitious hypocrite not have done so a hundred years ago?

The sight of Pope's and Rousseau's letters slightly minimised the sad impressions which previous objects had made upon me, and the excellent works of Sybilla Merian almost succeeded in dispelling them. Also I must admit that I was glad to be rid of all such bitter meditations, and so exchanged them readily.

This reminded me of the extract from Sybilla Merian's story, which I received from a noble-minded lady in Upper Saxony, together with some beautiful letters, as a contribution to *Pomona* after this monthly had already ceased; and as these two delightful friends, who used to write to me jointly, never gave their name or address, I was unable to thank them; though Merian's immortal works brought their soulful letters vividly to mind again. Maybe this diary will chance into their hands, and at least they will see that Pomona La Roche was by no means ungrateful or forgetful of their fine gift, and that she still desires to know the modest friends, and they should grant her this opportunity. And I said to myself:

'How happy was Sybilla Merian in devoting her immense talent for drawing and painting to natural history alone, and employing her sharp eye and delicate feeling solely on the wondrous fashionings and beauties of the vegetable world; for here and amongst insect-life her soul need not suffer so much in its observations as that of the painter of historical scenes, obliged to trace out all the human passions. As a portrait painter, she would scarcely have worked with inward calm had she detected an evil heart, insolence or baseness beneath a charming exterior. I was indeed glad that her admirable art and infinite industry were busied rather with nature's quips, with the thousandfold transformations of tint and texture of flowers, herbs, beetles and creeping things than in pursuing the sad tricks of human emotions.' . . .<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Here follows a biographical extract of little interest, such as were found in contemporary biographical dictionaries.

What evidence our Merian is, that women too, if their talents are cultivated, are capable of earning fame and honours in man's field of science, which even men might covet for themselves.

I should have liked to contemplate all the details of her uncommon talent; but beside her works there is also a very fine and perfect collection of a similar kind by a French artist, Robert, though I should give Sybilla's first place. On the walls hung portraits of learned Britons whose works or names were known to me, and delighted me greatly, for the memory of their mental qualities lent greater worth to their external features, though, frankly speaking, without the important name attaching, many a face would pass unnoticed. Respectfully one stops to look at Mr. Sloane's portrait, whose collection of books fills six rooms; the seventh contains manuscripts, and then follow several volumes of dried herbs from all over the world; a number of drawings, prints and nature exhibits. He had collected thousands of various other curios. Parliament voted twenty thousand guineas to his heirs and the right of electing one of the librarians as token of eternal esteem to Sloane.

At the end of the library's many rooms, amongst the collection of new and foreign writings, we also found the portraits of Voltaire and St. Evremont. I trust that Count Buffon will be added, and Newton would not inspire less reverence and affection even if Leibnitz were to be next door. Henry VIII has a face most repulsive to one's moral feelings; his full cheeks and double chin seem brimful of blood and sap drained from good humans; the smile of his eyes and mouth suggests a certain grimness. These clearly defined characteristics, like Cromwell's hidden traits, make one shudder even now; while the angelic innocence and visibly fine qualities of Jane Grey and her Guildford, on the other hand, engender great love and sincere affliction, Mary of Scotland's and her grandchild Charles I's weakness and want of wisdom, pity, Elizabeth's proud, harsh spirit, vexation, and her sister Mary, abhorrence.



I thought it very delightful to find a learned Pole, the librarian Woide, guiding German scholars round England's temple of the sciences; I should have liked to have seen one further collection besides, arranged according to the ideas of that scholar who wrote a book on the state of English literature from its origins up to the time of William the Conqueror, continuing from there to Edward I and our own day. I imagine it would be a most interesting collection in any land, even though only one author from every branch of science were represented, so that thus an extract of the centuries would be collated in one room.

With these ideas passing through my mind I came to the Chevalier Hamilton's magnificent collection of Roman and Etrurian antiquities, which appears to contain some wonderful rarities. His life-size portrait hangs there too. This room alone rewards the student of history and of nature for his trip to England. Several Greek and Roman urns are to be seen; in one of the latter there is still a piece of asbestos in which the body was incinerated. These human ashes, whose lust for power sought to disturb peace and welfare all over the earth, are quite appropriately placed near some fragments of Vesuvius and Etna, which by means of forces supplied to them by nature, shattered the fatherland of these haughty conquerors, burying thousands of them beneath their glowing lava. With what sensations one handles a Carthaginian helmet excavated near Capua, household utensils from Herculaneum, ruined two thousand years ago, lachrymary vessels from the graves of Magna Graeca. I should like to see a noble-minded young Englishman survey the standards of the Roman legion called 'Victrix,' the Victorious, for the first time. There are mirrors, too, belonging to Roman matrons, golden earrings, necklaces and bracelets. With one of these mirrors in my hand I looked amongst the urns, thinking meanwhile, 'Maybe chance has preserved amongst these remains some part of the dust from the fine eyes of a Greek or Roman lady, who so many centuries ago surveyed



herself in this mirror, trying to discover whether the earrings and necklet before me suited her or not. Nor could I restrain my desire to touch the ashes of an urn on which a female figure was being mourned. I felt it gently, with great feeling, between my fingers, but found much earth mixed with it. The thought, 'Thou divided, I integral dust am still,' moved me greatly, and in the end I thought it must be sympathy which had caused me to pick this one from so many urns to whose ashes a good, sensitive soul had once given life. This idea affected me, and again I pressed the grain of dust between my fingers tenderly, just as her best friend might once have grasped her hand, complaining that she had but ill reward for her kindness, or that her best intentions were misread. And gently I returned the particle I had taken to the rest of the dust, murmuring to myself, 'Forgive Hamilton and me for breaking in on your peace.' I had become quite attached to that ash and would have liked to bury it somewhere, so as to prevent its being shaken up and fingered again; but how was I to shield that which had been taken from its mother's womb one thousand years ago?

The others had meantime had a good look at what remained. I admired the fine Etrurian vessels of all shapes and sizes, which had furnished Mr. Wedgwood with the idea and ingenuity of modelling his porcelain on none but Greek or Etrurian lines.

You know that the Grand Duchy of Tuscany was formerly called Etruria and that the art-loving house of Medici, the beauty of Florence and large collection of all kinds of masterpieces still go to prove that this region has ever been consecrated to higher culture.

I also saw some tesserae or Roman signs made of ivory, and some of glass; these were used like our tallies or as invitation cards, entrance or lottery tickets, at the play, or given out with imperial presentations. On some of them the poets' names whose comedies were played still stand. Dice

were there too, not excluding some false ones. 'So,' I remarked, 'even in those times the ugly passion for gaming lowered man's character to practise fraudulence, then?' and received the reply, 'Yes, just as the mirror, invented so as to keep the face kempt and clean, made coquettes, where I wager deceit plays just as large a part as with false dice. High-minded men must avoid both dice and painted women too,' was Mr. Woide's retort.

I should have very much liked to look at the numerous house-gods, for they possessed as many of these as wishes might arise, and so turned to the figure which stood for their particular desire.

But there is no need to stop over them, as in many thousand Christian families we find just as many images of saints as there are diseases and charities, for which reason they are called upon and worshipped.

Hamilton's room leads into that devoted to Captain Cook, that luckless, excellent man, and all the pots, weapons and clothes from the South Sea islands just recently discovered, are on view there, just as they are shown in the prints illustrating the description of his voyage: crowns, helmets and war-masks, state uniforms and mourning—the former made of tiny shells and feathers, very densely and neatly sewn on in strips according to colour, the latter also partly of feathers and partly of bast, and made out of linen from the so-called lace-bark tree. Their hunting and fishing implements are very cunningly devised. The high priest's and chief mourner's garments are really such as to inspire endless fear and awe into the people. The king's dress is much enhanced by the millions of tiny flame-red feathers, much resembling the apron of old Roman garb, and the bodice sewn tightly with numerous white and yellow feathers shaped like a harness. The helmets in stark, crude colours, with high-flying plumes and horrible masks attached, made of small shells, are awesome; similar to our good German ancestors in purpose, when they tie animal heads on so as to



appear more terrible. On the whole, however, Roman, Greek and Carthaginian remains, swathings of Egyptian mummies, South Sea islanders' apparel and portraits of English royal personages or of those we see around us still, all prove that vanity and imperiousness led people at all times and in all places to ornament and instruments of slaughter, just as sounds of joy produced song, tripping merriment led to dance, passionate gesture to a groping after language.

Here one of my friends' sayings occurs to me, which maintained that culture and refinement of the mind only began after food supplies and bodily comforts had attained a certain degree of perfection. I could no more contradict than judge, and so kept to the lesser paths of observation and criticism more in compliance with the power of my intellect.

Archenholz and Wendeborn—the latter by no means as famous or esteemed as he deserves—have written about English sights and singularities so well and so instructively as to put everyone else in the shade, except for Moritz and Herr v. Watzdorf, who both deserve attention. I make no pretensions whatever, but hope by relating what I saw and thought, to give my daughters some slight entertainment, and, for myself, to renew some happy days.

We had no time to visit the nature exhibits or the Museum's lovely garden, and went home full of admiration for so splendid an institution; just think of seeing so many useful things without its putting the connoisseur or the merely curious to the least expense, for all gratuities are strictly prohibited. We returned by a number of new streets as yet unexplored, and remarked with renewed admiration on the beauty of the shops; likewise wishing that in all cities the police were as thoughtful for pedestrians.

The rest of the evening we spent at tea, talking to a young native of Berne, who sought my company and surprised me immensely by complaining that he found his fifth week's stay in London boring. He is hurrying to Paris and looking



forward to the Magnetists and Martinists. But on hearing me speak of Switzerland with such affection he praised the Oxford district rapturously, preferring it to all Swiss landscapes. He said he went to Oxford to compare this University with Göttingen, but had forgotten all else, so much did he appreciate its perfect natural beauties. Now with his friend, Tillier, he wants to compare Paris with London. He also led me to make a comparison of his features with those of other Berners of my acquaintance, so as to find out whether this one too were a victim of tedium; so interested was this young fellow in points of comparison—London and Paris; Oxford and Göttingen—I asked him whether he was also intending to compare the Magnetists with Boerhaven and Zimmermann, and the Martinists with Less and Jerusalem's principles?

*Sept. 8*

We spent a delightful morning, and one which appealed both to the heart and the intelligence. We went to Leicester-fields, to the house of one Sir Ashton Lever, to look over his collection of nature exhibits and art treasures, occupying sixteen rooms. I was glad we decided to walk there, and fairly slowly at that, owing to my friend's delicate constitution, which enabled me to inspect a number of shops and home crafts more closely, for pedestrians need dread neither dirt nor danger here. Cleanliness and a quite unique good taste range everywhere. The workmen look industrious and thoughtful, and so many delightful figures and extraordinarily lovely children are to be met, that each step increases one's respect and pleasure in the contemporary and growing generation of London's population.

A pastry-cook's attracted our attention for some time, as it is surrounded, like a large spacious room, by glass cases, in which all kinds of preserved fruits and jellies are exhibited in handsome glass jars; in the middle of the shop, however, there stood a big table with a white cover containing

pyramids of small pastries and tartlets and some larger pastries and sweetmeats; wine-glasses of all sizes, with lids to them, and full of liqueurs of every conceivable brand, colour and taste were attractively set out in between, as might be expected, at a large and very elegant table. What we women liked best of all though, was a large but delightful covering made of gauze, which hid nothing from view and at the same time kept the flies off. Indeed we promised ourselves a breakfast in this shop after our visit to Sir Ashton.

Leicesterfields is one of the many big London squares with beautiful lawns inset: in the middle stands a statue, and there are paths all round with neatly wrought iron railings, lit up by lamps at night which, since several thoroughfares abut there, and fine houses occupy the squares, are very pleasant to the eye. There is a big house here once inhabited by the Prince of Wales, father to the present king. This, Sir Ashton rented when he came to town with his curios, amassed during many years in the country. A delightful court, planted with trees and decorated with flowers along both sides, leads up to this fine mansion.

In the first entrance stood a number of long, narrow cupboards, on which large crests were painted, which we thought must belong to the collection. But distinguished officers' uniforms are kept in these, ready to hand there for service. Then the big door to the main apartments opened, and we stood in a large marble hall at the foot of a handsome staircase, in the midst of a heap of old armour and guns from every age and corner of the globe, displayed as trophies. The high walls of the well-hole are hung with dried sea-monsters of every description, and at the top of the flight of stairs in front of the first room an excellently stuffed young elephant bids one welcome. On leaving him one enters the room, hung with sea-green damask, curtains of the same, and with sweet little benches by the windows. Lining three walls there are nothing but neat glass cases containing all species of sand, earth, stones, metals, resins and fossils.



Madrepores come next; after these all kinds of birds from every clime, from the ostrich to the humming-bird, whole families of some of them, old and young, eggs and nests. A room full of fish is equally fine and perfect, another containing various kinds of snakes and reptiles; all the rare quadrupeds of the known world; all manner of apes and insects. Another room full of musical instruments of all nations, ancient and modern, and in with these different types of music since the discovery of notes. A further room containing all kinds of porcelain, cooking- and eating-utensils of all nations. Of all these sights the most charming and unique was the person of Sir Ashton himself, a good friendly man of some fifty years or so, who addressed us courteously, though briefly, remarking that as we were foreign we would not see the collection so often, and so he would show us the most important things himself; and then proceeded to guide us round. Our pleasure and admiration both pleased and pained him. 'I myself come here daily,' he said, 'to view these objects which I cherish as old friends; for one day they will be in strange hands and I shall not see them again. It was a passion of mine to possess all nature's wonders: no expense was spared; I have spent over a million on it, and now that I am old, I find I have hardly enough to be able to live in comfort, so was obliged to auction it all by lottery. But an evil star was in my wake—I made out thirty thousand lots, each at a guinea, and settled on a time for the draw. I had hardly sold seven thousand lots when the day came round—I had to keep my word, and the fifth drew my collection.'

We saw that the thought depressed him and did not inquire further: afterwards he told us of two kind actions done him by the parliament and people. The former, through a delegation of his friends, gave permission to Sir Ashton to show his collection daily until the beginning of November at a charge, and the latter has been streaming in horde-wise ever since to help pay damages to the poor man thus twice disappointed. As not only did he not sell his lots,



but he lost a hope cherished for five weeks; for during the period after the draw there was no announcement made, and Sir Ashton himself, and his friends as well, thought some magnanimous soul had won it and had decided not to put in an appearance, either to enable the owner to retain it or let him make some profitable deal; thanks and praises were daily being offered up to the generous anonymous, when a barrister turned up with the winning ticket, saying that his late wife had taken part in this lottery unbeknown to him and had died before the draw. He was her heir and had found the lot when looking through her papers. . . .’ Thus fate and justice favoured the claimant, but popular sympathy was so hot on Sir Ashton’s side and enthusiasm grew to such a pitch, that some went to see the collection ten to twenty times to contribute an equal number of shillings towards his losses; and nearly all showed a certain aversion to the barrister who had destroyed the fine ideal of generosity entertained for so many weeks, during which time all had rejoiced at Sir Ashton’s returning good fortune. This barrister has now promoted a company, which has rented different rooms, where the curios are housed and exhibited on certain days on payment. I hope they convey everything successfully and look after them equally well. Good Sir Ashton had labelled and named even the smallest trifles, or attached little pieces of cardboard, so that the curious might find information about everything, complete. Captain Cook so much admired this good Ashton’s intellect, that he gave him a complete collection of all kinds of South Sea curiosities, which to me seems much vaster even than the one in the British Museum.

I enjoyed seeing dresses belonging to kings and queens, lords and ladies three hundred years ago or more, offering a splendid selection of models for masked fancy dress; some of their weird trimmings are just as preposterous as those of the Chinese, Turks or Tahiti in the adjoining room. It is quite impossible, dear children, to give an idea of all the

innumerable things I looked at there until almost two o'clock, for impressions follow one another so fast, and all the wonders of nature, and all the incredible artistic conceptions of form and colour, pleasant and unpleasant, are so tightly packed, that the mind and eye are quite dazzled by them, and in the end both are overwhelmed and retain nothing at all.

Sir Ashton's house can indeed be called a temple of nature, where every possible mark of her miracles and good works is preserved.

From here we came to Westminster Abbey, in itself and with the monuments it contains, a temple consecrated to moral curiosities.

What a number of changes have taken place in this realm and in the City of London since the Saxon king, Sebert (605), erected a chapel dedicated to the Apostle St. Peter upon the ruins of the Roman temple to Apollo! How varied was the scene between the time of Sebert and Edward the Confessor (1045), who extended this chapel into a large church, and began the practice of making it the burial-ground for all royal personages. Again how different from Edward up to Henry VII's day (1500), or while the forty-four abbots succeeded one another, under whom the church was enriched by gifts from various kings and queens! 'Tis true it lost everything again under Henry VIII, but his daughter Mary re-endowed it and agreed to the acquisition of more monks, while Elizabeth finally founded a dean and canons, and established their rights.

The nave is 360 feet long, and the transepts, for it is built in the shape of a cross, 190 feet wide. It is in real old Gothic style, carried out in fine light grey stone; but London air must contain some element very destructive to such ornament, as I never saw a Gothic building so ravaged and blunted externally as this. We took the entrance nearest the so-called Poets' Corner, containing a number of monuments to English and foreign scholars, much after my own heart, as

there were inscriptions, busts and names of some eminent people there, whose history and works I knew. These I contemplated with reverent awe, grateful for the teaching and pleasure they have given me. Your brother has copied the inscription from Goldsmith's tomb: it may please some Germans to find it here, though all will most certainly feel righteous indignation that the man deserving of such encomium should die of want in London.<sup>1</sup>

I was struck by the idea that Shakespeare, the dramatic poet, should have a monument in Westminster, of which a copy may be found in almost every household. Very estimable too is that an extract from his maxims can be read inside the church, since those fine verses from *The Tempest* are written on a scroll hanging from beneath his arm:<sup>2</sup>

‘The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. . . .’

I was glad to see the bust of St. Evremont, partly because the respect shown him proves that England recognised foreign merit impartially, partly because he was the first French author I had read with any profit. The artist's conception for Handel's monument is very delightful, as the musician is portrayed listening to the call of an angel's bugle. The memorial to that unlucky Major André moved me greatly, all the more because it is placed near the one erected by Mrs. Thomson to her son, slain in that tragic American war. André's was presented by the king, but how different the feelings of these two mothers must have been. The latter condemned to hang for a thoughtless action, and Thomson at his post on the battlefield. For my part, I think it an eternal disgrace that the Americans put from them

<sup>1</sup> Here follows in the text a copy of the epitaph: ‘Olivarii Goldsmith, etc.

<sup>2</sup> *The Tempest*, act iv. sc. 1.



petitions, magnanimity and sympathy, punishing the young man's exaggerated enthusiasm thus cruelly. They have made some slight amends by knocking Washington's head off the bas-relief which shows him at the council of war! Behind the choir, which is only used for services, is St. Edward's chapel, in whose coffin a large golden chain and cross were found six hundred years after his death, in 1655, and given to James II, who probably took it with him on his flight to France. This chapel is surrounded by ten others, where kings and queens of England and many other people besides are interred.

I was sorry that Matilda, Henry I's wife, who died in 1118, had no monument, for I am so grateful to her for having bridges built, and looking after road repairs, and doing good to the poor. It would make very pleasant entertainment reading the biographies of all those buried here, noting the qualities most highly appraised, and comparing the taste of the sculptors and eminent people through the centuries. The portraits and inscriptions are both large and small, lofty and bombastic in conception. I think the point at which England's artistic affinity with the Greek spirit set in might easily be determined.

In one part of the church there is such a profusion of monuments that one is obliged to squeeze between them. In the real world, I thought, one certainly never bumps into none but notabilities at a party! I was sorry to find that the place was neither so well cared for, nor kept so clean as the Paris churches, nor as befitted the dignity of the edifice, the many remains resting there, and the wonderful Gothic works of every kind. The chapel where the great beds of state stand as memorials to royal personages, is both dark and narrow; many tombs look childishly small, others touching in their simplicity, as in the case of one of James I's daughters, who lies in a charming alabaster cot with the great arched hood and the cover turned back like a sleeping child.

Young Lady Russell, modelled life-size at the age of seventeen, is seated, and supports her lovely head quietly but sadly in one hand, pointing with outstretched finger of the other to a death-mask lying at her feet, for she is said to have died from a needle-point which broke off in her finger, mortally injuring her.

The memorial erected by Charles II to the remains of the two brothers Edward V and the Duke of York, murdered by their uncle, is also fine and impressive—an urn bearing the combined royal and ducal arms and surrounded by branches of palm as a sign of their martyrdom. The windows and pillars of the aisles on both sides are lined with the crests of those families who flourished at the time of Henry II, when he restored and extended the church.

The custom of exhibiting wax figures of important personages, clad in the costume of their day, struck me as extremely queer. A beautiful Duchess of Richmond seems to come towards one, when the doors of her cupboard have been opened, fan in hand, in her court-dress of green velvet embroidered in gold, as seen a hundred years ago; her stuffed dog and parrot are by her side. Likewise Queen Mary, Elizabeth and others are in full dress, as also the great Lord Chatham in parliamentary attire. A slim figure and fine features, quite different from anything I might have imagined from his works and activities; for I should have pictured him very serious. This image stresses rather the greatness of his mind, and that the planning and execution of important matters were but trifles to him.

I stood for some minutes before Newton's monument, put into practice a part of the inscription's content to the effect that 'all mortals should congratulate themselves on the good fortune of having had such a man amongst them.' And into my mind came the French Academy of Sciences' kindly thought, which delivered an oration in praise of Newton actually written by Fontenelle. I was glad that Fontenelle was given the chance of elaborating on so pleasant a theme



as Newton's great mental qualities and equally fine spiritual virtues. Everyone, at the mention of his name, knows that he was one of the greatest mathematicians and made some most important discoveries; but not everyone knows that this great man combined modesty, gentleness and kindness towards all mankind; that he mastered all the big things, yet never despised small ones—never discussed himself or others, nor did the eagle eye of blame or envy ever discover a suspicion of vanity in him; he met people simply and amicably on their own level, and talked to them according to the standard of their knowledge, showing justice to all and never omitting the calls of friendship and good company, or treating any with disdain. In rapid, broken snatches these memories returned, and I concluded that 'the immensity of his knowledge does not lie within our scope, his gently glowing, noble, spiritual virtue, however, might become the common property of every scholar as an embellishment to his science, and of all the rest as a substitute for more brilliant qualities.' Much awed I stroked the urn which covered this great man's ashes, and Addison's too, marked by a small stone let into the wall. Practical scholarship and merits self-achieved are shown a totally different type of recognition from good birth and high position. Addison's name is a stranger to none with some slight knowledge of the minds of good and great men, yet he is never known as Secretary of State to George I; on the contrary, this position and England obtain a glamour from his name, as Biberach does from Wieland's. I looked around in search of the column behind which his friend and chief collaborator on the English *Spectator* stood at his funeral, weeping so sorrowfully as he said, 'Ah, Addison, hadst thou not married thou wert alive still.' That an English woman should have made Addison so wretched that he no longer cared for life, upset me. I was also led to think of Addison's reflections about this church, as from his stone I turned my gaze on the numerous tombs around; so well did he express the truth.



'Here lieth the dust of innumerable multitudes: priests and soldiers—monks and kings—beauty and strength. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me. When I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out.' . . .<sup>1</sup>

. . . Full of like thoughts I came to Lord Chatham's splendid tomb which the nation consecrated to his memory, enjoining its grandsons, and those still alive to-day, to remember this great man with gratitude and reverence; the inscription ends with the words, 'That the glory and welfare of England have attained such heights through his spirit and laws, as never was before and never will be again.' It stands isolated beneath an arch and can be seen by all. Neptune sadly sits on the seashore, looking towards Chatham's statue, placed on an eminence. Britannia is weeping on one side, and the spirit of the motherland hands the noble patriot a crown.

Straightway from this monument we made for the parliament chambers, where Lord Chatham displayed the last glorious uses of his rhetoric for the good of England and America, after long, vain counsels and fruitless warning. I had them show me the spot where the great man of virtue swooned away, exhausted by his zeal and suffering. Though people may only have a limited conception of the English Parliament, yet they will be forced to look about them in pensive, solemn frame of mind.

The chamber of the Upper House is lofty and vaulted, beneath the windows running round the top are tapestries representing the defeat of the invincible Spanish fleet. Round the walls and through the middle of the chamber lie woolsacks covered with red cloth, where by ancient rite the lords are seated instead of on chairs. I sat down for a few moments, and my thoughts strayed to the momentous affairs of a mighty nation managed there, and to the frequent pangs and palpitations which even the best of sovereigns must endure upon the throne which I saw before me. I

<sup>1</sup> Sophie quotes more fully, see *Spectator* Everyman Library, 1, No. 26.

noted every spot, and wished that Lyttleton's, Chatham's and Camden's spirit might influence those who sat there now.

In the chamber of the Lower House my mind roamed to parliamentary speeches that I had read; and the places from which Pitt, Fox, Burke and Sheridan speak, suggested to me how often the weal and woe, wrongs and riches of so many millions of Britain's population depend on the will and insight of the Commons. These thoughts penetrated the now empty hall, and peopled it for me. The simplicity of these two important chambers, world-renowned one might almost say, touched me too. The green-covered benches of the Lower House are so well arranged, that the whole five hundred members can hear the speaker's every word.

We also saw Westminster Hall, 270 feet in length, and 74 feet wide, where the plaints and prosecutions against the peers of the realm are heard; where the Duchess of Kingston had to appear a hundred years ago on a charge of bigamy. The hall is entirely Gothic, surprisingly high, has no pillars, and is ornamented on both sides near the roof with curious wood-work.

I did not spend long at table as I had a great deal to write, and also wanted to go and see the performance of Lessing's comedy, *Minna von Barnhelm*, called the 'Baroness of Bruchsal' by the translator—I cannot think why.

On the whole it was excellently acted: Minna by Miss Farren, the Major by Palmer, and Just by Edward. The house was full too, and a number of spectators, particularly men, wept at the fine traits with which Lessing's noble mind imbued his characters. In the extract from the criticism Lessing is called Germany's favourite and her Shakespeare. Johnstone, the translator, also admits 'that he could not give a perfect rendering of Lessing's untranslatable wit, delicacy and lingual beauty.' But in addition they said 'that the matter of this comedy was too thin and meagre for the English theatre, though it has an emotional appeal and generous warmth enlivening every scene and preventing



tedium.' Might one not add, 'What more do you want?' Between Minna and the epilogue I thought of the numerous experiences I had had to-day—at Ashton Lever's all the moods and miracles of nature—at Westminster the images of so many dead, at peace now that their parts are played—while the Houses of Parliament suggested the kind of scene which law and liberty, patriotism, noble sentiment, ambition, envy, petulance and fraud might lead to; where, as at the theatre, the public listens, watches—and does the paying! The epilogue, reckoned for the people, was in the popular vein. For a French dancing-master and an Italian singer were burlesqued. A good, conservative old Englishman was plagued by his wife into giving his daughter a fashionable education, which resulted in an exaggerated caricature of these two, causing much amusement in the gallery.

When, however, at the end of the play I wanted to see the crowd disperse, there was no cab or chair left in the heavy rain; so I decided to hurry along, keeping to the houses, as the streets are so well lit—for it was quite impossible for me to loiter outside the theatre with the crowd of light women, although they were all better dressed than I, and looked extremely pretty. But I had hardly gone a hundred yards when the rain came down in torrents, so that I was obliged to shelter in a doorway, from where my companions hailed all the passing cabs. At last, after a long wait, we found an empty chair at the end of the Haymarket—so I had the opportunity of discovering that such conveyance in London is very rapid and efficient, though my black hat with the embroidered crape was ruined, and I had to get a new one.

The scenery is excellently painted, a room with prints stood out particularly, and the actresses' costumes seem more refined than at the French theatre.

*Sept. 9*

At Wedgwood's to-day I saw a thousand lovely forms and images; vases, tea-things, statuettes, medallions, seals, table-



ware and a service on which pictures of the finest villas and gardens of the last three reigns were painted; were I a traveller of means this would have accompanied me home to Germany. 'That the Briton is born for all that is noble,' is a true, not a biased, statement. For so soon as his spirit is untrammelled, and he acts independently, his is the path to greatness, simplicity and beauty in all things.

This ware certainly does not compare in splendour or ornateness with the Sèvres manufacture; but it seems to me that just that moderation in the gilding and other decoration lends a pleasing touch to the articles of Wedgwood fabrication. The blackish-brown mass from which the seals and medallions are made looks like extremely fine-grained basalt. I bought a seal, really expressive of my present mood and past fortune; namely, a female figure leaning on a ruined pillar, looking back along the road she had come; and Carl took one equally adapted to his views and years—Hope resting on an anchor.

It was a curious chance which took us straight from the centre of such delicately fashioned stone ware to the magnificent great stone pile of St. Paul's Cathedral. At first sight one cannot help wishing that Parliament would purchase a number of the surrounding houses and have them broken up so that the splendid pile might appear in all its dignity. For, although a square has been railed off all round, yet both it and the neighbouring streets are still too narrow. Anyone fond of architecture and able to appreciate great ideas must inevitably regard this church with real pleasure and admiration, reverently mindful of the name of Christopher Wren. I was glad the great man had the good fortune, unusual in the case of such vast buildings, to see his work completed. For it took thirty-seven years after its inception to carry out. Had as many Englishmen travelled through Italy and Greece as is now the case, the world would have seen a finer monument of his genius; for he would have built entirely in the lofty spirit of Greek architecture. His

noble plan was quite ready, but the dean and chapter disapproved of it and refused to allow their church to have any pagan form; so Wren was obliged to build in the shape of a cross. His sketches were preserved though and engraved, and bear witness to his feeling for the magnitude and beauty of architecture, and to the fact that in this temple London might have possessed just as great a masterpiece of architecture as Paris in the Louvre colonnade.

The prejudice of the ignorant canons must have proved just as painful to the estimable man as the praise of the discerning Bernini was flattering to the inventor of the colonnade. Every epoch and estate, however, produces examples of the ignorance of the governing classes at the expense of all that is noble, good and great.

It is said that excavations from the square of St. Paul's Cathedral supply evidence that the Romans inhabited London prior to the ancient Britons, for beneath Anglo-Saxon burials of more recent date were found remains of ancient Britons on top of Roman urns. A description with notes by the finder would certainly be interesting. I should like to hear his opinion of the interior on hearing that the impression it left was one of 'an enormous void, all the more striking after the wealth of external decoration.' He can hardly have desired it thus, besides which, 'that Britons can leave a great design incomplete,' is an unpleasant reflection. I hasten to add that this feeling of dislike was very different from my grief at the desecration of the Louvre colonnade. And it occurred to me that I was being lightly chastised for my implicit faith in British greatness—for this noble pile was the object of so much pettiness: as, for instance, when London's great artists were desirous of presenting it with masterpieces by their own hand as a voluntary contribution, and the bishop obstinately refused to give his sanction. On another occasion the citizens of London wished to erect the monument dedicated to the Earl of Chatham here, and the ministry in power at the time was small-minded enough to envy the



deserving man this glorious position and prevented the king's permission, not realising that Chatham's dust would cast eternal rays of true renown, no matter where its destination, even from out its dark recess in Westminster, radiant through future generations. Their reverence for the great man would have placed them in a favourable light and caused the nation to exclaim, 'Who true virtue loveth, himself must virtue cherish.'

Partitioned off by a screen of dark, carved wood, the choir in which services are held, offends the eye by the strong disparity of its colour and form with the height, vastness and strong light of the nave. For a lack of harmony is always regrettable both in the deeds of great men and the constituents of great works.

Our guide wanted to give us examples of the curious echo which repeats things word for word, and the English which he called out resounded quite distinctly, but when one of us, standing on the allotted spot, recited some German phrases, the echo remained silent—since the boy hidden aloft could not imitate them.

I very much wanted to climb to the gallery round the cupola, just so as to inspect various parts of the architecture of this temple more closely, and secondly, to view London and the Thames from there; but I was told that there were five hundred and thirty-four steps to mount, and that then nothing was visible but mist enveloping the city. So I did not trouble.

Queen Anne's statue, standing on the square in front of the church, demonstrates the fact that movement can make a surfeit of ornament on a living person just bearable, while a statue in a fish-bone skirt looks particularly hideous; its beauty must consist in harmony, dignity and simplicity. For the crown and the many carved insignia render this statue all the more obnoxious. Rain and coal-smoke combine in their effects on large portions of the edifice, the former by keeping the patches which it strikes quite white, and



wearing it away somewhat, while the latter coats it with black crust, making it difficult to distinguish some of the finest statuary.

From the magnificent but empty Paul's Cathedral we made our way to the Tower, a kind of citadel, whose fortifications are very dilapidated. First, we were conducted to the wild beasts' section, whose boxes seem to be arranged in circular formation. There are lions, leopards, tigers, wolves and hyenas to be seen. Since their cages are large and light, and the railings fairly broad, one can get perfectly acquainted with them. I thought the lions seemed to pace up and down with a kind of resignation to their fate, while the handsome leopard watched us wild with inward fury. The movements of the hyenas were the most impassioned and persevering—it is indeed an ugly, fearful and revolting animal. The tigers appear to combine craft with anger, and they walked to and fro with an air of searching for an exit and thoughts of escape, though they always kept to the bar where it was light. The hyena ran round restlessly and ceaselessly. The tigers and leopards have lovely pelts and are finely coloured; yet the sad thought occurred to me that these animals so often display the pleasant tempting side in the fine marking and colouring of their pelts, while their eyes, the shape of their head and jowls, clearly evince the fearfulness of their nature. Mankind, far more cruel, wears a pleasant expression of piety and hides his real character. Young bears, both white and black, were playing together. Eagles were perched sorrowfully beneath the trees, fastened to thongs, looking to the sun and airy regions above. I was sorry for them, just as it would hurt me to see a fine young man born with good intellect condemned by fate to low, servile work.

The all-black tiger, which Mr. Hastings brought with him from the East Indies, is most handsome, but his tigery glance all the more horrible. Monkeys I always loathed when I saw them, even though I realise that, like hyenas, they belong

to creation: but I hate and despise them since the story of Professor Naheuss' family in Amsterdam, where a monkey murdered one child and teased the other silly; the pregnant wife died of fright, and the husband of grief. It saddens me to think that these animal species have parallel characters amongst mankind, from which fact people try to deduce the laws of unity in the whole.

I gladly left these surroundings, though I was pleased to have seen such rare beasts; but I wanted to be rid of the melancholy impressions which they and their affinities had given me. I was glad to find that the keeper's features bore no trace of wildness, as the thought of this office had led me to fear.

Now a beef-eater came and conducted us over a big bridge built across the moat and leading into the interior of the fort. These people's costume is very splendid—of scarlet and blue velvet with gold, in form as seen on sentries stationed at the lists in pictures of old tourneys. This free entrance into the Tower should endear his motherland to every Englishman, as thus, even for State prisoners, human rights are respected. This seems to me the most outstanding difference between London and Paris; the foreigner is shown the Tower, while he dare not even look at the Bastille. Here prisoners still enjoy hope and a sight of the heavens and mankind, there, only fear and anguish.

We entered the room containing old weapons and guns, amongst which the combination of a shield with the barrel of a pistol struck me most; for the pistol was fixed at the protuberance of the shield, to which the ancients often fastened long iron spikes, and the man aimed through a small aperture and then fired. There are also some richly worked, very large and uncommonly heavy ancient shields there.

Having seen all this, the sword used to decapitate Anne Boleyn is shown; and almost at the same moment a green curtain is raised, behind which a picture of her daughter,

Queen Elizabeth, stands next to the stuffed horse ridden by her, when once she herself commanded her army. The picture shows her dress on that occasion, made of thick silk, since faded, but still embroidered in silver like a kind of armour. A page is holding her white palfrey, on which saddle and arms are laid, and is offering her a helmet with the other hand.

From this room we arrived in the large hall in which stand two rows of stuffed horses with their riders, some in tournament array, some in battle armour with closed and open visor. It is a fine sight, and looks very much more warlike than the modern uniform.

The work of the armourers at that time, judging from much of the armour, is worthy of the greatest admiration, and whoever knows the history of England and its civil and foreign wars will not remain indifferent to the sight and name of this or that king or general. After this we were shown weapons captured from the Spaniards, with the chains spoiled by England when she destroyed their invincible fleet, aided by a favourable storm. Then, in the armoury, we saw rifles for eighty thousand men, carefully hung up to form all kinds of patterns on the walls, and only placed in order in the centre of the rooms, I might say almost with solemnity and simple dignity. I liked the pride with which the keeper showed the cannons captured from Spain and France; he especially dwelt with melancholy praise on those which General Wolfe gained at Quebec. Finer metal cannons than the Spanish are not to be seen.

The houses and rooms where Gordon and Lawrence the American were imprisoned, meant nothing to me; and during that narrative I mounted the Tower Hill, called the Bloody Hill, recalling a number of sad events in English history. The tower standing in the centre which gives its name to the whole, no longer looks as it did in the time of William the Conqueror, when it was built, and I am inclined to think that the building in which the royal treasure is preserved,



descends rather from those times, as dark, narrow passages lead to the vault, where a woman opens an old smoky cupboard by the light of two tallow candles, shows crowns and sceptres, and really by her demeanour and the way she has of handling the things, turning them round and putting them back again, shows a disdain of these tokens of might and power to which one inevitably succumbs. Even the gold loses the power to impress which it usually possesses; for it seems impossible that a woman, furthermore so ungainly in appearance, should be put in charge of pure gold and all that a crown implies. We all found it shocking.

By the feeble light thrown by the candles on to the narrow bars, I noticed another door which appeared to lead still farther into the vaults. The whole was so dreary and eerie that I was reminded of the drawing of a nobleman and the poem by Miss Williams, where the door, closed since time immemorial, was illustrated, and the murder of Edward V and his young brother, the Duke of York, so beautifully, so loftily portrayed, when their cruel and ambitious uncle, Richard III, found an archbishop to deliver the two royal children into his hands by entering Westminster Abbey, whither the widowed queen had fled with her younger son, in a bishop's pastoral habit, that confidence-inspiring garment, and persuaded this good mother to confide her second son to him—whereupon Richard had both killed in the Tower. Beauty, religion and innocence were evidently of no avail in those times; for Richard, deformed by nature, beside his crown, found accomplices in the murder of these brothers, his nephews. These thoughts stimulated a number of others from English history—the idea that in this building lions, tigers and hyenas are prevented from doing harm with the aid of bars, wood and stone, and, on the other side, innocent, virtuous, truthful, good people were put into dungeons far more terrible than these animals' cages, and that neither laws nor religion could prevent evil, cruelty and deceit from bringing so many noble fellow-humans hither

as their sacrifice. The Tower was hateful to me: the cement of the floors seemed almost to be bound with innocent blood. Perchance I had crossed the stones which paved Jane Grey's path to the block and axe—I detested it all—I felt real pain in my heart. The centuries which have flowed across these events could not diminish the impression or the historical truth of such black deeds; and I shuddered at England's dæmon. For as long as ambition reigned over him, his wings were dipped in the blood of the great—and now it is said that they are gilt, he soars indifferently over the life of the small, hangs many hundreds in his own country for the sake of a few shillings—and in India, to gain rupees, lets millions die. Alas, why did not Alfred the Great become guardian of his people! Welfare and knowledge would have thrived and flourished under him. I longed to get away from the Tower, but the yeoman or tower-sentry did not stop until we had left the hill for a lower path to see—for the price of 6d.—the shellwork of some honest lass, who by this means helps to feed her poor mother's many children. This thought in itself would have lent beauty to the work, had it not been so pretty and varied in any case. It is hard to know which to admire more—the charm of thousands of shells or the industry with which the good creature composes lovely buildings, half-relief pictures, birds and flowers. I recovered somewhat from the melancholy of my previous mood, by contemplating the wealth of nature and the industry of this loyal daughter and sister.

Miss Phillips is very modest and simple with all this. The inscription on the wall, where she applied a ground of black shells on which she announced in white ones that there was something to see, we thought a clever invention. I had grown calmer now, though had not the courage to enter the Tower church where so many beheaded noblemen lie buried.

The paper which we perused at table proved that, as I had prophesied, we had lost a really special pleasure: for we missed the breakfast given by the Queen of England to the



Duchess of Milan at Kew, when the estimable Charlotte of Great Britain quite played the English housewife, preparing tea herself and looking to the guests. As chance will not often bring two such princesses together, loved by all for their wisdom and virtue, this sight would have been much after my own heart—although the memory that your father had addressed the Duchess in Pressburg in a time full of security and hope, and that I, robbed of all deserts, was seeing her now in London, would have upset me greatly. Were good people to know why I forewent this noble pleasure, they would once more marvel at the power of trifles.

Towards evening we drove to the play at Sadler's Wells, and were held up on the road by what was to us the strange apparition of a Moorish funeral. The black pall-bearers and mourners, then the more distant relatives and friends with white cravats, and some thirty or more black or brownish-yellow women following in couples, wearing white cambric caps, passing our coach, seemed like a play to us. I had seen many a Moor with a look of sadness on his face, though it always seemed tinged with bitterness to me, as if he mourned his fate amongst the whites and hated their unjust severity. This time too they were sad, but gently so; as are sympathy and pity for the sorrow of a neighbour. The cruel pride of the complacent European will one day realise too late that the common Creator laid an immortal soul and human feelings in the black breast, and that the thick lips also called to Him and could speak of love and friendship. Just, good Europeans have often noticed acts of generosity and kindness in this race, segregated by its colour, which show that in the eye of the Omniscient and All-righteous they must count for quite as much as the best of us.

We passed through some fine streets, as yet unknown to us, especially near the Duke of Bedford's palace situated in Bloomsbury Square. He is quite a young man of whom the nation entertains great hopes, since, from a youth upwards



even travelling abroad, he has displayed the noblest character. His wards said that they were very eager for this reason to increase his large income, as he would certainly make good use of it, and they hope to hand one hundred thousand pounds sterling over to him. All this keeps the Duke of Bedford's male friends busy; the women, however, talk of his good looks, and on the 8th the paper reported that since his return modistes had twice the work; all observers agree in the statement that England possesses more handsome men than beautiful women, so that the figures are estimated at five fine males to three of our own sex.

We also passed shops where animals were for sale, which goods were both novel to us and comical. Peacocks were placed on pretty perches, bright cages with songsters hanging in between; there were cases of monkeys, large bird-cages containing turtle-doves, others with fine domestic fowls; lap-dogs of every type followed in nicely padded kennels; pointers lay at the bottom on leads, and by their side baskets of all kinds of game—all grouped so artistically that the whole made a charming picture. We noticed also the famous monument to the Great Fire, 1666; it is beautiful, colossal, built on the model of Trajan's Column in Rome, which also has a spiral staircase leading up to the extreme summit. But the English architect in his reflections on the art of the ancients forgot to discover how they made their buildings endure for thousands of years, for the pillar threatens to collapse and should be removed. With like views and discussions we arrived at the northern end of the town, at the playhouse dedicated to the small middle-class, Sadler's Wells. This district is very lovely: large meadows alive with herds of excellent cows; lakes with trees in front of the house itself, numerous avenues with delightful tables and benches for visitors, under trees hung with tiny lamps. In the open temple lower-class lasses, sailors and other young people were dancing. We were astonished at the

handsome building and illumination of the hall, consisting of some hundred splendid Argand lamps which were bright as sunlight, and proved at the same time that such lamps do not smoke one little bit.

The scenes in the pit and boxes we found as strange as the ten-fold comedy itself. In the pit there is a shelf running along the back of the seats on which the occupants order bottles of wine, glasses, ham, cold chops and pasties to be placed, which they consume with their wives and children, partaking while they watch the play. The front seats of the boxes are just the same. In three hours we witnessed nine kinds of stage craft. First, a comedy, then a ballet, followed by a rope-walker, after this a pantomime, next some balancing tricks, an operette, and the most miraculous feats by a strong man; another comedy, and finally a second operette. All the decorations were exceedingly well painted, the dresses very fine and the music good. The producers go to great expense and yet always make fifteen to twenty thousand guilders profit. The box next to ours was occupied by eight so-called light girls, all with fine, blooming figures, well dressed and true to their name, the most obvious gaiety in their eyes and faces. Not one of them looked older than twenty, and everyone so made that the best father or husband would be proud of having a virtuous daughter or wife with such stature and good features. We were sorry to think that Mr. Archenholz had counted fifty thousand of these surely unhappy creatures. On our homeward path we saw the crowd of lamps along the roads, as Sadler's Wells lies on higher ground, and admired the splendid lighting of the city and its squares; but it was almost eleven o'clock before we reached home.

*Sunday, Sept. 10*

Indeed the Lord's day in London is beautifully celebrated. Great and small keep it in peace and quiet. No other coaches are heard except those driving to church; for no



calls are made or received at all. We went to a Quaker meeting, where we found a large congregation assembled in a big hall, lit from the dome: all were modestly clad; all with thoughtful faces! We ladies were led in friendly fashion to the women's side and the gentlemen to the men's. All sat quiet and solemn without books or motion. After half an hour a young man, of fine physique, rose, and in grave touching accents spoke of the causes which should make good Christians despise the world. Everyone listened attentively; quietly he resumed his seat, and shortly after, exchanging a gentle but friendly handshake as they met one another, they left for home.

I paid a visit to a compatriot from Biberach of the name of Haas, just as expert a confectioner as his brother is physicist. I saw excellent sand work there, which he has actually hung up as a picture in his room, nor does he merely make inventions in this craft, but copies the mannerism of the greatest artists. I noticed one of Angelika's fine pictures there, excellently executed; and a delightful allegory which he exhibited for dessert at a banquet, when the city of London treated the minister Pitt. Idea and execution were equally good: London in the background, then a part of the magnificent Thames, in the middle the Guild of Merchants' Hall, on one side people of all nations of the globe with whom they are trading, on the other, Pitt with England's genius pointing out to him the bust of his father and Westminster Abbey, where the nation erected a monument to his memory. The spirit's expression and that of some of the London citizens seem to say to Mr. Pitt, 'We hope that you too will deserve a monument of gratitude and blessing.' The industrious artist is immensely pleased at the plan to make the lid of a cabinet in the new palace at Windsor of this work. He employs one of his younger brothers as apprentice; and I, pleased to find such clever Swabians here, proposed to him to read our great compatriot Wieland's early works, especially the *Agathon*, which contains so many



charming sketches, and to carry out some of these in his own pictures. Everyone would be glad to hear that a great poet of his native land had written Agathon's story, and that he, out of affection for him, wished to present it in picture form!

While I talked of Wieland to the good man, I noticed a house on the opposite side from which a nice young woman had been watching me intently, as I thought. I told Mr. Haas, and heard that they were really looking out for me, for this rich merchant, living on the capital he had amassed, was a German, and he believed a relation of my late mother's, Heinzelmann by name, and that he would be very glad to see me. The good man was an invalid and confined to his chair. He had two daughters, one married to Count Schulenburg, who had left her widowed at the end of a year. I liked the idea of finding a cousin in London, and I told Mr. Haas that I should certainly visit the family. That to-day, however, I had to hurry home, as we wanted to see the royal gardens at Kensington, his late Majesty's favourite resort, before lunch.

My whole soul was gladdened at the beauty and peace I found there: I strengthened myself against sorrows which chance might have in store for me; rejoiced that I was incapable of hurting anyone; that my soul was still pure enough to enable me, at the sight of a clear open sky and beneficent beauty, to feel all the pleasure needed to make one overlook lies and malice, pardon all things and experience that joy which none can steal from mankind. In every other country Kensington would be taken for a nice town; but the propinquity of mighty London is reason enough for it to be considered a lovely village full of wealthy people.

Above the gates of the fore-court to a really entrancing country-house we read the inscription, 'Boarding School for Young Ladies,' and were glad to think that the children not only enjoyed good air here in Nature's arms, but also had before them every form of beauty in landscape, architecture and artistic gardens. When, however, we approached the

garden gate, the entire school of dear, lovely creatures passed by us on return from their walk. There were some twenty of these flowering graces; beautiful features, excellent figures, naturally curly hair, unpowdered, on lily-white brows and necks—simple white uniform, light, cheerful gait—showed me a generation of English girls such as Mme. du Bocage saw twenty-eight years ago and I had missed till now. Many other people were strolling in the spacious gardens, daily open to all, by the King's good grace. Here one may wander between tall trees and lovely shrubs, or by the pond over hilly ground, or across meadows, book in hand, towards a resting-place where charming vistas of near and distant verdure, or flower-beds alternate with the instructive pleasure of reading. Many inhabitants of London who have no country-seats of their own, in summer move into Kensington houses for the sake of the good air, the gardens and the fine prospect.

We returned by Hyde Park, known in Germany from English novels and duels. It is, however, a large pleasure-garden, situated between London and Kensington; in which people drive, ride or promenade. The high road runs along its boundaries, and we were pleased to see all classes and kinds of Londoners.

Our evening passed at physical experiments, which most certainly form part of divine service, showing us as they do the inner qualities of being, and so leading a sensitive soul to increased and rational reverence for its Creator.

*Sept. 11*

A Mlle. Vauce of Brussels had come to London with her niece to consult Count Cagliostro regarding the little girl's health. She had taken a room in our establishment, and while showing us the attractive designs she composed of dried moss and flowers, we heard all about Cagliostro's home and interviews. I had some letters to deliver to him from my dear friends the Sarasins of Bâle, and could thus look forward

to meeting him, whom I admit intrigued me not a little, since his life, activities, friends and destiny had made him so remarkable. A very sensible woman who had long been suffering from ill-health accompanied us, so as to get to know his method of treating sickness. He lives in Knightsbridge, one of London's outermost suburbs, in a new well-equipped house, with large tracts of meadow-land and low, lopped trees beside a winding stream in front of it. We had to wait a few moments until he had read some of his friend's letters—when all at once the door opened and a large elaborately-clad Moor signed to us to alight. The house with its solitary situation, the district, and this unusually big black domestic were reminiscent of enchanted castles. 'May the heavens see us safely back!' I muttered, as I stepped down from the carriage. The Moor led the way and we followed, suspicious and expectant. The count received us at the door. I found him exactly like his portrait. He made some polite remarks to me concerning my friends the Sarasins. My eye rested on a tall, emaciated man dressed in black, with fair, closely-cropped hair, a pale face and strangely expressive dull blue eyes. Cagliostro asked me quickly, 'Do you know this man?' 'No,' I said, 'it is the first time I have seen him.' 'How does he strike you?' I thought this question a little strange, but so was the man himself. So I cast another look at the stranger and said, 'He has personality, though I do not think it is a bad one.' 'To what religion do you belong?' This question surprised me even more than the previous one, as it seemed more peculiar than ever. But the thought that I was at Cagliostro's calmed and reassured me. So I replied, 'I am Protestant.' 'Lucky for you! as this is Lord George Gordon, who cannot abide Catholics. You would not have been allowed to stay here another minute.'

This explanation amused me intensely, for I had to laugh at the tricks of a fortune which contrived for an Asiatic charlatan to introduce an English fanatic to a German novelist—and in any case I was glad to see this Lord Gordon,



whose fame was both tragic and ridiculous, for myself. We seated ourselves, spoke of Sarasin, asked after the countess, who finally appeared, was very courteous, a paragon of a really pretty, virtuous and ever-smiling wife. I thought never to have seen so white a breast, neck and hands. She spoke affectionately of Sarasin, and with rapture of her French friends . . . but with horror and dread of the Bastille, French criminal law and the treatment they endured in France. The count's words were, 'As long as I was spending 100,000 pounds in France, no one asked me where they came from. Now when I demand all that they have robbed from me, I am asked to prove how I make my money.' Mr. Thilorier, his solicitor in Paris, is with him too, and from here directs proceedings against Mr. de Launay, who is painted very black: as are likewise the consequences of Mr. de B.'s injured pride, for he avenged himself on one of Cardinal Rohan's caustic remarks with all the power attaching to his position.

Cagliostro found an enemy awaiting him over here in the form of a news reporter who came to him, or so he tells, with a confederate the day after his arrival, saying, 'You are a wealthy man and have great resources; present us with this sum of which we are in great need, and we will write for you: if not, we are your foes.' Cagliostro refused them the money, and they do in fact write the most futile rubbish daily.

A Count Zenobia of Venice, and two Englishmen, paid a call, and changed the subject, which had reached an important point for me, as the count had discovered from my friends, the Sarasins', letter, that I had written a little on education, and his opinion was, 'That education never altered people: they always stayed as they were born.'—He looks upon the different religions as so many different systems of education, but likes the Catholics least, because their clergy are too powerful, and maltreat humanity and nature in sundry different ways. His fate in France has made him

morbid. He does not go out. 'If I had not that dear creature, my wife, I should go and live with the wild beasts of the jungle, certain of finding friends amongst them.'

He did not maintain any part of the discussion steadily. I decided that my Swiss and Alsatian friends were attached to this man because his really good medicaments had restored their lost health to them, and others besides, naturally filling their honest hearts with gratitude. They also saw him do good to the poor (just as they, too, support all those to whom they can be of help), and this formed a bond of affection between them, the necessary basis of all friendship.

His theories that the Catholic religion, by erecting and countenancing monasteries, is acting against nature's laws, must have found varied interpretation amongst genial folk in France. And since he prepares medicines to prolong our years above the usual figure, with attendant good health, which many consider the equivalent of a good time, it was inevitable that he should be popular in Paris. The English do not believe in such tonics, and the numerous suicides from trifling causes, the cool, unimpassioned way young thieves are watched dying on the gallows, seem to indicate that the cause lies in the national character, for amongst those who waste their guineas in such devious way little store is laid by life, and so such prescriptions do not trouble them, nor do they particularly seek out the owner of the mystery. In the beginning he was invited by the Prince of Wales and other prominent people, as his long imprisonment, the small shreds of his story, and the public pardon offered by Parliament, all pleaded for him to a nation generous by birth. But they did not seek him long, and now he never leaves the house himself. We were invited to lunch the next day, and hurried home, as we had an hour's drive before us.

During the afternoon we were taken to the mechanic and musician, Merlin v. Lüttich, to see and hear his pretty, but curious, inventions: for he has tuned a grand-piano to sound as if all the instruments were invisibly emerging from it. The



work and labour expended on this achievement call for respect, although I should consider myself unfortunate if I had to listen to it daily! Though a man discovered in a spacious room with the evidence of his labour and industry all about him, in himself commands admiration. The easily movable chairs for gouty people and other invalids, to whom bed is a burden and an added affliction, were objects of double interest to me, as I imagined they would alleviate the patients' suffering and lessen the ineffectual toil of the healthy on their behalf. Neat little writing- reading- or working-tables, combined with charming, soft-toned pianos, also earned my whole-hearted approval; I hoped they might be presented by kindly fathers, a brother, uncle, or generous husband to a daughter, sister, or quiet but busy wife, for their own private and allotted rooms. Others with the piano concealed, and clever desks with lights attached for quartettes, set up in less than three minutes, which, if not required for music, might be converted into a nice piece of furniture for playing chess. A tea-table, where the housewife can open and close the cock of the tea-urn with her feet and rotate the table-disk to pour out the cups, and thus send tea and sugar the round. Balances for weighing oneself and anything else: and all so elegant and simple. I next came upon the invention mentioned in Switzerland: an arrangement whereby the servants should know immediately the bell rang in their master's room what was required, by means of a list fastened to the latter's bell similar to a barometer, registering the orders which so constantly recur—water, broth, coffee, chocolate and the like. Now since whoever pulls the bell simultaneously moves the pencil connected with the list and fastened in the servants' room, so this, the sound of the small bell, announces the employer's requests to the servants—all of which is a great saving for the staff and results in rapid service, as English kitchens are in the basement with the servants' quarters. At this moment Mr. Merlin and the respected scholar Hanway seemed to me equally estimable, as



the former employed a part of his genius for the relief of servants, while the latter devoted his oratory to the good of the little boy sweeps. I was also grateful to the saddler who invented padded cushions for the back of coaches, so that the postillions should have to suffer less from the jolting on the paving-stones.

The model for Apollo's temple which the man showed us is an example of inventiveness, industry and good taste, coupled with an understanding for the infinite thirst for pleasure of the rich. Mr. Merlin is working on a room where Apollo is to sit enthroned, play his lyre, and make a gesture meanwhile, by which a complete melody will be heard, though no instrument is visible. Apollo plays the gently melting Adagio of the piece alone upon his lyre, without accompaniment from the other instruments, and machines, which appear dressed as waiters and waitresses, bring in any refreshments requested; thirty people can be present at a time, and each performance is long enough for them either to breakfast or lunch. He hopes by the coming spring to have the whole thing ready for presentation, and has invited us to come again. His inventions in pianoforte and other instruments are innumerable, and though not all equally perfect and pleasing, most of them are excellent.

We strolled up and down lovely Oxford Street this evening, for some goods look more attractive by artificial light. Just imagine, dear children, a street taking half an hour to cover from end to end, with double rows of brightly shining lamps, in the middle of which stands an equally long row of beautifully lacquered coaches, and on either side of these there is room for two coaches to pass one another; and the pavement, inlaid with flag-stones, can stand six people deep and allows one to gaze at the splendidly lit shop fronts in comfort. First one passes a watchmaker's, then a silk or fan store, now a silversmith's, a china or glass shop. The spirit booths are particularly tempting, for the English are in any case fond of strong drink. Here crystal flasks of every shape and form

are exhibited: each one has a light behind it which makes all the different coloured spirits sparkle. Just as alluring are the confectioners and fruiterers, where, behind the handsome glass windows, pyramids of pineapples, figs, grapes, oranges and all manner of fruits are on show. We inquired the price of a fine pineapple, and did not think it too dear at 6s., or 3 fl. Most of all we admired a stall with Argand and other lamps, situated in a corner-house, and forming a really dazzling spectacle; every variety of lamp, crystal, lacquer and metal ones, silver and brass in every possible shade; large and small lamps arranged so artistically and so beautifully lit, that each one was visible as in broad daylight. There were reflecting lamps inside, which intensified the glare to such an extent that my eye could scarce stand it a moment: large pewter oil-vessels, gleaming like silver, were ranged there, and oil of every description, so that the lamp and the oil can be bought and taken home together if one likes, the oil in a beautiful glass flask, and the wick, too, in a dainty box. The highest lord and humble labourer may purchase here lamps of immense beauty and price or at a very reasonable figure, and both receive equally rapid and courteous attention. I stayed long enough to notice this, and was pleased with a system which supplied the common need—light—in this spot, whether for guineas or for pence, so efficiently.

Up to eleven o'clock at night there are as many people along this street as at Frankfurt during the fair, not to mention the eternal stream of coaches. The arrangement of the shops in good perspective, with their adjoining living-rooms, makes a very pleasant sight. For right through the excellently illuminated shop one can see many a charming family-scene enacted: some are still at work, others drinking tea, a third party is entertaining a friendly visitor; in a fourth parents are joking and playing with their children. Such a series of tableaux of domestic and busy life is hardly to be met with in an hour as I witnessed here. How rapidly I reviewed in

the course of this evening countless daily tasks of countless busy folk. How heartily I desired that every artist craftsman and worker who had contributed to the production of this mass of works of art might enjoy a quiet supper and find new vigour in refreshing sleep.

*Sept. 12*

We left early for Covent Garden to visit Mr. Forster and view the fruit and vegetable market, remarkable both for its constant fresh supply of fruit, vegetables and flowers, as for the order reigning there. We were told that London consumes annually 2,957,000 bushels of wheaten flour, 100,000 oxen, 700,000 sheep and lambs, 195,000 calves, 238,000 pigs, 115,000 bushels of oysters, 14,000,000 mackerel, 16,000,000 pounds of butter, and 21,000,000 pounds of cheese annually, exclusive of game and poultry; that a fat ox costs 20 pounds sterling, a sheep 2, a pig 3; that 5s. pays a goose, 3s. a fowl, 2s. three pigeons, and 1s. buys 20 eggs; thus the millions of millions necessary for general circulation can be roughly calculated. You will laugh, children, when you hear that calves are bled so as to keep their meat white; it is a proof, however, of the enormous luxury. 140,000,244 quarts of beer, a most nourishing beverage, are brewed annually in London.

This calculation led me to respectful contemplation of the peasant's industrious toil and the earth's fertility, though I was sadly shocked at the immense crowds of people here, for, according to Mr. Mercier, a crowd is its own moral corruption.

An extremely pleasant prospect greeted me as I stood at Mr. Forster's window—first of all looking at the earth's inner treasures before me in his handsome cabinet of nature exhibits, causing a delightful sensation of abundance, and at the same time down on the great square before the house, where I beheld the top surface of all those beneficent herbs spread out for our nutriment. The beauties and rarities of this cabinet are more than my pen can describe. In fact, their arrangement is calculated to please the eye, and yet



contains the most marvellous products of the mineral and lapidary kingdom. Anyone with an inquiring turn of mind must enjoy a visit to London, were it only to see this cabinet. I think very highly of Mr. Forster's learning and respect him for the reverence which he shows towards the miracles of creation, and for the laudable way in which he strove to satisfy this noble passion—partly by his travels all over our own Europe and other parts of the globe besides, collecting all possible specimens of the works and whims which nature conceives and conceals in her womb. He gave me pleasure greater than any king could grant, and the good man rejoiced at our enjoyment and at the knowledge Carl and his friend displayed.

Mr. Forster comes from Magdeburg, and knows your brother's esteemed patron, the minister von Heinitz. Mr. Forster has lived in England a long time now: married a charming woman here, but had no children by her, and so brought up a nephew, whose views were very much his own, and at the age when other youths run after every little sensuous amusement, this splendid youngster researches into the secrets of the mineral world. He mastered five languages, grew into a modest young man whom everybody liked, travelled across Spain and Portugal, and in the quarries of these countries collected strata and crystallisations whose beauties of form and colour provoke surprise and admiration. The Messrs. Forster are, in fact, particularly fortunate in this work; it almost seems as though nature were conscious of possessing true specialists and admirers here, and has invoked a genius of her own to point out the spots where lie the greatest treasures of her hidden beauties.

Carl has obtained permission to go there daily. We women admired two large vases besides, which Mrs. Forster has composed of shells, compared to which Miss Philipps' work at the Tower is insignificant.

M. Forster has been warned against the danger of fire, and what a pity it would be should his precious collection ever

suffer such calamity; but he put our minds at rest on this point, showing us that the finest and rarest specimens always stood in the entrance hall, where they could be saved immediately. 'For,' as he said, 'even though I were insured for fifty thousand pounds with the fire insurance, that sum would by no means replace my losses.'

From this temple of nature, and having contemplated the beauties of the physical universe, we entered the queen's palace. I was much affected at this change of scene as I crossed the threshold of the house inhabited by our German Charlotte of Mecklenburg, who is devoted to every moral virtue, has all the cares of motherhood and royalty upon her, and practises all that is good and kind.

Oh thou who didst ordain her for a mother and a queen, and gavest her a pure soul, grant her for future days those things which my own adoring soul asks on her behalf! The noble simplicity of the furnishings, the order and neatness, were marks of the character of the owner—marks of the wise humility upon the throne.

The library occupies the largest apartment and embraces the entire treasure-house of human knowledge. Three rooms are given up to it. Two are much larger and finer than the Versailles ones. Fine pictures by Van Dyck, a large number by Claude Lorrain, Guido Reni, Del Sarto, masterpieces by Angelika and some excellent miniatures render these simple damask hangings very valuable.

In a small cabinet off the bedroom are the portraits of the fourteen royal children—thus the first waking moments are dedicated to this sight and the emotions of true motherhood. May theirs be the reward of such tenderness, my heart softly murmured.

In one apartment I saw Raphael's famous cartoons. Above the library is a room which the king, the Prince of Wales, the relatives of the Gibraltar Eliot must cherish very much, since ports of such importance to England as Plymouth and Portsmouth are excellently modelled there, with all their

buildings and gardens and ships and their manifold industries; Gibraltar's rocky fastness, the Spanish encampment, all on a table ten feet long—and next to it the royal entrenchment with the bomb-proof casemate, all worked in natural Gibraltar rock. Ships, too, modelled from the very first stages to the time they are ready to put out to sea. I was most interested in the cavalry transport boats.

Shipbuilding is truly one of the wonders of machinery, as the first long sea-voyage undertaken was a feat of miraculous courage. The great care bestowed on the preservation of these works proves that the owners can appreciate art.

Mr. Vulliamy, senior, also showed us one of his eldest son's inventions, which cannot but interest a British sovereign with affection for his subjects. For on a large semi-sphere set in the wall, he can follow which parts of the world are affected if a heavy gale is sweeping England; while the weather-vane on this house, with its eminent situation, calculates and records so accurately on this sphere that the king can conjecture how his fleet is faring. I told Mr. Vulliamy that I thought him a very lucky father. This remark inevitably affected him, as it must all good parents who have experienced this good fortune, and he replied with thankful, sparkling eyes, 'Yes, madam, I am lucky in both my sons; they combine a real knowledge of their craft with a good, honest disposition.' 'Happy, indescribably happy man,' I said. 'God bless your sons for the joy they bring their father.'

The concert hall contains a large organ, and this not merely because England happens to be particularly fond of this instrument, but also because the royal family holds private prayers to an organ accompaniment; for it has always been mainly associated with church music.

The audience chamber is devoid of all splendour: one cabinet, however, is enhanced by the queen's tapestry-work. In a side room looking on to the garden an artist was at work; and there, too, we found two lovely portraits of the youngest princesses and a handsome shield of a Carthaginian



general, an immense implement made of silver and very finely wrought; it has now lain in the soil for many centuries unharmed, and was discovered by an Englishman who was excavating not far from Tarentum, and presented to the king.

There is a colonnade in the vestibule worthy of the dignity of this small palace's mistress; but since it originally belonged to the Buckingham family, whose name, Buckingham House, it still bears, it also shows that the builder had a taste for greatness and nobility; and since the stairs are also decorated with frescoes, I wondered whether it was not a monument to the great mind of George, Duke of Buckingham, whom Voltaire, in his *Histoire Universelle*, mentions as 'the handsomest, proudest and most generous man of his period, who governed the mind of his king, Charles I, and tried to take the Queen of France's heart captive by making violent love to Queen Anna, Louis XIII's wife, while escorting Princess Henrietta home from France!' Voltaire adds somewhat maliciously, 'The queen only regarded this insolence as a proof of the effect of her beauty, which could offend neither her virtue nor her Majesty.' I should like to know whether this man's pride, no longer immorally lusting after the attentions of a queen, would not be flattered at having done something, by the construction of this house, to gain the applause of the present Queen of England.

The choice of site for this palace is perfect, as it takes in the gradual incline, from which the royal park of St. James' and Green Park can be completely overlooked, and at the back of it a pleasant garden has been laid out in which to take a solitary stroll. The towers of Westminster Abbey, the coronation and burial-ground of British monarchs, can be seen from here as well as from St. James' Palace. Apparently the kings of England never felt that puny fear of death which prevented Louis the Great of France from inhabiting lovely St. Germain, because from there, past Paris, the gay city, the towers of St. Denis are visible, where the dust of his ancestors lies at rest.

We rejoiced on passing through the suites of apartments at being able to enumerate a series of virtues and accomplishments common to the lofty souls of the proprietors of this residence. While marvelling at the delightful order and simplicity reigning everywhere, Mr. Vulliamy said, 'The eye of the queen spreads this elegance in Buckingham's house, just as her heart allows the king to savour the sweet happiness of purest love.'

From here my noble friend and I journeyed to Knightsbridge for lunch with Cagliostro. I think my daughters must be eager to know all details of the episode, since this man is famous in so many different ways, that even the least trifle concerning him is held remarkable.

We met the notorious Lord Gordon there again, who questioned me a great deal concerning Mendelssohn, and spoke very highly of the principles of Jewish religion. Cagliostro also seems to like to talk about religion, as I already noted yesterday; except that to-day he spoke more against what is called education, and praised Mohammed's doctrines with reference to the duty of good works. I should have liked to hear him speak of the Bastille; but he evaded all questions about it except for loud complaints against Mr. de Launay; and I do not think he quite trusts his solicitor, Mr. Thilorier, in this.

Our menu was half English, half Italian. In place of the soup with which we were served, Cagliostro took an immense quantity of macaroni. Instead of boiled beef we had stewed lamb, fresh young codling, steamed cabbage, pork, a large fish, mussels, roast veal, a huge loin chop and a heap of cress, which Gordon ate sprinkled with salt and nothing else, potatoes in thick brown sauce, salad and pastries. The table was covered with a fine big damask cloth, on which we all wiped our mouths in old English style, as there were no serviettes. The dishes were silver, the plates china, and glasses of English crystal. The Moor mostly served us by himself, though another unliveried servant also appeared. The costliest wines were at our command, for he has a good cellar.

I did not see Cagliostro eat anything but macaroni, which is supposed to be his favourite dish.

I asked Gordon whether he liked the Minister Pitt.

'No,' he answered to this question.

'Why?' No reply.

'What about Fox?'

'Sometimes!'

'What do you mean?'

'When he is against the court I like him, as then he is honest. If he votes for the court, however, I hate him, as then he speaks against England's welfare.'

'Do you like the king?'

'No.'

'Why not? He is such a good, honest man.'

'You do not know him, and I shall never forgive him for robbing England of the greatest man we have ever had.'

'Who was that, and how did the robbery come about?'

'The famous barrister Yorke, whom he moved by means of crocodile tears to take the Chancellor's seal; and as his noble-minded brother, Lord Hardwicke, would have no more to do with him, in despair he cut his throat.'

During this tale I noticed his pale face flush up and all the traces of a kindling anger become visible, so quite passively I said:

'I think, my lord, there are many other circumstances attached to this incident which would certainly free the king from all blame; for it is surely laudable on his part to use everything in his power, yes, even tears, in order to move so deserving a man to accept so important a post. York cannot have been so great as you maintain, or else he was not in good health, if he took his own life. Why did he not allow his actions to speak for him?'

'I cannot tell you all,' was the retort.

Now we rose from table, had coffee, and Gordon calmed down and seated himself quite quietly beside me, saying:

'What do you think of me?'



‘I am amazed that you, with your gentle mien, could be responsible for the death of so many hundreds of London’s inhabitants, and for bringing misfortune to hundreds of others.’

And to this he replied, with a tone and expression of deep grief:

‘Ah! madam, that was not my fault, nor was it my intention; but when the English mob is once roused to ire it can no longer be restrained.’

‘But, my lord, a noble Englishman with knowledge of the mob-mind, and a love of religion, should not release so unruly a spirit in rebellion.’

He listened kindly and quietly to me, pressed my hand, smiling meanwhile, and said:

‘I like you, madam, for your frankness. You will not hear any more of this kind of thing about me. Only stay in London long enough to get to know both great and small, and you will change your opinion.’

I smiled too, and replied:

‘I imagine I should find my observation of great men in Germany confirmed—namely, that their pride does double injury to their intellect, for it does not prevent their taking wrong turnings, nor afterwards allow them to retrace their steps.’ He smiled, and was silent; and I was relieved our discussion had ended so well, for I felt I had really taken a risk in speaking so openly to this man, who only a few moments before had evinced such signs of wrath. He told me later that he was popular with a number of Germans, Hungarians and Bohemians, and that he had been the subject of much encomium in his work against the Catholics; he was still in receipt of letters from congregations asking him for contributions to Protestant churches.

And now tea-time had come, and I noticed Lord Gordon liked sitting next to pretty Countess Seraphine, who already speaks quite good English; and we left for home.

*Sept. 13*

An extraordinary day! Pictures by Reynolds, Gainsborough, West and Stuart; then to Green, the engraver's. To my mind, in the homes of these men the English character glistens like the gold they employ for the encouragement and reward of diligence in art; the numerous orders and the artists' prosperity are evidence of this. Lovely homes, apartments hung with pictures by famous old masters, bronze and marble ornaments—these are one's first impressions; then at Reynolds', through a passage full of half-finished pictures, one enters a room lit from above, and where the quantity and beauty of the pictures heaped up there, as if conjured by a magic wand in their myriad forms and fascinating rhythms, leave one quite dumbfounded. This is no exaggeration, for they are piled against each other in threes and fours. Sir Joshua Reynolds was in the country, which disappointed me, as I should have liked to make his personal acquaintance and judge of his manner; for a clever man quite recently maintained 'that the works of painters and sculptors always reveal qualities of their own personality, in the same way as poets and moralists always put their main affections into the title rôle, with the strongest light thrown on to them.'

I do not know whether this remark has any foundation, or whether I was prejudiced by the specious tone of the utterance, but I thought I saw some truth in it, as once a painter, who had very strong features, was criticised in all his really good and finished portraits for 'making a credible likeness and beautiful picture with features too strong.' Another, the lower part of whose face was very long, was inclined to elongate all his lines. But let me tell you about Sir Reynolds' pictures.

There were some large Englishmen with very speaking faces—like Fox's portrait, for example, which reads like one of his violent speeches. Lovely, very lovely paintings of young ladies and young misses. The Duchess of Rutland, a goddess

endowed with Grecian grace. I called your brother, and asked him whether this was not an extremely beautiful woman? He considered for a while, and answered, 'Yes, she is extremely beautiful, but in Berlin we have one who is even lovelier.' I was astonished, and said, 'My good Carl, you must be in love, else you could not say such a thing.' 'No, I am not, but Mme. Herz is far more beautiful,' he answered, with his quiet reserve and a tone of assurance mingled with pleasure at Germany's possessing a more beautiful woman than her whom England regards as the loveliest.

At Gainsborough's, who always paints the members of the Royal Family, we saw two royal princesses surveying one another in sisterly fashion, painted while out for a walk, the handsome Prince of Wales, and a quite delightful picture of a peasant girl carrying a bowl of milk, and a great many other pictures; but not such a quantity as at Reynolds', whose fresh colours are very fine, though they are supposed to fade, leaving nothing but mere shadows gracefully posed. Gainsborough, however, has an attractive and permanent palette.

We found West, the painter of historical scenes, there in person, surrounded by pupils and masterpieces by his own hand. He received us nobly, though unassumingly, in the manner of all great achievement. He works in a room lit from above, and the gallery leading to it is hung with sketches of completed pictures of which engravings had been made. He showed us some of the large historical canvases he is painting, and the very attractive composition from an ode by Anacreon in which Cupid, in the presence of his mother, is weeping over a sting from a bee hidden in a rose. Nothing could be lovelier than the god Amor, with tears in his eyes and running down his cheeks. The whole effect clearly indicates the nature of this child of the gods. The sudden withdrawal of his arm and wounded hand, which his mother tenderly caresses, is portrayed and coloured with admirable realism: the mother holds his head to her breast with one hand—as only the ideal of motherly love knows how



—at the boy's feet lies the rose, and the bee is flying off to the side. This delicious picture is meant for Catherine II.

Then he led us to his collection of old and modern masters, for he possesses one choice piece by every famous painter. I was proud on immediately recognising a Titian, which Mr. West procured in an auction for 15s., saying that the picture would sell now for more than the same number of hundred guineas. This is a very large picture, with the hunting of Acteon for subject; for Titian wanted to prove that he was just as great at landscape and animal work as he was famous for his human figures. There is a very touching story attached to the picture, as also to Guido Reni's 'Head of Christ,' and to some other works once the property of Charles I. When his wife and children had fled from England, after his life and all else were so miserably forfeited, these costly pictures fell into strange and ignorant hands, were covered with dust and dirt, and only saved from utter destruction by the hazard of fortune in the person of the art-dæmon—for he led his favourite, Mr. West, upon their tracks, thus guiding these masterpieces by some of his former children into his safe keeping.

Mr. West has the expression and fine features said by Lavater's physiognomical work to characterise him; his picture might furnish further evidence for the statement made above. His latest work on copper shows Lord Chatham swooning in Parliament, and all the Lords gathered round him.

From here we arrived at Mr. Stuart's, a young, but respected artist, who will become an excellent portrait painter; he already has plenty to do, and deserves every encouragement. He, too, lives as if in the hall of the temple of the Muses, in rooms of magnificent style, fit for true genius to unfold its wings and soar. Fine architecture surrounds him; and it would be almost impossible for him to introduce anything niggardly or anxious into his pictures. But in accordance with all this, 20, 50, 100 and 150 guineas are the sums quoted here when the talk turns to the prices of portraits.

We finished up the morning at Mr. Green's, the famous and wealthy engraver, at whose place we witnessed one of the most complete collections of works in this art.

I lunched at Mr. Heinzelmänn's, who is, in fact, a near relation of my dear mother's. He came to England many years ago, and married a rich merchant's daughter. His love of his country caused him to hand over his business to another, and travel to Germany with his wife and two daughters. He stayed there six years, at the same time supervising his daughters' education, now about to attain their sixteenth birthday. Then, after a short residence in France, he intended returning to England. In Dunkirk, however, he had an attack of gout, so was obliged to winter there, where his lovely younger daughter married a Count Schulenburg. She had to accompany him to Saxony, so her parents also decided to settle there in order to live near their pet; but the poor, sweet child lost her husband before she had lived with him six months, and before she was even mother, was a widow. They journeyed back to England. A lovely boy, like his father, was the sad young mother's only comfort. He grew in stature and talents until he was seven, when he went into a decline and she almost died of grief.

We had an old English menu: a large fish, boiled mutton, pudding, boiled cabbage with butter, and a roast. Punch was made at table. After the meal Miss Heinzelmänn played the piano and sang until I was fetched to see Somerset House, a magnificent palace built in four large wings dedicated to the academies of science and art.

Part of the main building faces that fine street, the Strand, the rest looks on to the Thames. We viewed the part devoted to the academies of painting and sculpture. With statues on either hand, one comes to the staircase, where Cipriani's artistic bas-reliefs form an inestimable ornament. In the assembly hall there are pictures by other great masters; the muses of painting and poetry by Angelika. The library and entrance hall are large and nobly proportioned. Were this



building situated on St. James' Square, it would merit a visit from all quarters of the globe.

From Somerset House we set out over Blackfriars Bridge to the Royal Circus, where trick riders, tumblers, and plays can be seen. Actually it is a large circular building.

Children from seven to twelve years ride there, and perform a hundred and one tricks. A dear little girl eight years of age was particularly entertaining: first dismounting from her horse, she proceeds to the stage, where she amuses the spectators with her by-play. Then it was the adults' turn to ride, and an operetta followed, after this rope-walkers, then a handsome boy raced the girl on horseback, next came tumblers, and finally three grown-ups in a group galloped with the four children balanced on their hands and shoulders. This pyramid, fraught with art and danger, rode past us a few times, changing places as it went. The scenes with these children grieved me, though I could not but admire their skill, energy, and the infinite flexibility of our body. What cannot human nature accomplish by straining every sinew, using all the power of its intellect and every minute of its time.

During the rope-dancers' scene I watched some sailors, and tried to read from their expressions whether they were comparing their tasks on the ship's rigging with the measured steps of the former with their balancing-pole. I thought the sailors' work and courage most commendable, but the rope-walkers' despicable; and I should have liked to have them, and the acrobats and break-neck riders as well, selected with the first press-gang and placed on board a cutter.

To-day Carl was at Mr. Kirwan's for the second time, accompanied by two young people of high standing, twenty years of age, like himself, and very keen students of natural history. One of them has three thousand guineas pin-money, and a position in the royal guards. He spends his time and money in reflection and research. He is the only son and heir of a wealthy family, and an unusually handsome man.



His mother was very worried lest the chemical experiments should ruin his constitution, complexion, and especially his lovely hair. He tried to pacify her, but, finding nothing of any use, he took her scissors and began to cut off the hair she loved so dearly, until she promised to let him continue his studies in peace.

Mr. Kirwan, so my friend Hurter says, thinks highly of your brother Carl, and he is now to attend with his other students every evening.

*Sept. 14*

This morning we looked over the nature exhibits in the royal museum, and to-day I was able to see its beautiful garden and the glorious view adjoining, with Hampstead and Highgate in the distance, situated on high hills. I was enchanted at this prospect, and full of admiration for Parliament's splendid idea of purchasing this fine edifice and forming a centre here for the wonders of art and nature. What a large share of this admiration is due to those patriots who have bequeathed their collections here.

I could only make a rapid survey of everything, for you can imagine, dear children, how much of the following list can be seen in three hours: coins and medals, both ancient and modern, 23,000; cameos and old seals, 968; vases made of agate and jasper and other materials, 2,256; crystals, spars, etc., 1,864; fossils, marble, talc and other stones, 1,663; different kinds of earth and salts, 1,035; resins, sulphur, amber, 392; corals and sponges, 1,421; shells and sea-urchins, 6,502; all species of fishes, 2,341; birds, birds' nests; eggs, 1,172; quadrupeds, 1,186; snakes and snake species, 521; insects, 5,439; vegetable species, 12,506; dried plants, 334 vols., of which those presented by the Duchess of Beaufort are the finest. I should like, however, to appoint Mr. Forster of Covent Garden superintendent and director, so that some order and selection might be introduced into this profusion.

Amongst the precious stones models of the largest-known

diamonds may be seen: Pitt in France, one from Tuscany, and another in Russia being most perfect of all; but the King of Portugal is said to have received a diamond from Brazil twice as large as the largest here.

A tragic feature of this stone's natural history occurred to me, and spoiled the pleasant sensation of wonder caused by this most perfect creation of the lapidary world. For when the second diamond region was discovered some hundred and seventy years ago in the kingdom of Golconda, which yields the biggest stones, of 60,000 people working in the mines 57,000 died of starvation and misery, so there are only 3,000 left there, each earning a bare five dollars annually.

Much moved, I meditated on the excellent Indian maxim, 'Never deceive a child,' which is the reason why in Visapur<sup>1</sup> the stones are purchased by children, ten to twelve years old, who carry them around in their waist-belts and hand them in at evening to the big merchants. With the image of the children in my mind and the thought that people's passions—vain love of show in some, avarice in others—traded on such precious innocence, my expression may have taken on a curious look.

When we came to the case of pearl shells, two foreigners from the French isles, intelligent observers and critics of all they saw, told us about the new discovery that pearls were inhabited by tiny animals which grew inside the seed, adding that they had seen such pearls themselves. I was already familiar with this discovery, having read the notice in 1784 in the *Esprit des Journaux*, and so I did these people a good turn by telling them, for their tale had been received by others, to whom this story of the pearl was a huge novelty, with a kind of incredulous astonishment bordering on mistrust of the narrator's intelligence and honesty.<sup>2</sup> . . . .

. . . I left the museum with its myriad wonders sadly, as I

<sup>1</sup> Sic. ? Bijapur.

<sup>2</sup> A passage of moral reflections, followed by some historical remarks on imitation pearl fabrication.

should have liked to become acquainted with it all in a leisurely way—with all the tiers of a small Chinese house made of some kind of rice paste—but I had to hurry, so wished those lucky ones with time and leisure at their disposal that thirst for knowledge with which my own soul is aflame. Were I but of their number I should leave no work of nature's or of human hands unseen. I should visit every manufactory, watch great and small in their joys and in their sorrows, and acquire so intimate a knowledge of the language that I could follow parliamentary speeches. Farming amongst poor and prosperous peasantry—the life of the aristocrat, the pastor and the judge—would all be objects of interest to me; the peasant and the working-woman's lot, and particularly that of children's nurses, next a study of general educational standards.

We went to Hatchett, one of London's most famous master saddlers, who employs several hundred workmen in his service. At home we have no conception of such a saddler, with premises for cartwrights, smiths, harness-makers, sculptors, painters, upholsterers, gilders, girdlers—all kinds of workmen necessary for coach- and harness-making and other accessories, working under his supervision and producing the loveliest masterpieces of their kind. I cannot think of any visit more interesting than this one—think of three floors of spacious rooms, so to speak, fitted with swarms of busy people, whose perfect workmanship is only excelled by still more perfect implements.

The painters and lacquer-workers were on the third floor. All the main flights of stairs are broad, and so arranged that the banisters may be taken down and the finished vehicle allowed to slide down on ropes. I especially admired the neat craftsmanship of the harness-workers and upholsterers.

We concluded our tour amongst a number of finished coaches, and with an inspection of some fine drawings of all kinds of vehicles.

I was amused to see how the people played into each other's



hands, as the saying goes; and that a saddler has a counting-house and a paymaster just like a banker.

I should have liked to have taken the drawing of a coach costing fifteen thousand guineas, made for the Nabob of Arcot, along with me; or that of the Empress of Russia, or Rumbold's, the governor of the East Indies, just to have an idea of the size and magnificence of this kind of conveyance.

From here we went to Mr. Parker's glass-factory and magazine, which contains a profusion of crystal vases and glasses of every description. I confess here that on inspecting such manufactories I am pleased and proud at having acquainted myself with the rudiments and character of the products of human labour. The precious and exceedingly beautiful crystal work, I think, afforded me greater pleasure in that the magnificent chandeliers, where the sunlight played in a myriad hues—the vases and hundred other pieces—brought to mind the pebbles, salt and potash herb of Spanish shores, the English bull herb, manganese and tartar, and all the labour of the glass-works before these forms and vessels were evolved. The story of these crystals passed rapidly before me, but I experienced even greater pleasure on being shown the burning reflector, two and a half feet in diameter, and two others, which require but a few minutes to smelt diamonds.

Mr. Woide, the librarian, lunched with us; a most estimable scholar and a very modest, good man too, whose conversation was another source of enjoyment and pleasure to me.

We spoke of the famous astronomer, Herschel, and Mr. Woide told me about this great man's sister, who accompanies him on his path to glorious immortality, for not only does she help him in his calculations, but in his absence recently discovered a new comet, and enjoys a claim to her brother's great reputation in the matter of the telescope discovered and perfected by him, for when in order to finish it he was forced to remain at his polishing-wheel thirty hours without a break, she assisted him and kept him company, fed him with the

food and drink he required, and wiped the sweat from his brow. They live in a small cottage near Windsor, and I hope to make their acquaintance.

During the evening we were introduced to a venerable old gentleman of 81, a Mr. Granci, who lives opposite Mr. Hurter. Having watched the quiet, steady industry of this family for some time, he visited them, paid homage to the father's talents, and praised the daughters' quiet reserve. His respect counts for a great deal because of his great knowledge and integrity. He was tutor to young Lord Savile, against whom the fanatical Lord Gordon principally levelled his ire. Since this noble humanitarian had voted in favour of freedom of thought and worship amongst the Catholics, his house was the first sacrifice to mob fury, and Savile barely had time to save his trembling mother before his house was broken into, despoiled and ravaged; books, manuscripts, picture collection and other costly things, as in Lord Mansfield's case, burned and destroyed, while George Savile himself was so much pestered and plagued that he afterwards expired. The venerable old de Granci still sheds some tears on speaking of the ill-fortunes and the virtue of his pupil. I thought Gordon most hateful and despicable as I heard the detailed account of these murderous and unbridled scenes; they were never made really public in newspapers or letters, for the government and nation must have been ashamed of possessing so wild a mob of villains in its capital. The papers never mentioned that fifteen places were set fire to simultaneously, and that a number of invalids and pregnant women died of shock. Let me turn from the pictorial accounts I received, to wish you, dear children, and myself, if fate decrees old age for us, a life spent like Granci's:

Thoughtful towards friendship and deserts,  
Kindly in all his dealings with mankind,  
Knowledge of his youth fresh in his mind,  
And a lively interest in every new discovery.

He has been a great traveller. Has made every fundamental and fine science his own. He enters society enriched with the spirit of his age, and eager to sample modern knowledge, like a man with a quantity of golden medals which he is ready to compare with newer mint. Lord Savile's mother is still alive, and often visits her son's friend, talks about him, and is glad to pay Mr. Granci the pension which the family considered a debt of gratitude, for the subsequent fame attained by the worthy son is rightly attributed to Mr. Granci's excellent tuition. He spends a few weeks with the mother every year on the country estate of which her noble son was fondest, and where the fine portrait of this martyr to a just philanthropy is hung.

Mr. Granci lives alone in a nice little house with a couple of devoted servants. On hearing him recite some French verses exceedingly well, I told him that I took him for a very happy old gentleman. 'Indeed, I am, but I always prayed to Apollo, in the words of Horace's thirty-first ode: Grant me, son of Lato, bodily health and a pure spirit together with contentment in adversity; and an old age without disgrace, but not without a lute.' This the old man spoke so beautifully, in such a friendly way!

*Sept. 15*

To-day we visited the site of the Adelphi buildings, which occupy an entire district on the Thames, are very attractively built, and afford the foreigner the pleasure of strolling along the embankment and watching the mighty river. For, next to sixty houses, the architects have laid a street with fine iron railings on the river-side.

From here we entered the splendid premises of the voluntary society for the improvement of agriculture and the arts.<sup>1</sup> I must first make brief mention of the fact that I was very happy in this house, for I not only found there a large room full of machines for easing and improving agricultural

<sup>1</sup> Officially designated . . . The Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufacture and Commerce.



and manual labour, but also a number of prizes offered for afforestation of all kinds of useful trees, which was a pleasing sight. Anyone cultivating oak trees on ten acres of land received a gold medal worth twenty guineas; anyone, as above, planting five acres in one year got a silver medal worth ten guineas. Likewise for the drainage and cultivation of marshes and tests applied to fodder, herbage—and corn. For the cultivation of waste-land—whoever makes the best suggestions for this purpose earns the gold medal. For evidence that in one soil chalk, in another manure, in a third clay or marl, flourish best, the prize offered is a gold medal. If a person has cultivated heath or land near the sea, he also is the recipient of a gold medal. Evidence as to when lime, wood or coal ashes are most profitable is crowned with the gold medal. And a great deal more of the same kind, which I cannot describe here, all of it for the good of mankind or the domestic animal, followed by drawing prizes, in which case the age of the entry is always affixed; a special class for the children and grandchildren of peers of the realm and the nobility; prizes for schoolmasters, within a thirty-mile radius of London, teaching boys to read and write Latin by the easiest and most rapid method; as also for those teaching people to read and write German, Spanish and Italian—always the gold medal! There is no mention of French. For articles much in demand in England like kelp and potash for glass-making, for the growing of mulberry trees and rearing of silkworms, a gold medal is offered. For discovery of a method of preserving acorns, nuts and other seeds from destruction, as for the most successful wheat crops, a gold medal. Whoever derives most fodder for domestic animals from a given number of fields, receives ten guineas. Whoever destroys the largest number of mice and rats, and discovers a means of getting rid of other noxious animals and insects, receives the gold medal.

Further, for discoveries in mineralogy; the quantity and pressure of steam and increased use of same in machinery, a

gold medal. New mills to be invented; smoke and steam injurious to mechanics using fire processes to be diminished, and innumerable problems of a similar nature are set as prize tasks. Prizes are offered to the inhabitants of the islands for planting nutmeg, a gold medal for five pounds' worth; a similar reward for the bread-fruit tree, and oil taken from cotton seed, or spirit from the shell of coffee-beans, etc.

The society consists of six thousand, and the same number of hundred members, who contribute two guineas annually, which are always distributed as prizes, either in medal form or in ready guineas, if the latter are more appropriate to the circumstances of the inventor or worker. What thousands of people have been encouraged in industry and reflection, have been rewarded and certainly enriched since 1753, when a fine, upright man of the name of Mr. Shipley founded the society.

A large picture runs the whole round of this honourable and esteemed society's conference hall, which is also lit from above, depicting all the labours and activities of mankind, and ending with the reward of the philanthropist's good deeds at the doors of eternity.

Fine, indeed, very fine, are the laws which treat a lord of the highest estate and a member of the lowest class with equal regard and equal rights.

My heart was big with blessings, and tears of joy filled my eyes, at the list of the many names to whom rewards had been given for improved methods of cultivation or inventions of tools.

I wished noble Count Hartig, the author of an interesting history of agriculture, in which he warmly commends this foundation, had been with us. He also names some young Englishmen who devoted their life and property to the good of their country—Clare, Conway, Chesterfield, Buckingham, Bridgewater, Clanricarde, the Duke of Bedford, for whom a medal was stamped and himself named 'Bedford triptolemus.' Noble land, where the virtue of humanity is rewarded and



extolled. Thank God that nowhere, either spoken or written, did I meet with complaints of egoism, as was so often the case in France.

From this building, the home of all the virtues, we came to Pluto's palace, the Bank, where we admired the handsome architecture, and saw some gold bars. It seems significant that a church was broken up to allow more space for riches. For, alas, how often are all feelings of humanity and religion suppressed so that gold may the more readily be hoarded.

The way here leads through large, beautifully vaulted halls into circular apartments supported by pillars, where hundreds of people are paying in bank-notes, handing out money in exchange for paper, or taking the former and giving the latter; a number besides come in and write letters at the free tables and ink-wells, and transact business.

In the vault, where guineas and crowns are not counted but weighed, and shaken into jars or sacks, there is a terrible rattle and clatter. One man showed us gold bars from Guinea, whence the English gold coins take their name.

Man's absolute need of this metal—for even the noblest comes to an ignoble end, unless some small portion of it be his—and the miserable plight of the blacks who extract it from the earth came to my mind, and lent the gold bars such a character that the sight of them weighed heavily upon my heart. Indeed, I thanked heaven that it was yet possible for industrious hands and an inventive mind to tread the road to greatest virtue and yet earn at least a modest portion of it all.

Not a single calm, contented face did I see there, not even amongst those receiving large sums of money. Their joy was rather dazzling than radiant; others looked care-worn, or covetous, or seemed restless and worried while they wrote. Those weighing the money appeared indifferent, a state which habit always fosters. Those drawing small trucks laden with gold and silver across the court seemed, from the expression of their faces, contorted by pulling their load, to be



the only people connecting desires and sorrows with the sense of the weight behind them. We had been told that amongst the many people rushing to and fro, note-snatchers and pickpockets were to be found. I confess I looked into many a face for this reason, but I do not fancy I spotted any, for even the best faces expressed a fervent longing for fortune's bounty.

I departed, hoping that the riches amassed in here might be earned and enjoyed without regret.<sup>1</sup> . . .

. . . And now I am turning towards London again, back to East India House which, without much show, is yet very effective; though not as fine as one might expect from the owners of dominions supplying sixteen million subjects and six million pounds sterling, and having a standing army of eighteen thousand men.

The great tea auction was just taking place inside. A large number of merchants were present—all quite quiet. There was not a sound except for the auctioneer, and a reply, of which every one made a note; after a short interval another offer was made, and so on. This company only seems to work in millions, for it was a question of several million pounds of tea. From there we went quite cheaply to the Excise and Customs House on the Thames. It is impossible to describe the confusion of workmen and ships' hands there, and the quantities of cases, casks and bales. This portion of London shows far more clearly than St. James', that it is a great trading state, and that here is the residence of a mighty king. We spent a few minutes upstairs in the rooms where the goods are registered and taxed, and it seemed to us that if reserve and searching curiosity are not apparent anywhere else, they are at least to be found here.

I had an altogether new experience. I had never eaten oysters; and we went over a fish-market on the Thames, where a load had just come in, and some people were

<sup>1</sup> Some etymological speculations on the origin of the word 'bank' are here omitted.

eagerly buying and carrying them off, while others had them opened and were eating them, for innumerable bread and lemon vendors were present offering their services. For a time we watched with interest, finally we were seized by the desire to sample really fresh English oysters. We entered an inn, where the lower floor was separated off into a number of small rooms holding six to eight persons. The cubicles were neat, the tables laid with white cloths, and there were delightful wicker-chairs to sit in. A fisher-woman with a basket of oysters, a youngster with lemons and a small basket containing bread, plates and knives followed immediately after us. An excited enthusiasm whispered in my ear: 'These are English oysters, and you are in London,' and any previous aversion to oyster-eating I may have entertained vanished, and I liked them very much.

From such trifling remarks on the power of fancy I was taken to Moorfields, to Bedlam, the famous lunatic asylum, where an overwrought fantasy at its highest and most tragic pitch has gathered some hundreds of unfortunates.

I had always had a horror of such establishments, where my heart would be torn at the sight of so much anguish, and seized with an aversion to all those in authority, though my grief and despair could do the poor sufferers no good. For this reason I did not go to Bicêtre, near Paris; here, however, curiosity overcame my loathing; I wanted to see this London institution to test the truth of her philanthropy. I traversed the fine avenues of that magnificent, though somewhat solitary, Moorfields, and was much affected by the two statues of the sad and raving lunatic above the entrance, by the sculptor Gibber, regarded as masterpieces for the penetrating truth of their expression, and deservedly. With a heavy heart I then approached this palace of greatest human misery. It is indeed a very palatial building, 540 feet in length, with two large wings either side and fine gardens, where the poor people can enjoy fresh air and recreate themselves amongst trees, flowers and plants.



It was formerly a monastery, where an abundant piety, loveliest of passions, peopled the cells with voluntary entries; now the grief of unrequited love, the pangs of vanity, ambition, hate and affliction, and other similar emotions bring—oh, how many—hither!

Entrance and vestibule are fine. The inspector is an intelligent, humane person. On every step of the stairs by which we ascended my fear increased. We came to a broad passage, thoroughly well lit, with cells on either side, just as in a monastery. A number of men were pacing calmly to and fro, saluting the inspector in friendly fashion. An attendant opened some cells, and I noticed the inspector showed a kindly tact as he explained, 'You will see here a man who has been very ill,' or, 'Here is someone who is very ill.' The cruel expressions 'fool' or 'madman' never once passed his lips.

The living-rooms of these unfortunates are spacious and bright, with windows up above, and contain comfortable beds, while many are provided with tables, books, and writing material; we were afterwards shown a man whose poor brain was overtaxed and strained over some calculation. This man does nothing but repeat this sum, writes it down very neatly, and with excellent figures, of which he handed me a sheet, his countenance doleful.

The inspector and attendant spoke gently and kindly to them all, especially to the invalids who are kept locked up, since otherwise they might inflict wounds upon themselves and others. But here the forethought and humanity of the authorities were exemplified, for these unhappy folk had no chains or straps to rub sores if they made frenzied gestures with their arms and hands and so aggravate mental stress by further pain. They wore a strong jacket with long, white sleeves, tied behind their backs; this forms a sufficient deterrent to their harming anything with their hands and does not hurt them in any way; if they should show signs of restlessness while strolling around loose, they are fastened to the corner of the room with strong cords, also fixed to the



jacket. They can move backwards and forwards in a semi-circle, so preserve a certain amount of freedom, yet are rendered harmless without having to suffer.

The cleanliness, order and gentleness with which these wretched folk are tended, and their condition notwithstanding, all affected me greatly, particularly the affectionate care taken not to hurt them. The inspector told us that it was Dr. Monro's institute, and he had forbidden them to ill-treat or frighten any one of the unfortunates either by word or threat or mien.

'This is a fever of the mind,' he says, 'tender, gentle handling is the only cure for this. Where the fever has proved infectious to the body, I shall try to relieve it by diet and medicines.' And the man continued: 'Such persistent tenderness and kindness must inevitably have a salutary effect, for the worst attacks improve within a fortnight or three weeks, and a number are cured.'

I wept for joy, and blessed Monro and the inspector. The man was moved and said, 'What a pity you were not there last Wednesday, when five complete cures were handed back to their families, and all, like you, blessed and thanked Mr. Monro.'

A ship's captain who had served with honours was very unhappy, and lost his reason a second time. His pensive, gentle visage and a preoccupation with sea charts distinguished him.

A young French cook lay on his bed almost aglow with the heat of his fever, but smiled and with a welcome, kissed his hands to us. They hope to have the poor young fellow cured soon.

One man in the lowest cell, with books all round him, was wearily sitting head in hand. He had committed a murder, and the agony of it drove him silly, though he continued to attack people; he is quiet again now, but disconsolate and incurable.

Next we came to the unfortunates of my own sex. Some

young creatures amongst the patients were most pathetic sights, clad in white flannel skirts and tunics. One was lying on a bench very deeply moved, and she turned her head away when I cast tearful glances at her. She had beautiful eyes and perfectly regular features. Her reason had been impaired by abortive marriage plans. Another was sitting in the passage all huddled together, pensive and melancholy. Some quietly walked beside us, following us with curious gaze. One of them was laughing and skipping.

‘And now,’ said the supervisor, door key in hand, ‘I will show you Mistress Nicholson.’ I shuddered at seeing a person with murderous instincts. She sat there, tidily attired, her hat upon her head, with gloves and book in hand; stood up at sight of us, and fixed her horrible grey eyes wildly upon us. Meanwhile the inspector had noticed a number of pens lying on the ground. ‘Are these pens no use, Mistress Nicholson?’ he asked kindly. She answered rapidly, ‘No, not one,’ taking a paper on which she had written with a really good hand. ‘See here, the first lines were good, but I cannot let the prince see the rest.’ Then the inspector assured her she should have good pens, and called a nurse immediately to take those away and bring fresh ones, for which the sad woman thanked him. Then he asked her whether she still had anything to read. ‘A few pages, as you see,’ while she passed her fingers through them. ‘I will send another part at once,’ he answered. She nodded thanks, sat down again, and continued her book. It was Shakespeare which she was reading so intently.

We then saw some of the quieter patients, some of whom were sewing and others sitting together, for they are gladly allowed to make friends and be sociable; except at night, when they must all retire to their own room.

One nice girl was hovering round a woman sitting there, for whom she affected all the poses of a lady’s maid ready to adorn her lady. She was wan, and very gentle. Another did nothing but move her hands like a person diligently sewing,

and did not look up. From one poor, melancholy creature I bought a little basket of plaited straw. She ran quickly into her cell with the money, a lovely slim figure which filled me with compassion.

The inspector answered an inquiry as to 'which species of madness afflicted the women most.' 'Young ones mourn a lover's faithlessness, his death, or the parents' harshness at not agreeing to the marriage. The greatest number of older women come from the Methodists' ranks, usually from child-bed, when they are in any case very frail and the strict doctrines of this sect had made them anxious, which gradually gives way to a quiet kind of lunacy; but these cases were mostly cured.'<sup>1</sup> . . .

. . . I was sorry to hear that there are more than three hundred private homes for lunatics in London, and that one more house had recently been erected for this purpose, which had received one hundred thousand pounds sterling in donations in twenty years. Bedlam has an income of five thousand pounds sterling.

This mass of asylums is a humiliating counter-balance to the reflective qualities and philosophic disposition which distinguish the English nation; and I should only like to know whether these institutes are as necessary in provincial towns and in the country, as in the capital, where passion is nurtured and stimulated.

I left the house with blessings for the wise, humane doctor and noble commission whose rooms I had inspected. I only wish every good, honest worker and wage-earner and their families in the Fatherland might have such sound, spacious, clean rooms as these unfortunates; and prayed God to keep my intellect fit unto the end; even if only for the sake of the misery which my collapse would cause.

An Eolian harp at the half-open window of the chief

<sup>1</sup> A discussion of motives—to be found more satisfactorily in the *Dictionary of Nat. Biog.*—and incidents pertaining to the attempted murder of George III, omitted.



inspector's room seemed to me significant, and as the door opened the draught caught the strings and produced very delicate, soft tones. I revered such evidence of feeling, such attentiveness in listening for gentle harmonies in a man holding a position of this kind, for I felt convinced that he would not miss the often quiet promptings of humanity, and would thus be in accord with Monro.

In the afternoon we visited a book-shop in the Strand. I fancied to myself I was at the chemist's who supplied the aids and preventatives against those mental diseases I had so lamented at Bedlam that morning. But I should soon have caught a fever there too, for I was so seized with the desire to see and read all these fine works, that the thought of the sheer impossibility of such an enterprise made the tears well up and really grieved me, till I caught sight of some works in the buildings of the court below which distracted my attention, and I admired the good fortune and ability of this man who supervised his printers and his bookbinders, working for the shop, from a charming cabinet hung with beautiful engravings where works of immense value are displayed. I noticed a number of attractive girls folding the books with an almost incredible speed, which only habit could have lent their hands and fingers. Perfect eyesight, plenty of time and guineas, might sum up my desires on seeing the neat arrangement for collecting all the English poets, charmingly bound and printed, into a case shaped like a large book. Ah, indeed, if only I might stay here long enough to browse amongst this publisher's collection, how blissful, then, how more than blissful my glorious trip to England would be!

This day seemed to have a definite end. We spent the morning looking at gold bars and silver ingots; then at paucity and wealth of intellect, and finally we visited Messrs. Jeffries' silver store.

From the book shop we drove across the fine Blackfriars Bridge to the other side of the Thames, and back over Westminster Bridge to this silversmith's, whose stock must be

worth millions. It was all illuminated, and from this room, full of sparkling gold and silver moulds and vessels, with two of its walls lined with large mirrors, there is a magnificent view into two brightly lit streets, the shop lights shimmering on either side. I have never seen silver moulded into such noble, charming, simple forms; never in such profusion and with the added pleasure of comparing the work of previous generations with up-to-date modern creations, whereby the client's taste and artist's workmanship at different periods may be construed and criticised. These antique, well-preserved pieces, so Mr. Jeffries said, often find a purchaser more readily than the modern. This is because the English are fond of constructing and decorating whole portions of their country houses, or at least one large apartment, in old Gothic style, and so are glad to purchase any accessories dating from the same or a similar period.

The shelves round the window and the tables contained a number of indefinable but delicately wrought trifles, as, for instance, rings, needles, watches and bracelets, showing an inventiveness and craftsmanship almost past imagination.

In the end I stood dumbfounded, and the depths of my soul were shaken with this thought:

Heavens! How differently laws, education and native land deal with the wretched negro digging silver from the bowels of the earth in Peru, and the European offering it for sale at Jeffries'. Both have an immortal soul inspired to life by the breath of divinity; both possess eyes and two hands, and both are destined to live upon this earth.

Alas! I turn away in silence; admire our cultivation of mental and physical abilities, and offer up a tear to the fate of our black, yellow and brown brothers, because similar powers in them are choked and strangled and disqualified for any higher uses.

I was once told that the glory of our generation was attributed to a spiritual enlightenment responsible for a wide tolerance and forbearance. Would it not prove a source of



great fame to some people, were learning, wealth and might to increase charity and human kindness? And would not Europe, with all her intellect and power, appear for these same reasons to other portions of the globe like a new race of demi-gods?

We finished the evening at tea investigating Argand lamps of all descriptions. Their advantage lies in a wick which burns around a tube fixed inside a glass funnel higher than the flame, with an air current beneath to prevent flickering and smoke. There is a paper screen on top, till now of French manufacture. The good inventor, however, spoke of his lamps too soon, and somebody copied them and tried to claim the invention, involving poor Argand in a law-suit which cost him twelve thousand guilders.

*Saturday, Sept. 16*

To-day, at breakfast, I received an invitation from the Duchess of Reventlow to go to Richmond, and another to Windsor, from my dear La Fite. Both gave me great pleasure, and I gladly accepted. The good family Webb also evinced the genuine nature of their friendship towards me, for I received a letter, a pheasant and two partridges, with Diana's compliments, requesting me to accept the visit of two lady friends of theirs from Chelsea, who would be only too glad to show me kindness in their name. I was greatly touched, sent a reply, and prepared to leave for Windsor about midday, taking your brother and young Mr. Hurter along with me, as our English is none too fluent, and I want to know that he is in good company while I am at Mme. La Fite's.

We drove first to Mr. Seddon's, a cabinet-maker, and before leaving for Windsor I must tell you a little about our unusual visit there. He employs four hundred apprentices on any work connected with the making of household furniture—joiners, carvers, gilders, mirror-workers, upholsterers, girdlers—who mould the bronze into graceful patterns—and



locksmiths. All these are housed in a building with six wings. In the basement mirrors are cast and cut. Some other department contains nothing but chairs, sofas and stools of every description, some quite simple, others exquisitely carved and made of all varieties of wood, and one large room is full up with all the finished articles in this line, while others are occupied by writing-tables, cupboards, chests of drawers, charmingly fashioned desks, chests, both large and small, work- and toilet-tables in all manner of wood and patterns, from the simplest and cheapest to the most elegant and expensive.

But the scheme of a dining-room designed both for practical use and for ornament took my fancy most. It contains a mahogany table some feet in breadth, of which a third on either side is reserved for drawers, and with an opening in the middle like most writing-tables have. Attached to the wall is a bracket on which to stand glasses and salvers. And by pressing a spring in the place where the drawers are indicated by attractive fittings, a lead-lined compartment flies open with shelves, where wine-bottles are kept cool in water, with the monteith fixed on the other side. There were two foot-stools of the same wood, and made to match, and fine dark marble vases with lids to them on the side. In these foot-stools there are two tiny cupboards, one lined with sheet-iron and neat grillers, on which plates can be heated by the red-hot iron beneath them; the other is meant to keep salt cellars and other table utensils. The vases up above hold spoons, knives and forks, and their fastening is carefully made on the side facing the wall. These three pieces are extremely tasteful in ornamenting a dining-room.

Charming dressing-tables are also to be seen, with vase-shaped mirrors, occupying very little space, and yet containing all that is necessary to the toilet of any reasonable person. Close-stools, too, made like a tiny chest of drawers, with a couple of drawers in, decorative enough for any room. Numerous articles made of straw-coloured service wood and

charmingly finished with all the cabinet-maker's skill. Chintz, silk and wool materials for curtains and bed-covers; hangings in every possible material; carpets and stair-carpets to order; in short, anything one might desire to furnish a house; and all the workmen besides and a great many seamstresses; their own saw-house too, where as many blocks of fine foreign wood lie piled, as firs and oaks are seen at our saw-mills. The entire story of the wood, as used for both inexpensive and costly furniture and the method of treating it, can be traced in this establishment.

Seddon, foster-father to four hundred employees, seemed to me a respectable man, a man of genius, too, with an understanding for the needs of the needy and the luxurious; knowing how to satisfy them from the products of nature and the artistry of manufacture; a man who has become intimate with the quality of woods from all parts of the earth, with the chemical knowledge of how to colour them or combine their own tints with taste, has appreciated the value of all his own people's labour and toil, and is for ever creating new forms.

We were horrified to hear that three years ago the whole building was burned down with all its storage, and we were not a little surprised at seeing it working again on such a scale.

Two wishes rose within me. Firstly, for time to examine all these works, and then to see the tools with which they are made, manufactured in Birmingham; for I handled some of them here, and regarded them as most valuable and beneficent inventions.

From here we went to Christ's Hospital, an old but very large and beautiful edifice, where we were just in time to see the boys playing in the court. They were wearing dark blue, according to ancient tradition, yellow stockings and white collars, like our clerics have.

Edward VI founded it for orphans, and Charles II added a mathematical training college for forty boys to learn all about navigation.

Thousands of children receive good instruction here; men



to teach the boys, women for the girls. All the boys are taught Latin, Greek, mathematics and writing, and then put on to manual work, which they may choose for themselves. That is why foreigners often refer with such surprise to the book collection and language knowledge of English artisans; why a shoemaker for instance, a brewer or a baker read Virgil and Homer.

This institute for the instruction of orphans caused me to revere the memory of good King Edward VI. Fluent as he was in seven tongues, and having acquired all the learning of his age, he had savoured the happiness of knowledge. So he wanted to give children, born with ability and robbed of the good fortune of their parents' support, a substitute, not merely by feeding them and teaching them a craft with which to earn a livelihood, but by opening out a path through the medium of their intellect to the enjoyment of higher studies. I poured forth blessings on his dust, and on all benefactors who so generously contribute to this excellent grant, right up to the present day.

I blessed Sir John Frederick who had a hall built where the children can stretch their legs in winter or on rainy days.

We still had some time to spare, so went over the Foundling home; this has been reproached for its over-lavish expenditure on buildings, with the result that fewer children can be accommodated. I did not think it extravagant, but large and healthy for the poor creatures, who also had their recreation before meals. The entrance lay on the far side of a large square between two long, two-storied buildings; the square on either side then extended into lawns, bounded likewise by similar buildings. The girls were playing all kinds of games on one side of the large lawns, the boys on the other; they looked bright and attractive and very healthy. Approximately ten boys were harnessed to a roller, which they were lustily trailing across the sand so as to level it. Their brown clothes bound with red, and the girls' white pinafores made a pleasant sight.



It occupies a healthy situation at the far end of the city, and only the main building has three stories; half of the second one rests on an arcade supported by columns, which gives the place an attractive aspect.

The elder girls had laid the tables in very pretty spacious dining-rooms; everything was white and spotless; other girls did the waiting; the meal only consisted of one course of mutton boiled with barley, but it is so well prepared, and served in such quantities, that with their good bread and mug of beer besides, the children could not want anything better.

We were also shown over the bedrooms, where the beds were so cleanly, the air so pure, and everything looked so nice, that I fancied they were symbolic of the nation's best characteristics.

The directors' council room is hung with tablets stating the names and contributions of benefactors—amounts from fifty to sixteen thousand guineas; no one year passes without numerous donations of two or three thousand, and there are always plenty of a hundred.

London: your foundling home, the education of your orphans, the philanthropy which tends your poor women in labour and your wretched lunatics are distinctive traits of your charity, wisdom and great-heartedness. Faults you must possess while human kind inhabits you—imperfection is our common lot—but how much good, what measure of perfection is yours in incalculable small ways and in larger issues catering for the common good. The blessings of a generous heart remain with you to the end.

WINDSOR,  
*Early Sept. 17*

I arrived here yesterday at six in the evening; encountered none of their so-called 'highwaymen,' which I was very much afraid I should, but came through a very lovely district and enjoyed driving at will wherever I chose to, in a comfortable

pretty carriage for three, drawn by two horses and a friendly coachman on the box, for fifteen shillings a day.

What a varied assortment of villas and gardens, of coaches and riders we passed before the royal standard on the round tower appeared from out a lovely wood, announcing our approach to Windsor.

The large Gothic castle commands a fine situation on an eminence, with a splendid prospect on all sides. William the Conqueror selected this hill for its invigorating air and fine large woodlands all around, which he extended by laying waste several villages, small towns and monasteries, against which Pope quite lately exclaimed in his poem, *Windsor Forest*, with the words 'Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began, a mighty hunter and his prey was man——'<sup>1</sup>

After William several kings added to this castle, until the buildings grew to such a size that it stands like a fortress on the brow of the hill, very pleasing to the eye, a monument of former royal prestige and ancient architecture. The town, lying on the hill-slope and along the plain, stretches charmingly down to the winding Thames, from whose shores it takes its name, Winding Shore, which in time has become Windsor. We found pretty streets and houses there, took rooms at an inn called 'Old Windsor Castle,' and I sent straight to Mme. La Fite's with whom I had invited myself to tea.

The way to her house was already very pleasant, as it took me through two lovely streets towards a gateway over the old castle moat, past St. George's Chapel, the engravings of which arouse such admiration, then through another Gothic gateway, to be welcomed in most friendly fashion by Mme. La Fite, whose quiet abode lay on this gentle slope between two tiny gardens, a seat of modest virtue; and I was all the more delighted at her forethought in gathering a select company to meet me—ladies of very high standing, others of noble rank or court circles, and a very delightful member of the scholarly world were present there.

<sup>1</sup> There follow fourteen lines from Pope's *Windsor Forest* in German translation.

The first of these a Mrs. Fielding, daughter of Lady Finch, head governess to the royal princesses.

Miss Finch, her sister, the queen's maid of honour. Both ladies of noble stature and comportment. Mrs. Fielding more vivacious, and with more fire in her large blue eyes than I imagined possible in an English woman; and Miss Finch less reserved in her advances than I had been led to expect from English ladies. But I was at once told that Mrs. Fielding had been educated by the eminent Mrs. Beaumont, and was the original in this lady's didactic writings of the ever-recurring character, Lady Sensee, and further, she really brings up her three daughters according to her own precepts. If her hand is as successful in guiding her own children as Mrs. Beaumont was with her, Mrs. Fielding will be an enviable mother, and the whole world would follow Mrs. Beaumont's educational methods. Miss Finch was still in the service of the Court, and I must confess I was inwardly surprised at the heavily dressed hair, particularly in an English woman, and a maid of honour at that. Mine must be a singular and specific conception of beauty, for I do not find the general taste in pompous hair-dressing, caps and hats, at all pretty and graceful. Perhaps the fact that I had pictured English women like the originals of Reynolds' pictures, nobly and simply attired with Greek *coiffure*, accounts for this. But the liberty of Great Britain is also swayed by fashion's sceptre.

Miss Burney, daughter of Mr. Burney, who made the great musical tour and criticisms, is herself famous as authoress of *Miss Evelina* and *Cecilia*. Your brother and I thought her a true ideal in figure, culture, expression, dress and bearing. I do not think the fine mind and gentle disposition for which she is conspicuous can ever be surpassed. She and both the ladies speak perfect French. This little friendliness made it a really delightful evening for me, as my English is none too good, so that I should have missed a great deal of the talk over their embroidery.



Mrs. Fielding was an intelligent, broad-minded woman. Miss Finch was much elated at any especially good remark and appeared to regard her sister as a model; I was much amused at my dear friend La Fite's clever idea of introducing me—the contributor of some writings on young women's education and authoress of some didactic novels, or so I flatter myself!—to an English masterpiece of education, and to the noble novelist Burney, who must have thought herself the embodiment of profound scholarship.

Here was a picture, too, of a first-class English tea-party. The tone was intimate and refined: the hostess busies herself delightfully and just enough to allow of grace and deftness. While Mme. La Fite prepared tea, the ladies continued their fancywork, sewing bands of fine muslin. While we sipped at our tea, pretty and practical discussions took place, in the course of which I was asked a number of questions about France and the Countess Genlis; the topic then turned to travel, and Mrs. Fielding and her sister spoke of their voyage to Lisbon with their mother to visit a sick brother there, returning, however, by way of the Pyrenees and Paris.

At the end of the visit the ladies very courteously expressed a desire that I would call on them. I asked them to let me pay my respects to-morrow, and was once again witness to the sanctity of the English Sabbath; for in all seriousness, yet with utmost politeness, they replied that they never received or paid calls on a Sunday, though I might choose any other day convenient to me.

I went to bed in very happy mood; your brother again expressed his gratitude to me for having made this trip; and again I was compelled to admire English precision, for in his bedroom a tiny bag was fixed at the head of the bed to hold a watch.

We did not subscribe to the habit of considering tea-parties as supper. The landlord was greatly surprised at our wanting any more to eat, and we, for our part, were astonished at the pleasure he evinced on gaining a supper.

My joy on opening my window was inexpressibly great; for as we are on the third floor, and our rooms look on to the park, across the beautiful lawn strewn with villages and country seats, and the town running down to the valley, I could see the splendid slopes of the forest of Windsor, and repeated Pope's words:

'Here hills and valleys, woods and meadows, earth and water seem to battle anew. . . .'

I breakfasted with the dear friend I have so long desired to meet; not merely because I was beholden to her for the compliment she paid me in translating my *Sternheim* into French, but because I had a high opinion of her from her writings and scholarship, her piety and her own fortunes. It will be a long time before I partake of such a breakfast, never again perhaps will so much true wisdom and loyal friendship proffer me a hand.

Mme. La Fite gave me one of her hats to wear, and I accompanied her to church at Windsor Castle, as building is proceeding in the cathedral. I beheld the royal family, the court and the service: witnessed the pious and edifying devotions of the monarch, his esteemed consort and his children in the house of the King of kings, and noticed the respect which springs from every Briton's heart towards the royal house, and a nobleness and simplicity in everything.

The service is stirring, and the alternate singing, with organ accompaniment, of the psalms and litany by the choir-boys and choir-men, who are distinguished by their seating and their different vestments, is charming; only certain phrases and prayers seemed to recur too often. The sermon was read. We women had large psalters before us in which we followed the prayers. The congregation behaves well and reverently, as God's house demands. In the women's pews, owing to the constant kneeling, there are round prayer-stools of plaited straw, like flat beehives on top, two feet high. They were all neatly and quietly dressed, and amongst them was a number of very lovely figures.



This chapel with its magnificent hall adjoining are both dedicated to St. George, and were painted by Anton Verrio, a Neapolitan painter, under Charles II. The altar-piece in the chapel presents the Last Supper. On the ceiling, Christ's ascension, and on the surrounding walls the kindly miracles of the Saviour are depicted; in which the artist is reproved for painting himself in a black wig, with Kneller and Cooper, who helped him at the work, as friends of the palsied asking to be healed.

The royal dais is very fine, ornamented with excellent sculpture, gilt and crimson velvet, and the carving over the pews is very highly valued.

After the service the choristers had an audience in the royal guardroom next to the hall, and their majesties spoke kindly to them all, while their pretty wives awaited them on benches in St. George's Hall. How I wished some choristers from German foundations had been present after the audience, so as to see their faces as these gentlemen in their long, handsome surplices took their little wives by the arm and led them home.

We looked over this hall, considered one of the finest halls in Europe, with some English provincials. It is 108 feet long, and, like the chapel, dedicated to the Order of St. George, more commonly called the Order of the Garter, to which there is a reference in every picture. Charles II is painted on the ceiling wearing the dress of the Order, stepping with his right foot on a lion's head. England, Scotland and Ireland surround him; religion and plenty are holding crowns above his head, and at the side stand Mars and Mercury with the symbols of peace and war. The royal government stands opposite him, supported by religion and eternity. Justice, strength, moderation and shrewdness beat rebellion and faction aside, and a Cupid bears the riband with the inscription, '*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*' This is quite a clever conception and retains the old legend of this Order's foundation, upheld some centuries ago (now denied by modern



English historians), that Edward III picked up the beautiful Countess Salisbury's garter at a ball, bound it round his foot while speaking the above—all of which is now held to be pure fiction, and the foundation of the Order is ascribed to the more serious motive of a war which Edward III waged against France in 1345; and in order to ensure the services of the already warlike nobles he enlisted their pride by this distinctive honour, appealing to the religious spirit of the age by leading it in the steps of a holy knight for patron of the Order, while the garter was to be the insignia worn by the knights. This king is painted on the side-wall, while the captive monarchs taken by his son, John II of France and David Bruce of Scotland, are led into his presence. He appears to be enjoying his son's triumphal entry, which is staged entirely in Roman fashion, with slaves and captives marching before the chariot. Verrio, keeping to the original version, however, has placed a lovely lady as Countess Salisbury in one corner weaving laurel garlands for the king. Pictures of St. George and William III may also be seen there.

A servitor belonging to the royal castle led us round the apartments. They are all large and lofty—either Charles I or his wife, Catherine of Portugal, appear on most of the ceiling pieces in various attitudes, in company with this or that deity, who is more solicitous for them than are all their chamberlains and waiting-women; but Charles of England is never portrayed as Mars or Apollo like Louis XIV at the Trianon. I cannot describe all the rooms, dear children, but they contain a treasure-house of great masterpieces, such as Van Dyck, Honthorst, Guido, Paul Veronese, Lely, Holbein, Nicolas Poussin, Carlo dolci Parmigiano, Raphael, Breughel, Snyders, Quentin Metsys and others.

Curious, and very attractive, is an old royal chamber with Gothic windows in which graded wooden benches are arranged, whence glorious views may be enjoyed. Another chamber is entirely hung with knotted tapestry.

The knotted threads are made by the women at court here,

and a woman in Germany, very respectable, whose circumstances are not too happy, makes hangings out of them for which the queen pays and supports her; thus the court ladies are kept diligently employed.

We were also shown a bed and chairs in magnificent embroidery made by poor girls who learned to embroider at her majesty's expense, attained great proficiency and thus virtue and talent were not wasted: apartments full of valuable Japanese porcelain of the first order followed. In one room, closed by a half-lattice door, the French standard, made of white — embroidered with golden lilies, lies on the centre table annually brought in state to Windsor by the Duchess of Marlborough's family on 2nd Aug., so that the honourable memory of the great Marlborough's victories over the French armies, especially at Blenheim, is kept alive on the one hand, while on the other, the family shows its recognition of the fact, that for the manor of Stow and Woodstock, which bring in five thousand pounds sterling, and the handsome castle of Blenheim erected by the nation, it is indebted to the royal grace. A very odd fellow gave me a cutting from a paper, dated 14th September, about it, so that I might read the nation's opinion of the king's generosity to Marlborough.<sup>1</sup>

Having read this article I said that had this modern fanatic against Marlborough's renown only known that the Germans equally disapprove of this general, he might have strengthened his bitter observations.

But from such fruitless political remarks let me turn to the room in which portraits of the greatest beauties at Charles II's court are hung, named accordingly 'Room of Beauties.' There are some twenty portraits of very charming women. I thought a Lady Gramont the fairest of the fair, and at the same time I enjoyed the contemplation of some pretty English women who were with us in this room. I tried to discover whether a period of one hundred years had made

<sup>1</sup> There follows a translation of the extract, decrying Marlborough's 'clumsy edifice.'



a marked difference; but in church during the morning, and here again, I had seen faces with just such perfect features; and the minds of these ladies of Charles II's period, practised as they were only in court fripperies or in the passions, made the painted portraits look shrewder, more sparkling, more pensive, altogether haughtier—lit up with the memories of their admirers—than the chaste and natural rustic countenances of those around me now could ever do—and by the grace of God they will remain unspoiled.

Once more I surveyed the exterior of this old castle. Its prince and architect were certainly possessed of greatness, if only in the choice of this hill and execution of the plans. The Gothic forms have taken on a friendly aspect now that the moats are filled up or turned into gardens, and the high ramparts have been torn down, and its dignified grandeur is now majestic rather than fearful. The large round castle tower, built like an amphitheatre on the highest summit of the hill, looks really beautiful, for it is kept in good repair, and the hill, planted with trees, bushes and flowers, is laid out in charming walks.

Mr. Hurter and your brother climbed the narrow steps to enjoy the fine view over twelve counties from the tower's highest point; also saw the rooms in which John, King of France, David, King of Scotland, and the Marshal of Belleisle<sup>1</sup> were kept prisoner. The beautifully wrought chain-armour tunics belonging to the first two, which they were wearing on that luckless day of their captivity, have been preserved, John's being adorned with France's golden lilies and David's with Scotland's golden thistles; Belleisle's marshal's staff and ribbon were not alluded to, however. The governor of Windsor has to live there, which he can do with ease, as it contains a number of good-sized rooms; the smaller and less comfortable ones being allotted to State prisoners.

Meanwhile Mme. La Fite and I went to Miss Burney's; she has a very choice book collection, from which I should

<sup>1</sup> *Sic.*



steal Samuel Johnson's *Dictionnaire* of the best thoughts and passages from English poets. This remarkable man and greatest of scholars during the present king's reign—or so contemporary evidence insists—respected Miss Burney's intellect, was her friend, called her his daughter, and from her worthy father, who as doctor of music undertook his wonderful travels on behalf of this science, obtained permission for her to live for a time with Mme. Thrale in Streatham, where in the select society of the place she displayed, exercised and enriched her intellect. Indeed she speaks of him with grateful reverence, and I too have become devoted to him, since I realised how he struggled to the fore in the face of two tremendous obstacles—poverty and sickness—for in his youth he was so badly operated upon for ulcers on the neck that he never saw again with his left eye nor heard with his left ear.

My whole discussion with Miss Burney was extremely pleasant, and it is certainly doubtful whether her personal grace, her mental accomplishments or her modesty merit first place, but all noble-minded rational beings would delight in her acquaintance and feel at home with her. As I was thinking about her, despite my small amount of English, I discovered an expression which fits her qualities excellently: 'Darling of virtue,' that is, 'Liebling der Tugend.'

My son, Mr. Hurter and I lunched with Mme. La Fite. We had a pleasant English meal, and her estimable maid, a country parson's daughter, clad in the fashion of Mr. Archenholz' excellent description, waited on us.

Afterwards we visited Mme. de Luc, and arrived at her house at the very moment when her excellent husband had returned from his travels in Germany.

I cannot possibly give my beloved daughters any idea of what this visit meant to me: firstly, making this gentleman's acquaintance in this delightful, isolated villa, further on entering a room whose windows look on to Windsor Castle and its superb terrace built by Queen Elizabeth, stretching 1870 feet beside the majestic pile,

where one of the finest views over the Thames can be obtained; from the other windows a delicious English garden with clumps of clustering flowers, and a meadow with a swift stream flowing through, and some fine cows grazing there, can be seen. Mme. de Luc joined us then; a pretty woman, clever and kindly, a member of the Spenser and Marlborough family, who had already spent eight happy years in the circle of de Luc's friends, for everyone enjoys this enlightened gentleman's society, and guided by a tender regard for him was joined in wedlock.

In this same Mr. de Luc's company, with whom your father became acquainted in Geneva, 1769, on a visit to the former's valuable natural history collection, winning his friendship by his learning and pleasant intercourse, who later came to stay with us in happier days at Coblenz, and in whose house in England I now sat at tea next to Mme. La Fite, a lady of unusual merits known to me from our correspondence during her sojourn in Holland and from her writings, I looked around me blissfully and rejoiced in the thought:

'That the bonds of a common respect for all that is virtuous, good and knowledgeable had brought four people together from such different quarters of Europe. Mme. La Fite, born in Altona and married in Holland; de Luc from Geneva and myself a Swabian. The proverb, "It's an ill wind that blows no one any good" fitted us admirably: for Mme. La Fite, had she not lost her husband, I, had not a hard fate befallen me and mine, and de Luc without his country's gross ingratitude would never have met on the blessed soil of liberty and sapient legislature.'

It was nice to be able to discuss our fatherland and friends together. For I had been in Altona and Geneva: had seen Mme. La Fite's friends in Bordeaux and her brother in Altona and met Mr. de Luc in Geneva; was able to discuss the glaciers and Mont Blanc with him, and follow his eager information that he had had letters and that his suppositions



were correct: the mountain was accessible, and two natives of Chamonix were the first amongst mortal men, as long as the mountain endures, to attain its summit. Their names, Paccard and Balmat, would go down to posterity, and now the learned Mr. von Saussure would certainly complete his observations, which de Luc and his brother had begun twenty years ago. He is working at present on a great and important work about the atmosphere, in which he will certainly take up worthy Saussure's discoveries. Mme. La Fite was able to talk about Paris and The Hague with me, and de Luc of the Rhine and Switzerland. He embraced my son, I his daughter. I asked after his great compatriot Zimmermann, in Hanover, and he inquired after the estimable and cultured Captain Trosson of Coblenz, who helped him investigate the mountains and dead volcanoes on the Rhine with such friendliness and quick intelligence. Alas! how the time flew in this abode, with kindness, learning and friendship for its companions.

Happy de Luc! The learning of your worthy wife and daughter increase your pleasure in true philosophy; they realise the value of the labours of your mind; science and virtue abide with you, and calm, bright, beauteous nature is about you.

We left this house to visit Dr. Lind, a friend of Mr. Hurter's.

It will be a long time before I meet so fine a couple as this man and his wife, and greater kindness or willingness are not to be had. Mr. Lind was ship's doctor with the great Captain Cook on his first voyage round the world, and afterwards stayed three years in China, whence he returned with just as many curios and remarkable information as from his previous tour of the whole globe.

Grief assails me as, like Tantalus, I survey before me all those things for which my curious soul is thirsty, and like him I am compelled by circumstance, without having quaffed, to break off and turn away; for who would not avail himself of this estimable man's gracious manner to hear his observa-



tions on nature and the arts in the five divisions of the universe.

Accident took us to Mr. Lind's just as a young scholar from Iceland had called on him, who spoke so warmly of his native land that we concluded: it is quite evident that Iceland glows with internal fire! He wants to make his beloved country, which is almost as large as England, better known; and our astonishment was obvious as he told us about the six hundred original writings by different scholars, and the printing-presses of ancient times in Iceland, at the same time showing us a prayer-book in which the capitals were German and the small letters Latin.

Mr. Lind afterwards showed us all the plants of our vast universe, painted by the Chinese, and a collection of pictures on which the structure, arrangements and occupations of their monasteries are very accurately presented and in most vivid colours; an ABC; a book about their birds and their domestic articles and clothing, with the names adjoining; which last year incited the French Duc de Chaulnes to turn his chemical acquirements to the discovery of these colours, and his talent for painting to copying them. Mr. Lind also showed us in the upper story of his house a crowd of Chinese pots and works of art; the tools used by a painter and writer; a very finely worked case of knives, containing different instruments besides; a magnet and compass which show from the date that these were known by the Chinese long before us; a gold balance, accurate and perfect to a degree; a mortar for the kitchen in which to pound things, always turned by foot; a sun-dial and a method of finding the altitude at midday as simply as possible; a coolish cushion for the cheeks made of light, fine, plaited wood, and fitted with joints, so that it can be raised and lowered at will. Mr. Lind also lit some perfumed wooden twigs placed in tiny porcelain flower-pots just one finger high, to show us how the Chinese worship and offer incense to their household gods. He also showed us a number of vases cleverly made of

rice-paper, besides hundreds of other things which passed all too quickly before us. We then arranged to go to Mr. Herschel's at Eton to-morrow with Mr. Lind and Ihekheim, the learned and lively Icclander.

*Monday, Sept. 18th*

A fine, happy morning! With La Fite, Mr. Lind, Ihekheim, my son and Hurter to Eton, which is connected with Windsor by a bridge across the Thames, and filled me with longing to go there yesterday morning already, as from the castle windows I beheld the lofty Gothic church belonging to the school.

We arrived at the college just at the hour when the royal scholars, founded by the good, but unfortunate, Henry VI in 1440, were having their recreation and wandering beneath the trees, wearing overcoats of the period. From this square we entered the inner quadrangle, which is very large and surrounded by four fine buildings, where the seventy pupils and their teachers live. The statue of their honourable but luckless founder stands, melancholy and contemplative, in the centre of the court.

Beneath arcades we entered the library, supposed to be one of the most important in England. Our excellent Icclander displayed his knowledge of ancient tongues, for he was able to read manuscripts quite foreign to the librarians. He does credit to his native land, which he prizes so highly, and to the sovereign who allows him to travel. An old genealogical tree, written on a long, narrow parchment roll, showed traces of his mother-tongue, in the Danish associations reigning formerly in England. He spoke Icclandic and wrote some down for us; it seemed softer to me than my own language, and more melodious than English.

My friend's learning was concealed beneath a cloak of extreme modesty: she did not even betray the slightest familiarity with anything, except when a look of attention and appreciation, as this or that author in the department of

philosophical or classical literature was lauded or discussed, proved the contrary.

The library apartments are fine and everything is in good order. A number of people still send considerable collections here, and only recently the Chevalier Topham presented them with a valuable set of most beautiful drawings of all the wonders in ancient and modern Rome. Two of the younger professors have to be in the library every day to bring out any books required. They are very helpful and polite.

Crossing some very pleasant country, we very soon came to Slough, where Mr. Herschel and his estimable sister inhabit a solitary, simple dwelling. I was overcome by an intense feeling of respect on seeing this brother and sister—Mr. Herschel full of that humour and philanthropy befitting a noble, sapient man, his sister all gentleness, sensibility and humility; both through their close contact with the constellations are raised above all artificiality and conceit. On a small portion of meadowland there stands a simple wooden scaffolding where Mr. Herschel made the new discoveries which interested the entire learned world, and found the greatest of all the stars, which he named Uranus. Even the mechanism of this structure is witness to Herschel's tender love for this science. Upon one side is fixed an enclosed chair, from which Herschel makes observations, and which can be screwed without his speaking a word or interrupting his observations, by a man sitting on the other side in a spacious box-like contrivance well protected against wind and weather, on Herschel's ringing a bell when he wants to be raised higher, which also acts as signal when he is high enough. I seated myself in this chair with true reverence; the dear man himself raised it for me; I could see over his garden and the surrounding neighbourhood, beheld the heavens and wished I could be here during a bright starry night.

Had Pope met Herschel, too, his poem on this vicinity



would have been even lovelier and to the point, when he eulogises a worthy man in words I shall apply to Herschel.

Happy the man whom this bright court approves,  
His Sov'reign favours and his Country loves;  
Happy next him who to these shades retires, . . .  
(He) Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high,  
O'er figured worlds now travels with his eye, . . .  
Or looks on heaven with more than mortal eyes.<sup>1</sup> . . .

As my glance fell on the broad horizon which Herschel's eye penetrates through a thousand suns, I bade the heavens protect the brother and sister.

At my request Mlle. Herschel picked me a few daisies which were growing at the foot of this structure, and were all the more valuable for having chosen such a spot and such a hand to pluck them; for this hand takes notes and calculations, as from this simple erection her great brother observes the most wonderful of God's inanimate creatures.

Inside I saw how his chamber communicates with the scaffolding, so that Herschel can move the pointers to two disks, in front of which his sister sits with astronomical charts before her, and notes which portion is being observed.—Can there be a finer mental communion between brothers and sisters than this?

On dull days—a frequent occurrence with the English firmament, since an island is so placed as to afford free entry to mists and vagrant breezes—they prepare their observations for press; read and review the works appearing on astronomy, and entertain one another with music, in which both excel, and seem to believe in the harmony of all creation, although that of the higher spheres is quite inaudible. For me this room became a temple, with a garden leading into it for portico.

I then sat down to the telescope through which Mlle.

<sup>1</sup> Sophie quotes from *Windsor Forest*, l. 235 f., more fully, in prose translation.

Herschel had this spring discovered a comet; for this noble creature continued the astronomical researches during her brother's trip to Hamburg, on a visit to his mother, so that science should lose nothing by the fulfilment of filial affections. I peeped through this telescope with real sympathy, and once more pondered some of the thoughts that had occurred to me as I sat in her brother's seat up on the hill: 'How often an important personage is replaced and nothing of importance done; from the thrones of the mighty down to the good craftsman's latest habitat. It is not the place that counts then, but a soul replete with knowledge.'

We were then conducted into a hut specially built for the large catoptric telescope designed and executed by Mr. Herschel, 40 feet long and 5 feet in diameter, which is to take a mirror weighing 1000 pounds, cast and polished by him.

My dear friend and I had the pleasure of seeing this worthy man approach us earthlings, through this remarkable telescope the while it lies earth-bound, for in a couple of months his spirit will soar with it to the utmost heights, in contemplation of a thousand new worlds and their planets, or, as Thomson says,<sup>1</sup> 'Philosophically uplifted, will span the breadth of heaven, and gaze upon the sparkling vault and view the planets rolling in their spheres, and then from these infinite, wondrous works transfer all thought to the Being at whose word all nature was set in motion.'

From this great man who, by his spirit and invention of excellent instruments, has perfected a science which has been the source of uninterrupted study during five millenniums, we went straight to Mr. Jervais, the discoverer of a lost art, to which he gave new life and vigour; to wit, that of staining glass.

I have already mentioned the lovely homes of London artists, where even the entrance to the hall is expressive of so

<sup>1</sup> Possibly from Thomson's *Fragment of a Poem on the Works and Wonders of Almighty Power*, l. 21 ff. The idea recurs in Thomson: see *Hymn to God's Power*, *Hymn for The Seasons*, l. 61 ff., etc.

much. In the case of Mr. Jervais this was even more attractive to my mind, for instead of an open space in front of the steps, like the great London artists usually have, he has a dear little garden full of flowers before the house, leading straight into his sitting-room, where every window bears small paintings, emblems of his craft, just as other painters hang their pictures on the wall. His good wife was ill; so he led us right into his main room, where the windows look on to another part of the garden laid out, park-like, with all kinds of trees.

In this room I was more convinced than ever how important a good memory is in contributing to one's reputation for great knowledge and scholarship; for having immediately recognised in the magnificent stained-glass paintings adorning the room, Potter, Wouwerman, Steenkerk<sup>1</sup> and other masters whose pictures I had seen in a gallery at The Hague and elsewhere, Mr. Jervais regarded me as a great art connoisseur, despite the fact that all I did was to remember what I had but recently witnessed.

These pictures possess incredible beauty, and all the masters are so accurately copied, both in drawing and colour, that they can be immediately recognised. The pieces I saw are as large as the glass in a State coach, and just as thick; the colours are all burnt in, but cut first on one side then on the other. The fine effect produced by these paintings in the large windows of this room, suffused by the quiet greenery of the park behind, is indescribable.

Lady Grimore has an apartment on her estate containing eight window-paintings by Mr. Jervais, which cost her eight hundred guineas. Three-quarters of a sheet costs fifty pounds sterling, and paper royal two hundred.—The dancing girls of Herculaneum look charming in this room.

He is besides working on a painting, eighteen feet high and eleven wide, for Windsor Chapel, which will come to two thousand guineas, representing the Resurrection, after an excellent picture by West, an example of the noblest and

<sup>1</sup> ? Steen, Steenwyck or Heemskerck.



most touching kind of flattery, if I may say so; for into the gloriole beneath the choir of angels jubilantly hailing Christ, West has inserted the portraits of the two royal princes, who died young, in the form of angels, and yet brothers, hastening hand-in-hand towards their Saviour and rejoicing with heavenly rapture.

Mr. Jervais accepted all the marks of admiration and esteem with manly modesty, though he looked very pleased, and asked me if I had noticed the famous stained glass work in Dutch churches: then he told me that he had spent many years longing to acquire this art. He was the only son of a distinguished cleric, and was put to theology by his father, which he studied, but drew, painted and became versed in chemistry at the same time; but as long as his father was alive he was not allowed to follow this bent. In the end he inherited a good income, and the first use he put it to was a tour of the Netherlands to see all the stained windows, paying the vergers good guineas for splinters of painted panes, which they let him have. With this treasure he returned and pursued this lost art until he arrived at a perfect mastery of it and so produced the greatest masterpieces. I told him his talents had nevertheless remained in the service of the Church, as he was painting so immense a picture of our Saviour.—He has no children and as yet no pupils.—I added, too, that the most noble act, worthy of any Briton, would be for him to write and hand down the history of his discoveries and leave instruction in this, his re-created art.

I lunched alone with my estimable friend; but a company soon gathered, and Mr. de Luc joined us too, and the talk was most interesting and entertaining. Magnetism, which gains more and more ground daily, was also a topic of conversation, and Mr. d'Armand in Paris, a preacher who is looked upon as an atheist, and Lavater as a fanatic, were discussed for using magnetism and producing somnambulists, thus reviving the old story of the true and the false prophets. Then came the question of the time when we first met; of the fortunes of

courts and princes; of the joys and sorrows of existence; of obstacles to our good and our well-being.

\*

My noble La Fite is working on an excellent dialogue between a governess and her princess.

I spent the evening at Lady Charlotte Finch's house with Mme. Fielding and three of her delightful young daughters, aged fourteen, eleven and nine years respectively, Miss Finch and Miss Burney.

That simple, pretty room—oh!—no detail of that evening will escape my memory, for everything there seemed in accordance with my heart, mind and my own personal tastes and interests, as I should have chosen for my ideal.

Picture to yourselves, dear children, Lady Finch as a lady nearing the sixties; yet still possessing the delicate features of a former beauty, with an expression as though kindness were her practice and all the evidence of good court breeding.

Mrs. Fielding some thirty years old; tall, beautiful and dignified in bearing; large intelligent eyes, and a vivacity curbed by a considerable tenderness; with a very confiding manner, cultured and charitable, at the same time very frank and open.

Miss Finch, nineteen years of age; also tall, slim and with a real English figure; but I thought her charming personality could have been more becoming in the delicate English style of simple coiffure than with the fussy style she was obliged to adopt for the sake of etiquette. Her expression was one of frank, trusting kindness and a spark of satisfaction at accomplishments attained; for she is advanced enough in pastel painting to make a perfect portrait of her mother.

The three Miss Fieldings, three figures blooming with perfect beauty, whose features show a keen desire to learn, mingled with a born mental alertness, and coupled with a lovely grace of movement.

My friend La Fite, gifted with real learning, which, however,



as I said before, she hides beneath the thickest cloak of profound modesty. She is tall and well built; has a longish, interesting face, bearing many traces of grief at the loss of her husband and children, and yet having a clever, thoughtful and kind expression. English dress suits her very well.

Miss Burney, as I described her the first time, the ideal English Miss: quick-witted, gentle, sensitive, virtuous and with great human insight, in such combination, and all these qualities so perfect, yet always checked and controlled so that they should only appear like delicious sprites just at the right time and for a fleeting moment.

Your mother, with the merit of admiring all these people and their qualities, and knowing how to value them; with a fervent sensation of joy at being amongst them and glad of their esteem. Imagine me now between Mrs. Fielding and Miss Burney on the sofa; the oldest Miss Fielding pouring out tea; a younger one handing round bread and butter; the other women are working.—Education is being discussed; the value of knowing geography, chronology and history.—Mrs. Fielding admits that she lays great stress on these and tries to urge such knowledge on her daughters (she has no sons) in every possible way; in which she regards the game of questions as very profitable, giving us a test then and there, in which the young women showed themselves intelligent and charming.

I have double grounds for complaint of my lack of a fulsome and accurate memory, and for dissatisfaction with myself for not having taken more pains about it; for then I could relate the whole game to you; name the King of England and the year of the nice little anecdote about a friend who, when he was encircled by spies and no one could speak with him, sent him a present of golden spurs as a hint that the king must in haste flee the place of his destruction. The second Miss Fielding had set her mother this one; and since twenty questions about the century, portion of the globe, country concerned, reign of the prince, should the



idea have historical bearings, and about the nature of the main idea, are always allowed, it was guessed soon after the discovery that metal was involved at the seventeenth question.—This game presupposes quite a vast knowledge; for through this alone at Mannheim, Frau v. Dalberg discovered that Homer's left eye-socket was the object thought of.

My second source of displeasure lies in the fact that when I was asked to think of something from ancient or modern history and set it, the lack of accurate historical data deprived me of the pleasure of telling this family, in the course of the game, a truth they would certainly have appreciated, namely, that I know that the Fieldings are descended from a Count Gottfried v. Habsburg-Laufenburg-Rhinfelden, who went to England in the thirteenth century due to disagreements with his family, and served under Henry III, received an office at court and married Mathilde Colville, daughter of a good house; as he only retained half his surname—that is, of Rhinfelden—Felden, which in English became Fielding, it would certainly have been a nice use of the question game; especially since in the person of the archduke a grandson of the Habsburg house visited Windsor.

They observed the efforts I was making while I thought, were all silent, and naturally awaited something very special from the good opinion they had formed of me; and behold, Mme. de La Roche had got into difficulties, which further hindered me in casting around for another idea, though one was in my mind, and substituting it: so I confessed to a search after one of my pet stories which eluded me. Mme. Fielding and my dear La Fite showed extreme tact and sensibility on this occasion, for they gave a turn to our former entertainment by making inquiries about somebody in Windsor.

I tell my beloved daughters and friends this tale, so that when they bring up their children they should lay great store by steady memory exercises. It might fail their young people on some occasion, when their honour and fortune

would lose just as much as my conceit suffered to-day; and there are but few Fieldings and La Fites to set one up again so carefully, without increasing one's embarrassment by caustic jokes, secret sniggers and whispers.

Since lunch in England is at four o'clock, supper generally falls out; at seven one partakes of tea and bread and butter, and the tea-visits often last till eleven o'clock, when one goes home to an easy sleep undisturbed by indigestion.

I will just mention the neat stands for work-baskets which have just arrived at Lady Fielding's, consisting of three smooth round legs made of mahogany, or of any other wood attractively painted, placed next to one another and fastened. The pretty embroidered work-baskets or neat flower-vases placed on them in the corner of the room form a charming decoration, and they are very convenient to carry to and fro for working purposes and take up very little space.

This, dear children, was a really lovely day and ended up with some news which, not only metaphorically, but literally, almost crowned it all: for to-morrow I am to have the honour of an audience with the queen.

*Tuesday, Sept. 19*

I was full of excitement without feeling in the least afraid, for the queen was famed for her kindness and virtue; this made me just as confident as I was awed. The idea that I was to see and speak to Queen Charlotte of England, whom I had so long admired, at close quarters upon English soil, kept me awake for quite a long while. The circumstances linked by fate so as to bring about this day memorable amongst its fellows from out cycles of dreary ones, remained more satisfactorily defined in my mind than did the Fielding v. Laufenburg story; but as our good Karschin says, that may well be because 'Sorrow cuts furrows into the heart with a diamond plough; hence it is that calamity makes such accurate narrative material.'

*Tuesday evening*

At eight o'clock, during prayers and afterwards in the ante-chamber, the thought struck me that I had beheld their Majesties and the princesses humbly prostrate before God, and now I saw them full of magnanimity towards me. I was fully aware of the honour done to me, for I was not unacquainted with the laws for the ordering of humanity as introduced by an all-wise Deity to mankind, though I clearly felt my heart incline before their virtue. Rather Fate has granted them the highest position in a great monarchy, and this distinction made by Providence, in itself merits the highest esteem from the community; I, however, admired rather the moral onus they had imposed upon themselves. As my first impression of the queen was gained from a picture of her and two of her children, bearing the inscription, 'Good queen, good mother,' this impression was revived and accompanied by the tenderest of emotions as I beheld her surrounded by four princesses.

She is of good medium height; a true impersonation of the spirit of orderliness; a generous condescension, or rather friendly sympathy, with her fellow-beings, marks all her gestures, beautiful eyes and beautiful expression; a gracious countenance kept pure, I imagine, by the constant tender care of her children.

She informed me with much grace of her satisfaction at making my acquaintance, and that she thought well of me and of my pen.

The king, a most distinguished and handsome man, listened with kind attention while I spoke with his worthy consort, and addressed me very graciously, adding, however, that as 'an authoress they should not speak to me in German.' I replied that 'I rejoiced for my Fatherland that their Majesties still loved its language.' Thereupon he laid his hand upon his breast with fine, manly frankness, saying, 'Oh, my heart will never forget that it pulses with German blood. All my children speak German.'



At that moment the princesses approached. Her eldest Highness, a really lovely princess; Princess Augusta, lively and attractive; the two youngest ones very innocent and sweet. They all addressed me in German; are all kindly disposed, and their beauty proves that they are children born of purest love. Gracious inquiries were made after your father; amongst other things, I said he would be rejoiced to hear that I had had the good fortune to see Her Majesty the queen; he had had the pleasure many years ago, when the queen was eleven years old and betrothed already to the Prince of Wales.

I cannot, nor am I willing to, repeat all that was said; but the manner in which their Majesties addressed my friend showed me some part of their fine characters; and if ever I had cause to praise the kind attentions of the great it was so to-day.

The queen wishes me to make Mme. Delany's acquaintance, so I shall go and see her.

Some thoughts from two poets of whom I am very fond occurred to me; and with Jacobi in his prologue to *Elysium* I spoke the words:

‘She smiles at thee—of queens the very best,  
Of innocence the priestess blest!’

These thoughts were most compelling as I beheld her there encircled by her children, her piety and culture fitting her for great motherly devotion.

The king recalled Thomson's poem on *Liberty*. I fancied I would rather have seen him King of England than of any other realm. He deserves the good fortune of an English monarch described by Thomson:

To clothe the naked, feed the hungry, wipe  
The guiltless tear from lone affliction's eye ;  
To raise hid merit, set the alluring light  
Of virtue high to view; to nourish arts.<sup>1</sup> . . .

<sup>1</sup> From James Thomson's *Liberty*, Part IV, Britain, l. 1161 ff. Quoted to l. 1176.

I saw the Fielding family again; I saw Miss Burney again, and the king and queen's departure for Kew; afterwards discovering that the villa inhabited by the royal personages is just as simple as their London home; the sofas and chairs seemed to be the only striking feature, the legs of which were ivory.

We returned over the terrace, making vows on behalf of the royal house and the beautiful country which lay before us.

I also saw the large chapel of St. George standing in line with the deanery and chapter-house, a beautiful pile, now completely restored, to my great joy. I could only inspect it rapidly; but if I were lucky enough to spend a few days more here, I would not leave any one of the burial chapels unvisited, even though by so doing I were to offer fresh evidence of the fact that Germans are so attached to tombs. There are some fine old stained-glass windows in it, comparable to Mr. Jervais' new art, and ancient and modern sculpture as at Westminster.

Eight different burial-chapels are here, all testifying to the spirit of their founders' epoch. As, amongst others, one is called Oxenbridge, the name is not spelt, but an ox, an N and a bridge beneath which is some water, are hewn over the entrance. The large portion of the church dedicated to the choir, and especially to the Order of St. George, happily escaped the ravages for which Cromwell's troops were responsible in all the churches attended by royalty; the beautiful ancient wood-carving remained unscathed; and it appears they also preserved the knights' banners; for some are hung above each stall, the earliest of which must hark back to Cromwell's time.

Edward IV built the choir, and is also buried here; as also Henry VI, murdered by Richard, Duke of Gloucester; Henry VIII and his last wife, Jane Seymour, and the luckless Charles I have a resting-place here. As Pope in his poem says more ably than I would:

Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,  
And palms eternal flourish round his urn;  
Here o'er the martyr-King the marble weeps,  
And fast beside him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps, . . .  
Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known.<sup>1</sup> . . .

The place is dark and the stone bears no inscription. A Countess of Lincoln had an alabaster monument placed here for her husband and herself; the finely worked cover on which they are lying is an object of great admiration. His feet have a dog for rest, while she leans hers against a monkey.

I then visited Mme. Delany, a venerable lady close on ninety years, combining the rarest talents and a most unusual fate. I found her pretty still and with an intellect keen enough for her to converse in good and fluent French with me. While I surveyed the pictures round the room her smile was very sweet, like my esteemed Mme. de l'Isle Ferme's in Bordeaux used to be, as she looked down at her spindle. 'Those are no masterpieces you see there,' she said; 'merely copies I made while on my travels.' You can imagine, children, how this explanation staggered me, and how carefully I followed her forefinger as she indicated: 'This is taken from a gallery in Italy, this one from the Netherlands and that one there comes from France.'

But my gaze remained intent on the portrait of Mme. de Sévigné, which the venerable and sensitive Delany copied in Grignan during a visit to the castle in the company of her friend, the Duchess of Portland, with the family scenes as described in the marquise's inimitable letters all vividly before her. It is a pretty trick of fortune that just a year ago the authoress of the *Éloge de Sévigné* had invited me to her estate, and here I was to-day with one who had made a visual portrayal. The pictures, moreover, are well painted.

I lingered over the portrait of Charles I.—'This,' she said,

<sup>1</sup> See *Windsor Forest*, l. 311 f.



'I painted because of the story relating to Count Bernini, to whom Van Dyck's original was sent to Rome for a statue of the king, and Bernini after the first glance, exclaimed, "Lord, what an unhappy physiognomy that is." On being assured that it was very like the king, he was doubly grieved and asserted that he had either suffered some great distress, or that a sad fate was awaiting him.'

This was great material for discussion. But the large collection of cut-out plants and flowers sent me into ecstasies of a totally different kind.—This estimable lady has employed her talent in cutting out and painting, towards collecting nearly a thousand herbs and flowers from nature, cutting them out first of all, and afterwards tinting them according to the shades bestowed by this their loving mother. Everything, even the tiniest blossoms and stamens, is portrayed with artistry, truth and beauty. They are stuck on to black paper with little red bands: underneath stands the Latin and English plant name, and the place where she found the original is on the back.

God forbid that my beloved daughters should ever weary of hearing attributes lauded, or of beholding virtue's image, or that they should reprove this diary, dedicated to them, for having a surfeit of virtuous things. My soul would indeed grieve deeply if I thought there were people incapable of appreciating and approving this woman and the conduct of her life. I at least pray God to preserve within me a keen perception of nature's beauty and of the merits of my fellow-beings to the last moment of my life.

I was very happy and much moved as I sat by this lady's side, with nearly a century behind her; whose features betrayed a kind and friendly spirit, as she sat surrounded by the abundant evidence of her noble industry and intellect. Quietly and wisely she accepted my expressions of regard; blessed me in motherly fashion, and said she would be pleased to see me again if I cared to come. Beautiful, indeed, the dawn of her youth must have been, since her life's setting

glows with so much sweetness. A sweet, gentle niece lives with her; I do hope that the delicious creature may in all ways reflect her aunt.

And how superb the queen appears in this: Mme. Delany is the widow of Dean Swift's immediate successor (a curious freak of fortune as with me), then for fifty years she was companion to the rich and generous Duchess of Portland. The latter dies; apporions her large estate generously amongst the staff, the poor and her friends, since she has no children; remembers all except Mme. Delany; the whole of England is astounded; the queen hears of it, ponders; writes to Mme. Delany:

'You may possibly not be aware that I am among the heirs of the Duchess. She has left her well-beloved Delany to my charge and friendship; and I hope you will grant me the privilege of fulfilling this part of her last will, and settle in the house which I have ordered and where I shall often be able to see you—Charlotte——'

The queen had arranged everything with so noble, tactful and fine a spirit that every noble-minded, virtuous soul must surely love, bless and revere her for it. If only she could do all the good she desires and wants, how much more happiness there would be! But these limitations are also a test of higher virtue.

Filled with these and similar pictures I travelled to Countess Reventlow's at Richmond; clambered up many a lovely hill-side, the charm and delight of this island; surveyed the loveliest country from a height near Staines, and could still see the flag at Windsor flying for quite a long way, and the massive Gothic towers rearing proudly to the clouds.

At the large village of Staines a fair was in progress, and I noticed the same system as I had approved at the cattle market in London, for the cattle are all in separate pens; everyone soon finds his property without plaguing himself and the wretched animals, and the purchaser can view them more adequately. Farm-hands and maids very cleanly



dressed, bunches of flowers in their hats, stood here seeking employment, and were selected on the spot by peasants and peasant-women and taken right away with them.

There were a number of stalls containing wares for the country-folk, particularly gingerbreads and other goodies appealing to these country people; many of the wares, however, are placed on, or hung round brightly painted carts as though these were a stall; all the household commodities are very nicely worked, the copper and iron goods, joiners' and brushbinders' work unusually good.

From Staines the way leads between scattered villas, small ponds and tree plantations to Twickenham, where Pope lived, and then through the pleasantest of scenery to Richmond, up a lovely gradual incline to a bridge across the Thames. The glorious view of these hills, with hundreds of villas dotted about them, can be relished in advance, shimmering between the fine verdure; the small islets in the river; the meadows with jolly children skipping and people strolling there. Dear children, if you have read Moritz, Watzdorf, Archenholz and other descriptions of Richmond, then you will not find my expression in any way exaggerated.

Soon, through the pretty open town, I had reached the hospitable home of noble German von Reventlow. This acquaintance was the splendid result of my trip to Hamburg eight years ago. I was indebted for it to the hand of an angel—Emilia Schimmelmänn. I believe that from celestial pastures she still tended the friendship which she founded, so that long afterwards I might reap the fruits of it in distant lands. These two excellent people are very happy in themselves—and over here. Their nice spacious house lies at the far end of the lovely little town of Richmond; in fact, in the very heart of nature, which spreads a paradise before them: a sweet garden, or rather a carpet of lovely verdure extends over a scarce perceptible slope, with clusters of trees and bushes, I might almost say, cunningly devised, so as to make it seem larger than it is, and offering constantly fresh



views, now of the river, now of meadow-land or pasture, park and solitary villas; then there is Richmond terrace, which the charming Julia Reventlow took me to see before lunch already.

How gladly I would have addressed this charming woman thus: 'O thou, who with artless grace canst shine at any court or saunter across the meads with deep meditation for company, look around on nature, kindly and blossoming in all things as thou!'

Here, once again, I admired the broad regal splendour of Windsor terrace; yet felt the one at Richmond was more intimate; not so grand as Windsor but attractive. With awe one wonders at the might and majesty of nature at Windsor; here the thankful soul prays at the source of all virtue and beauty. Had I only enjoyed this one hour away from my own people, standing beside the noble German Reventlow and Schönborn, who deserve all the best that celestial bounty can bestow, yet I would always bless the hand that led me hither. This district alone merits a journey to Great Britain, if only to drink in the bliss unfolded there. May the blessings of God remain with these enchanting hills for ever, and pious happy folk inhabit them in thankfulness to the end of time.

A real English family from the vicinity lunched with us: the Burths—father, mother, daughter and son; the former about sixty years of age, a man brought up on British patriotism, the wife a good mother of a family; the daughter like a rose blossoming in rural glades, smiling at its own image in a pool; the son a young man of twenty, modest and quiet as if respect compelled his silence.

A completely English repast suggested the reason why such large dishes are to be seen in silver, pewter, china and crockery shops; to wit, because a quarter of a calf, half a lamb and monstrous pieces of other meats are dished up, and everyone receives almost an entire fish. But since England knows nothing of separate cooking for the servants, who partake of all the courses sampled by the masters, the

latter having first choice and the servants what remains—hence the large dishes and portions are explained. The blue glass bowls used for rinsing hands and mouth in at the end are quite delightful.

Dessert had hardly been touched, when the ladies, according to ancient custom, rose, and left the gentlemen alone with the bottle. We chatted together, listened to the countess playing the piano, and I considered Miss Burth's really sylph-like costume—a white skirt with wide border on which she herself had painted trailing roses; a bodice of pink and white striped taffeta, with pearls on the seams and bindings of the short sleeves; the simple straw hat adorned with real roses and a ribbon like the skirt. This costume suited her to perfection; she was amiable and fond of speaking French for practice. The rest of the evening passed very delightfully, and at six we took coffee, and tea at eight.

Count Reventlow has a true, noble, unruffled disposition. Schönborn, secretary to the Legation at the Danish Embassy, a man of great repute amongst our scholars and much esteemed by them, once consul in Algiers for a long period, expresses great satisfaction at having seen this land and its inhabitants, and at having been witness to the ill-starred landing of the Spaniards; he has now formed a correct estimate of the influence of laws and climate on character from his visits north and south, observing the people here and making notes on how they vary. I am very pleased at the friendly way in which he treats your brother, and the good Count Reventlow, having heard Carl express his wishes, is going to give him an opportunity of investigating a fire-machine and seeing the mill built on the Thames and driven by coal gas, so that two people can produce more flour daily than ten ordinary mills.

*Sept. 20*

A day especially marked out by heaven! Both in the moral sphere and on God's good earth. Reminiscences and letters

from the Stolberg circle. They recalled angelic periods of my life which are long fled, and only flit across my soul like bright phantoms. Noble circle, mayest thou live undivided through many lovely days to the honour of God, an example of righteous humanity: Brothers Stolberg! May you frequently experience the joy and surprise of the unexpected guest, and feel safe in the conviction that the brother is not more than two days' journey distant. Countess Louise, noble lady! Wise in jest and profound when earnest. Agnes, thy thoughts are counterpart to an angel's raiment. Catharina! my friend, newly roused muse of Sion. Countess of Bernsdorf, noble, worthy dame! Would that they were here with me in Richmond's paradise! I pretend you are, as I watch the heavens glide above this Elysium upon earth. God bless you in rich measure as He has given you virtue. Much moved I leave my writing-table, go to the window, survey the wide, magnificent horizon, and the Thames flowing between flowers, now past the palace, ornate with marble, now past some prosperous peasant's cot. The Thames, which shows this nation so much might and treasure, where merchant ships, swans and pleasure-craft float past one another: the foot of Richmond Hill, now hidden by the trees of a park jutting out, now abutting on to meadows covered with sheep. I can see all this across a laughing flower-bed and blossoming shrubs brought from the West Indies, in Julia Reventlow's home, perchance beneath the gaze of that angel Emilie, thanks be to heaven! She may read my soul and see how gratefully I bless her memory.

To-day with fervent joy I saw how friendship and active kindness could affect a noble character; the adorable Countess Julia lay ill; I was at her bed-side; she spoke about her noble, absent friends, showed me some of their letters, and I fancied that the touch and the unfolding of the beloved papers meant as much to her as the rapture felt by pious Catholics at sight of the sacraments; they affected both body and soul by cheering and comforting them.



The count drove with me, good old lady that I am, in his phaeton through Richmond Park to Twickenham to see Pope's garden; the lovely weather after many rainy days was lighting up this paradise afresh. By devious paths we drove swiftly through the wood, which brought a picture from Ossian to my mind, for four fallow deer, resting in the fine, tall bracken, sprang up, startled by the stamp of our horses, glanced shyly round, and scuttled down the bushy slope.

It pleases the philanthropic mind to see royal bounty dwelling in the royal park, and all at once, between forest trees, oaks and beeches, to come upon scattered habitations surrounded by flowery plots. Think of my surprise on beholding a house with pillars right in the middle of a wood; and on leaving this, at some quarter of an hour's distance, finding another villa, where families, liking peace and verdure and without an estate of their own, obtained permission to build a house and plant flowers all around. It made an indescribably delightful impression on me, did the vision of these stags, large tracts of fernery, oaks growing densely, and the houses in amongst them; nor can I well describe my feelings on seeing the valley, after we had driven along a delicious path with shrubberies on either side, running down into the sweetest village and afterwards emerging on to a bridge across the Thames where the grandest of prospects awaited us. As soon as the gentle incline of the woodland drops, bushes and trees are visible to the right, mingled with both grand and simple villas, sometimes situated on the plain or sometimes on the hill-side; the river, broad, flowing with slow majesty, forcing its way in amongst them or sometimes forming lakes.

Thus I approached Pope's residence, at present the property of an honest man, a Mr. Ellis, who treated it as sacred, and has made no alterations, except to build on to either side so as to make room enough for himself and family. I had already noticed the bank sloping towards the Thames from Pope's grotto, and the weeping willows, grown as large

as oak-trees, planted and carefully kept by him; as also the grotto which he himself contrived, using the basement of the house for the purpose and lining it with tuff. The main portion, where Pope's bust marks the spot which in the glow of life he chose for work or rest, lies at the bottom of the double flight of steps leading from here into the large room of his house. From this, down beyond this carpet of sloping verdure, the river and opposite bank and the lovely region on the far side can be seen; it was a clever inspiration to invent such a contrivance, for here he could sit in solitude, or bathe in the stream, feed the swans, watch the passing ships, the sun or the moon mirrored in the Thames, or stroll between the pillars of rock in the passage, dug out beneath the high road, across into his garden lying on the other side; it is poetically conceived, and its undulations are conducive to a contemplative mood and tender emotion.

On the highest point, encircled by fine trees, stands the monument which Mr. Pope had erected to his mother, translated in her ninety-third year. A simple pyramid with pediment inscribed as follows:

‘Ah Editha! Mater amantissima,  
Mulierum meritissima, vale.’

Count Reventlow taught me, too, that there is no need for pen and pencil in order to take a note, for he copied these words on to a card with a pin for me, as I was anxious not to lose them, wanting to use them here: ‘How happy was the woman, mother of so great a man, in being thus honoured by him.’

This kind lady, esteemed by all for her godliness and charity, lived long enough to see the laurels heaped upon her son from the age of twelve, when he wrote his pastoral poems, probably drawing his inspiration from the magnificent forest of Windsor, where his father lived. His intercourse with scholars and courtiers made it possible for him to write his *Essay on Man*, in which he claims to have combined philo-

sophy with delicate ideas for the first time amongst English poets, and he has schemed these poems so completely that they are considered by all nations to contain the finest moral lessons. His verses were so beautiful that Voltaire remarked, 'Pope has transformed the unpleasant whistle of the English tongue into the softest flute-like tone.' He died in this house *anno* 1744.

The garden is full of simple grace, and many Englishmen come here with their friends and families to read Pope's verse, but they all know so much of it by heart, that they recite it as they walk; which seems to me the finest compliment to his memory. Nor is there any house in England, or any garden of repute which does not possess a bust of Pope. I plucked a twig from the willows he had planted with his own hand, which I am going to take with me. These two trees, watered by the Thames, are kept so fresh that their branches all round are bowed and touch the ground, forming an arbour beneath which a table and chairs can be placed. I was much affected at seeing two swans swimming beneath the boughs, which dip into the river on one side; I should have liked to know Pope's last poem, as the curious custom prevails of terming this a poet's swan song, because according to the Ancients, these birds only sing before they die. I stood a few moments on the prow of the fine lawn which juts into the Thames, looked up the river, and beheld the myriad beauties of the opposite bank. I offered up fervent thanks to heaven and Count Reventlow for the precious moments.

In this place I dedicated Pope's lovely poem to a friend upon her birthday to my beloved daughters:

'Oh be thou blest with all that Heaven can send,  
Long Health, long Youth, long Pleasure, and a Friend.'<sup>1</sup>

You can easily understand, dear daughters, that I looked back tearfully at Pope's bust and the spot where, maybe, he

<sup>1</sup> *To Mrs. M. B. on her Birthday, 1723*—Sophie quotes the poem in full.



composed this lovely poem. Some moments later I recalled Voltaire's house and garden, which I had seen two years ago, all ruined and desolate; how different were the feelings stirred by these two visits.

We regretted that we had no tickets for Hamilton's garden, which we passed, and that only the side facing the Thames was visible, where, amongst artistically planted trees, the residence resembles a large, dilapidated Gothic church, with gloomy walks around it, provoking contemplation of things transitory. A broad, friendly avenue, on which we encountered a number of people riding and driving, led us back between country houses lying along our track or some distance away: we passed through some delightful country, and every moment furnished some fresh aspect. The spectacle of a party of women riding through this radiant countryside in mourning, with bands of crêpe on their hats, impressed me strangely, as in our own land and in France mourning is discarded in the country.

At lunch Mr. Barthélemy, French ambassador, Mr. Burford, a wealthy Englishman, and Mr. Hutton, legation secretary to the English minister who is to take up office in Spain, a wealthy, clever man, were with us. They were all astonished at the number of things I had already seen, and recommended us to have a look at the assize officer—Agar's—collection of paintings, regarded as the finest in London. This man derives an annual income of ten thousand pounds from his property, yet does not resign his troublesome post; he puts all his income into works of art, and takes his earnings from his work at the assizes for his keep.

The talk was full and varied, and touched on many important topics. The minister Pitt was discussed; one of the two elderly gentlemen said: 'Pitt as a boy was the model of all boyish virtue; likewise the youth; was the best son, brother and friend, just as in the end he will become the best minister at court.' How fine a testimony from a middle-aged, honest man of this great patriot he saw grow up!

Pitt's maiden speech, delivered to Parliament at the age of twenty-three, was recalled, when he was apparently already the greatest speaker there. I should like to see this man just for an instant, because of his and his father's immense reputation.

Mr. Eden's achievements were also mentioned, for he brought the promising commercial pact with France to a close, and received a gift of a large silver service and a salary of eight thousand guineas. His wife is one of Count Nottingham's four daughters. He purchased a portion of land for three generations, and as he only used two of them—that is, for himself and his son, who died without an heir—the daughters sold the third generation, for which each received thirty thousand pounds. The affair struck me as curious, that is why I mentioned it.

The charming countess played the piano and sang, while ten different kinds of wine were handed round amongst the men. Some wanted to put one of the countess's gloves into somebody's bag, and to send a rider after it to hold up the coach as highwayman, and, when the first shock was past, he was merely to demand the glove; this idea appealed to most as a very humorous one, for the wine had swept them far from all clarity, but the sober-minded count and his wife would not consent to it. The gentlemen stayed at Richmond until eleven at night, as at this hour the high road is far less dangerous than at six, nine or ten o'clock.

The post had brought a fine new composition by Catharina v. Stolberg; the count read it, and it gave me fresh ground for christening her the darling of Sion's muses, for she had taken the rescue of Moses from the Nile as her subject, and treated it with reverent grace and sensibility. The character of Pharaoh's daughter is excellent, both as daughter and friend of humanity; all the feelings which an affectionate princess should experience are delicately delineated, yet with profound knowledge. May the aristocratic circle constantly attendant on princes have this lady's maxims, then we should



see happier princes and happier subjects. But what a family spirit those Stolbergs do possess; how extremely good and noble they are! May ample blessings accompany their fortunes, just as their soul is the abode of every virtue.

*Sept. 22*

The morning passed rapidly for all of us. Your brother Carl went for a walk with Mr. Schönborn, and I had a short talk with the countess's Moorish servant! He saw to the coffee and brought it to my room. You know, children, how the negro fate has always been uppermost in my mind, and I always regarded them with sadness. I spoke to this fellow, in whom I saw traces of a gentle disposition, noticing too that he was quietly spoken. I asked him about his country, and how long he had been in the countess's service. He comes of a slave family on the old Count v. Schimmelmänn's plantations, who had him and several young Moors brought to Copenhagen, where they learned writing and arithmetic, some surgery and other things. He was not interested in medicine, and the old gentleman gave him to the Countess Juliana. He is happy, for his employers are very kind. He does not wish to see his native land again, for his parents are dead; if only his countrymen were a thousandth part as happy as he! I valued the memory of old Count v. Schimmelmänn, an important figure in Denmark, with whom I was acquainted, for he used his power over these hired bondmen, and the advantages of European culture, to give these miserable wretches a first taste of education. My love for the sweet, noble countess was doubled on hearing her praises sounded so lovingly and gratefully by this child of warmer climes, and I shall always keep the two copies of Count Friedrich Leopold v. Stolberg's verses, which this negro copied for me, for his beautiful hand is a proof of how unjustly we pride ourselves on being born with greater talents than these poor, black brothers.



The count and countess drove to a luncheon-party some miles away, and I returned to London with Carl; but spent the last lovely minutes in the garden, at the gold-fish pond, in the place where the countess sits at her writing-table, one of the Thames' islands in the distance and beautiful shrubbery all around her, writing letters to her absent friends, making garlands of her thoughts, everlasting blossoms with which to wreath the altar of friendship and of noble minds. Oh, if one day she would publish her pages in Italy or in this country even, how many pleasant hours she would grant humanity. She picked some flowers and leaves for me from her garden, wishing me good luck and embracing me for the journey, and I arrived in London to find my noble friend just about to go to lunch; spent the evening at a popular entertainment, where, in a large garden, between two rows of trees, a charming concert platform is erected; opposite this a number of nice little boxes, and beneath the trees to the right and left of the stage, tables and benches where tea, coffee and wine are served; whole families sit down to enjoy the verdure and fresh air with music and a pleasant supper at the same time. We found the good order, quiet strolling to and fro, and mannerliness of this large crowd of people, mostly of the small bourgeois type, very admirable, as it proves a general background of sound habits and ideas which speak well for law and education. It is only necessary to peruse the quantities of English newspapers and certain instructional articles in their columns for the surest means of judging, or so I believe, in how far the English as a nation have enjoyed superior schooling and instruction to any other. At home we think we have done a great deal for the common man by inserting a modicum of good sense in the calendars, which are only issued to the people annually; but in England and in London there are twenty-one daily newspapers, containing news of foreign parts and states and excellent articles on all kinds of subjects, poetry, humorous and witty passages, satires and moral maxims, historical and political essays in addition.

I already mentioned the Ipswich paper at Mistress Norman's in Helvoetsluys on that account, for this is only a provincial town, and yet so many ideas for one's enlightenment are contained in it.

These and similar thoughts passed through my mind as I wandered round this garden amidst such crowds of people, and I did so much wish that our great men would embark on such an undertaking, and so give hundreds and hundreds of honest workers, artisans and their assistants some respectable amusement.

I was very glad to have seen the populace at play, which closed to-day with the presentation of a large illuminated cascade. On some other occasion there may be a fireworks' display or some illuminated architecture. We drove past countless pedestrians, lamps and watchmen's boxes, which extend into the surrounding villages, back home.

*Monday, Sept. 22*

To-day Countess Reventlow fetched me, according to my request, as I had expressed a desire to see English gala dress; for this subject always lures our sex, and I was anxious to learn the taste and style. The king's coronation day was being celebrated. The attempt on his life had increased the number of his supporters, and a great deal of the nobility had come from the country to pay him their respect. I was vexed that English sovereigns did not also share the excellent scheme introduced by French monarchs; for all good foreigners, and the natives too, are permitted to view all personages of the royal house and the aristocracy from the gallery; I should have been interested to observe the English attitude towards George III, in the same way as I watched Louis xv's reception at Versailles.

The ladies' hoops did not differ at all, for the London ones are just as large as those in Paris; the train, however, which at Versailles trails as a mark of respect, is here held up for the



same reason, and only the queen allows hers to hang loose. It was a delightful moment for me, when I offered my hand to the countess for her to step into her hoop, to which the skirt was already fixed; it was made of silver floss, with twining roses, the petals all of foil, like a rose-hedge in which a beauteous nymph, garlanded with flowers, wanted to hide, asking me to lend a hand. The sack with sleeves was of the same silver floss, trimmed with rich blonde lace, flowers and pearls. Nothing is gained by fastening up the train, for a great length is required so as to form a number of deep folds as it loops. I accompanied her to St. James' Palace, saw many fine ladies and gentlemen, the former wearing a quantity of diamonds, which, however, the countess did not do, it being forbidden at the Danish court, and the noble lady remains loyal to her native traditions.

We wanted to see the court at Covent Garden theatre, but were at great pains to procure a box; for although Countess Reventlow had arranged to get seats and for some man to reserve them, yet there was no way of moving forward once on the large stairway; people swayed to and fro as though balanced on the waves, until those above had gained a footing. One eminent gentleman offered my noble friend his arm, and conducted us finally to our destination. I was amused to see what a rabid curiosity and lust for pleasure can do in a mob; but heaven preserve me from a second such experience, for some cried, 'I am dying,' 'I am suffocating.' Others lost their hats and cloaks; clothes were torn, arms crushed, and finally the cry went out that pickpockets were among the crowd. I had drawn my things around me as closely as possible, and clasped my bags tightly, so that they should be safe like my clothes. Many a charming person had to suffer for the lovely ringlets hanging over her shoulders, which were tangled and tugged enough to make their owners scream. For some moments I even thought we must look like a good performance of Hogarth's 'Overflowing of the Pit,' as things were at such a pitch that we were well-nigh



flung down the stairs. There was a crush in the box, but we occupied the front seat, and had the royal boxes and a number of the aristocracy facing us.

It was an extraordinary play called *The Belle's Stratagem*, and was well acted.

We had missed the entry of the royal family, but at their departure we noticed the sovereign's great courtesy, and especially the queen and the princesses, bowing to the boxes and the pit; there was an answering applause which shook the whole house. The king's and the princesses' boxes were decorated with a canopy and hangings of pink velvet with gold fringes; the king in scarlet, wearing the Order of the Garter; the queen in yellow and silver moire, with many brilliants, the princesses clad in white, also with diamonds—these likewise glistened from out the ladies' boxes.

We waited until all had left, so as not to get into the press. I thought the regard for humanity and liberty very beautiful, and almost sacred.

A man on very nearly the furthest seat in the pit called out to an actor in the midst of the play: 'Stop!' The actor was silent: the man said someone was ill, and must be got out. All are quite calm, though naturally every one turns to look. Finally the man rises and shouts, 'Go on!' and the actors finished their parts. Neither the king nor the great ones looked the least impatient: all waited quietly till the sufferer had been removed and the healthy had resumed their seats.

Sept. 23

To-day we visited the Chevalier Townley's collection of antiquities, in a fine house with some of the rarest and most costly ornamentations, which immediately strike one on entering, for in the vestibule already a porphyry sarcophagus of great value, vases and busts announce what is in store.

This leads into an apartment with statues on either side

placed between handsome pillars, making this room into one of the pleasantest I have ever seen.

A very slightly curved, or rather turned, white marble staircase, with a very elegant yet simple banister, took us to the upper story, where, according to a great specialist on the subject, we found treasures of ancient art; particularly the group of boys playing at knuckle-bones and wrestling together, made famous by Pausanias; one has hold of the other's arm, and is biting it so as to wrench the knucklebone from his grasp. An excellent piece preserved intact, but for one foot, for over two millenniums. A Minerva, with head of white, and helmet and breast-plate of black marble, of marvellous beauty. A bust of Marcus Aurelius; vases; bas-reliefs; most perfect examples of ancient beauty collected there, and what is more, exhibited in a room whose windows look on to St. James' Park.

Everything is tastefully arranged, and the proprietor, a man of great nobility and modesty, a traveller in Italy and Graeca Magna for four-and-thirty long years, Pausanias in hand, went digging wherever this writer, or any other poet or historian referred to some great or rich man's habitation, or the site of some former curious city. He was patient, paid his workmen well, so that they should put in careful work, and by this means obtained some very valuable pieces, and a thousand trifles besides, all parts of ancient history: rings, gems, some small gold trinkets, stones and corals. He speaks very good French, and told us how happy he felt on discovering an Egyptian alabaster vase, and lifting it out of the ruined remains of a large family vault with ashes and bones still inside.

He is a Catholic, and therefore excluded from holding any office at court or in Parliament; so courts instead, as he puts it, the bust of Marcus Aurelius, and offers supplications to heaven to send the Christians as good a regent as this pagan was.

I was loath to leave this chamber, where, from two couches,

with overhanging canopies, these valuable remains can be studied at ease, or one can muse on the ruined magnificence of Greece, while a turn of the head brings a number of pretty English ladies, out strolling, into view.

He also took us to his library facing the stairs, and occupying with these the centre of the house, and having overhead lighting likewise. On one side it contains a choice book collection, on the other a cabinet of coins and cut stones, and along the first row of shelves precious works in antique bronze.

From there we entered the living-room, where vases, dishes and drinking-vessels with paintings of Rome and other parts of Italy are exhibited.

Below there is another large room containing further piles of battered curios from the great ancient world, and the noble gentleman mostly spends his time here investigating, cleaning and piecing them together.

Our beloved Germany is not at all famed in the field of ancient works of art, though the Chevalier listened to our report of the Badenweiler finds with great enthusiasm, and made a note of them immediately, as he thinks there must be several more curiosities hidden there.

On leaving the great stone sculptures of the Ancients we arrived at Mr. Gray's to inspect the steel work of the Moderns, and admire a thousand delicate ornaments and instruments made from this metal. For whatever the most skilled gold craftsmen or diamond polishers can show, may be found in steel here artistically wrought, and most tempting, so tasteful is the moulding of every separate piece, to which the pleasant, I might almost say modest, tone of the steel contributed largely. Carl was presented with a pair of spurs by a man of much learning, and I wished they might spur him on along the paths of knowledge and good conduct.

We also visited Mr. Wendeborn, preacher in London, and author of the three instructive volumes on the state of religion, the constitution, of learning and the arts in Great



Britain; a scholarly, subtle-minded man, and very pleasant company. He showed us the copying machine he himself invented, which always requires the finest paper, best ink, and a good deal of intelligence if it is to be used correctly: the first and second, because the copy can only be read transparently, and the third since the paper has to be moistened just enough not to spoil both the copy and the original.

From Mr. Wendeborn's we went to the Exchange, first built in 1566 by a merchant, Thomas Gresham, and given to the city; burned in 1666 with all the rest in the great fire, when the present building took its place for eighteen thousand pounds sterling. It is 203 feet long and 171 feet broad, and, like the Exchange in Amsterdam, has covered arcades all round, rooms and galleries above, with statues of twenty kings and queens standing between the windows. Gresham's monument has a niche in the lower arcade, many of which are waiting to be filled by deserving men. The two entrances are decorated with pillars and fine architecture.

I followed Mr. Wendeborn's advice and read Addison's description of the London Exchange, which I shall also pass on to you, as it describes this important pile in all its many aspects. The excerpt will interest you. Addison says 'There is no place in London which I so much love to frequent as this Royal Exchange. It gives me a secret satisfaction and in some measure gratifies my vanity, as I am an Englishman, to see so rich an assembly of countrymen and foreigners consulting together upon the business of mankind. . . . Trade, without enlarging the British territories, has given us a kind of additional empire. It has multiplied the number of the rich, made our landed estates infinitely more valuable . . . added to them an accession of other estates besides as valuable as the lands themselves.'<sup>1</sup>

I confess, children, that here I should like to add some

<sup>1</sup> We quote the beginning and end of letter 69, from the *Spectator*, Everyman Lib. I, p. 260.

extracts from Thomson's glorious poem *Liberty*; but I am afraid you would not be carried away as I was by it. Nobly as a patriot of a free country, instructively as a clever man, enchantingly as a good writer, he contrasts the beneficent deeds of liberty with the misery of bondage; tells the story of Italy, Greece, of the later free states and our free cities; liberty comes to England and records the history of this happy isle. Glover's poem, *London or the Progress of Commerce*, is fine; it represents the history of the whole world's trade from the beginning. Should you ever read these two pieces and find as much pleasure in them as I, then your mother is at this moment the happy means of giving you some pleasant hours to come.<sup>1</sup>

Then we saw Mr. Hurter finish the two pictures of Charles and his wife Henriette, daughter of Henry iv of France. Encaustic painting is a fine art, and Mr. Hurter has brought it to perfection. I always regret that the spirit of modern times shows less generosity towards artists than formerly; for now Mr. Hurter is not going to complete his splendid scheme of painting each great painter's best works on six-inch enamel plaques. These two copies are taken from Van Dyck's fine originals in Kensington, and every finesse of the original is completely transferred to the enamel.

This was the first time I had seen Henriette of France. She is a beautiful woman, but must have been an unhappy wife and daughter, for her father was murdered by a fanatical villain and her husband by an ambitious hypocrite.

Sept. 24

This Sunday I looked through a species of genteel chronicle or so I should call the two Middleton volumes, which are rendered even more attractive by their delightful engravings.

During the evening we had tea with the estimable old de

<sup>1</sup> There follows a brief paraphrase of the poem recording the birth of Commerce, etc.

Granci, who showed us his collection of prints. The more I see this worthy old gentleman, the more I hope that culture may have as good an influence on myself and others as on this man, and may help us to retain so lively a memory of the ancient and such a taste for modern writers in conjunction with such kindness, courtesy and charity right up to the end.

Monsieur de Roverais, a native of Geneva, established over here, spent the evening with us. This man has enriched his national spirit by the addition of observations made in Britain, and seems to have trafficked in ideas as profitably as in bank-notes or commodities. He was intimate with a number of scholars, and related numerous humorous anecdotes from their private lives. Goldsmith's death pained us all, for he is a double loss: 'He inhabited prosperous London, yet for some days had nothing to eat; received some money from a friend in the street, and straightway took it to a baker's, purchased and foolishly partook of some warm bread, to which the English are so partial; but it meant death to poor, clever Goldsmith's empty stomach.'

I took Middleton home with me, and fell into a restless longing to possess it, for it contained a county history as well as that of the lovely country houses and their architects connected with the subject.

*Sept. 25*

To-day we made a pleasant trip to Osterley Park, Madame Child's country seat, widow of the late banker of this name, whose property amounted to 500,000 guilders. We could never have imagined such a place had we not seen it. It is eight miles from London, in the county of Middlesex, almost opposite the Duke of Northumberland's fine property, Sion House, and indeed they are the joint-owners of equal shares of the Sion monastery estates.

Queen Elizabeth presented Osterley Park to the famous Gresham, and the Child family had bought and rebuilt it. A charming path leads there, past the entrance to Sion House,



with a marble lion courant above the great portal of the fore-court, like the one on the top of the palace in London. Kew and Richmond are on the left, and it is a pleasant drive between sweet little villages and villas to this park, with its lovely winding path through the fields, where sheep were grazing, meadows full of handsome cows, past ponds and copses filled with fallow deer, towards a building with three wings, connected by a flight of steps and a white marble colonnade and four towers for decoration; the former lead into a hall inlaid with grey and white marble, and adorned with statuary, bas-reliefs, and urns.

As friendly Mr. Burth, whom I met at Count Reventlow's, had sent us a ticket admitting five people, we were led into the breakfast-room until the caretaker arrived, where we looked at some nice pictures, had a view on to the park and the very portion of the wood where the fallow deer were, and had the pond on one side and some fields and Richmond hills in the distance on the other.

From here the friendly woman conducted us into the magnificent library, where book-cases and reading tables are of mahogany, with gilded bronze ornamentation, two marble mantles beautifully worked, pictures above them by Zucchi, dear Angelika's happy husband, representing the muses of astronomy, poesy, history, and the genius of the fine arts.

The dining-room is very large, with delicious decorations, and looks out on to flower beds, and farther still on to the drive.

From here we came through a fine, tapestried apartment into a gallery 130 feet long, with large windows on to the garden, and a marble staircase on one side leading out of it. But on three of the walls we saw a collection of magnificent pictures. Charles I and the noble Count Strafford, who gave his life to save his king; both by Van Dyck and full length, so placed as apparently to survey one another from their respective walls, bringing their story vividly to mind. Then Titian, Salvator Rosa, Alban, Claude Lorrain, Correggio,

Murillo, and others besides; only one piece by each, but always one of the largest and most valuable. There are tremendous Japanese vases in there also, large enough to conceal Carl.

This gallery led into the drawing-room, where are some most superb hangings and chairs of Gobelin tapestry. We entered a green velvet bedroom next. Then one where all the draperies and curtains are richly, yet very prettily, embroidered. Another lovely room follows, and yet another, called the Etrurian cabinet, since its wall paintings are copied from one similar found in Pompeii; the chairs and tables are of Etrurian form, likewise the porcelain.

Upstairs we saw Mrs. Child's apartments; she is away in Switzerland at the moment. These are dainty boudoirs containing all the most delicate porcelain, gold and silver ornaments, and miniatures. More especially a collection of enamels, being the portraits of the Child family, and a number of them by the famous Petitot.

I was pleased to find my *Sternheim* in English translation amongst Mrs. Child's books, and on the fly-leaf I wrote down something of the joy and pleasure I had experienced at Osterley Park—in English, too, as well as I was able.

The Count and Countess of Westmoreland's apartments, with hangings of East Indian material, reminded us that by this marriage the countess, Mr. Child's only daughter, had caused her father's death. He would not consent to the match, but she eloped with the count, having slyly schemed to order and pay for all the post horses along the entire route to Scotland, where they were married, so that no horse was available should they be pursued. Mr. Child, who fell ill of distraction, forgave his daughter and her husband before his death, but left the mother in such complete possession of the entire estate, that should they give her the least ground for displeasure, she has the right of disinheritance; but they get on exceedingly well together, and the good lady is very fond of them both.

We then came to the guest-rooms across the large gallery, excellently planned so that the master's chamber and bedroom always faces the apartments of the chamber-maids and valets. It is impossible to think of anything lacking here, or to desire anything more delightful or delicious. We went down to the very lowest floor where are all the servants' quarters—kitchen, bake-house, laundry, housekeeper's lodge—all as spruce and clean as I myself could have desired my whole life long. The dairy and milk-room, however, surpassed all my expectations. There was an entrance in which milk and milking-pails and butter-tubs stood in splendid array, all white and with brass rings gleaming like gold; then down a step into the dairy where the milk was standing in large, flat china pans, especially made with broad spouts for pouring off the milk, around the four walls on grey marble tables. The fresh butter lay in large Chinese dishes full of water; charming milk vessels, china tumblers and butter saucers were strewn all around on marble slabs; it is impossible to imagine anything nicer and more attractive. Greater sweetness or neatness are impossible, and, to make the picture perfect in its way, the sweetest, prettiest girl in the world entered, wearing a grey frock, white apron and collar, with a small straw hat upon her lovely brown tresses, and brought us each a glass of cream and bread and butter with it, having as charming a presence and personality as though she were a daughter of very good family in disguise, while the inexpressible rustic simplicity and shyness of her eighteen-year-old countenance put me in mind of the description of a milk-maid in the English poem, *The Patriot's Virtue*, by Mr. Bodslay.<sup>1</sup>

I wished this dear creature at Osterley Park a rich farmer for husband like Patty had. And the housekeeper led us on through the poultry run, and across a fine spot reserved for washing, bleaching and drying, back to her own part, where

<sup>1</sup> ? Dodsley : a quotation follows, 'Patty, sweet Patty, who has not heard of her and her snow-white milk-pail . . .' etc. No poem of this title in Dodsley's collection.



we had to partake of some cherry brandy and very good cakes, so that the milk should not chill our stomachs. The supply of sugar and spice is stored in one of the four towers on the floor, which we term cellar. I was obliged to exclaim at the quantity of everything, at the tidiness of the china and crystal vases. 'Alas, how far behind we are in all such things, both for our own good and our kinsmen's.'

We visited the garden, especially the Chinese summer-house, where all the furnishings come from China, arranged in the taste and custom of the country. It stands beneath the shadow of a laurestine plantation, of which there are many in England, a proof of the mild climate, since these trees grow into woods in open country, bearing leaves two spans long and one wide, like the ones in Osterley Park. Imagine this wood, children, with broad paths intertwining and flowers dotted about beside them here and there, leading into a vegetable garden, and there again whole hosts of a thousand different flowers beside the vegetables; hot-houses containing hundreds of pineapples of unusual size; one for growing grapes, which, now that they are really ripe, are allowed to have the air so as to give them the fine fragrance which so improves our own grapes; but the stems in the greenhouses are trained in such a way as to make their tendrils cling to a trellis, and since there is no woodwork round about they form a large grape enclosure. We also noticed some very light and dainty flower-stands. Beehives made with peculiar care, so that their work should always be visible.

We hurried to Kew, as this royal garden is only open for another few days. The house in which the royal family is staying is of a noble, touching simplicity, but the garden is regally expansive everywhere—be it lawn, wood, pond or promenade. We encountered several people, and I was interested, having seen all that the South Sea Islanders possess of human industry at the royal museum and at Ashton Lever's, to see all their plants flourishing here with

the aid and care of a Solander, Forster and a Cook. It was an infinitely happy moment for me, as I beheld English horticulture, grand and unfettered as nature herself, adorned with European and American trees, bushes, and flowers—and in addition, various hot-houses full of Asiatic plants and flowers, and others from the South Seas, certainly not long enough, but just so as to be able to say that my eye had witnessed the whole realm of useful, nourishing and ornamental plants of earth and water—since the latter are sustained with water in large lead tanks. I always loved the plant world for its charitable actions; entrancing, curative, it yields up sustenance and support, offers itself ungrudgingly and unremittingly for our service and pleasure. Oh! how I long for a summer in Kew, wandering round here alone with Linné and Millar, and learning every form and virtue of these creatures and their history. I rested on a bench beneath weeping willows on the bank of a lake; withered leaves, whirled to my feet by the wind, reminded me of fortune's faded joys and glitter; I was something mournful, but grateful to heaven and friendship for this lovely day, and was certain that God, who knew my heart, would be satisfied with my intentions. I bade Him steel my soul, by the enjoyment of things lofty, against the burden of bitter grief.

Slowly I strolled up the slope where the Eolus temple stands in its pleasing ingenuity; it is circular and half open, and can always be easily turned round and adjusted according to whether one wishes to avoid the sun or the wind, or to see some other part of the park. The tower erected here, similar to the one in Nankin, is not made of china, and I confess that I cannot sufficiently overcome my dislike of all things Chinese to say much about it. In one of the fine houses we also inspected a hillock of rare flowering plants, a very pleasant sight, and my only regret was that my noble good friend was not well enough to share this day's enjoyment.

I spent the evening at a society where all topics of interest to an Englishman are discussed: 6d. a person is the charge.

I found a large, well-lit room, with benches and a kind of desk for the president, who handed the subjects up for debate. He then announces them, the speaker rises, and all are quiet and attentive.

The first subject to-day was: 'Whether it is useful or harmful to create a number of peers of the realm as has recently happened.' In the end the votes were counted, and the conclusion was: It is not harmful.

There followed a seriously farcical motion: 'Whether it was better for a man to beat his wife or for women to control men.' A speaker rose in support of the men, introducing all the faults of genteel and gross women, saying that the husbands in the former case could count themselves lucky from out their suites of apartments in finding one for solitary reflection and as a retreat, or in remaining unharmed outside his home; the common man could not do the former because of the lack of space in his home, and could not escape because of work, must therefore keep the peace by the strength of his arm, etc. Another stood up and took the women's part, decrying all the male vices in all classes; both were good speakers, and mentioned some unusually practical truths. A third rose and began to speak, but his memory or courage failed him; he was flustered and resumed his seat, though no one made fun of or laughed at him.

If I stayed here I should often visit these societies. A number of women attended, and the room was crowded with all kinds of people; this kind of pastime after tea and work is an added proof that common sense and reflection are very common in England, for there are a number of such societies, in London, as well as in other cities of the realm.

*Sept. 26*

To Fulham and Bartolozzi, the great engraver, whose works I had so often admired, having also seen the fine composition in which he is represented together with the



sculptor Carlini and the inventive genius Cipriani on one page. It was a lovely morning, and it seemed as though Apollo were favouring our pilgrimage to his rural temple. We encountered a number of people, riding and walking, as if half the town still wanted to enjoy the last bright days of autumn.

We came upon the eminent artist with his worthy pupils at a nice house situated in the midst of a large flower garden, busts of his friends in the alley-ways, and Apollo on a hill, overgrown with laurel, in front of his window. His rooms are charming and decorated with valuable drawings by Angelika and Cipriani.

In Cipriani's death two months ago art has suffered an irreparable loss; for this man possessed an inexhaustible fund of knowledge and beautiful imagery, combined with the ability to clothe each thought in noble form. We have no idea of what Cipriani was, but he is conveyed to one through his drawings at Bartolozzi's and in the latter's talk of his dead friend.

'The heavens preserve Angelika,' he said, 'for she is certainly the honour of her sex and of our century—the greatest woman, combining, as she does, a high standard of painting, a vast knowledge of history, languages, all the poets, and with the finest taste of her century. It is impossible,' he added, 'for her ever to have an imitator.'

How fine it is to hear such encomium from the lips of a fine, experienced artist! This was one of the most splendid scenes of my entire journey, this outpouring of a man's soul, a man so brilliant and so modest, over the merits of a deceased comrade and distant feminine friend.

I was most fascinated to note what grade of art his pupils had attained, at the same time observing that his mind had not only influenced their hand and vision, but their character; that they are noble and crave after knowledge; gentle and refined in manner, as if the image of the art-deity and his zealous disciple Bartolozzi stirred them to similar diligence

and awe. Mr. Hurter brought out some of his new enamel paintings, and Bartolozzi reviewed them as critic and connoisseur. It was amusing to watch the different types of interest shown by his pupils, as they first scanned the picture and then their master's face. Two young Englishmen should gain distinction one day, and an Italian already shows a masterly hand on the completion of Lord Chatham's portrait after West, at the moment when the count, speaking emphatically for the common good, swooned away. Afterwards Mr. Bartolozzi showed us all the copperplates he had engraved over a period of twenty years; the amount and beauty of the man's work is astounding. He plucked me a bouquet from the feet of Apollo in friendly fashion, and I received it gladly, as if the hands of some noble prince's distinguished son had given them me.

We then accompanied Mr. Hurter to Kensington Palace, where he is to paint Charles I and his consort once more for a French apartment. He secured permission for us to see the collection of pictures and the inside of the palace. I enjoyed a number of perfect Holbeins, Tintoretto's, Raphaels, Michelangelos and others. In the gallery are the portraits of poor Mary of Scotland; the appalling Henry VIII, who to my mind looks like a born hangman; his wife, Catherine of Aragon; her daughter Mary, who combined her father's cruel disposition with her mother's melancholy piety. Elizabeth in Turkish costume, as a permanent monument to her incomprehensible vanity about her figure. When she asked the ambassador, on his return from Constantinople, whether oriental feminine attire would suit her, he assured her wickedly that no habit better became her features, so he had to order a suit for her to be painted in, which is anything but beautiful. Such an array of the different periods of dress, of so many kings and queens, makes a curious spectacle. The rooms and the whole palace are panelled in large but simple style, like the view on to the charming artless garden.

We arrived home late, and did not go out again to-day.

I read the diary of Countess Emilia v. Schimmelmänn, whose maiden name was v. Ranzau, given me by the Countess v. Reventlow. It refreshed many memories for me, since it is concerned with her German voyage; her stay in Ems, and acquaintance with the noble house of Stein and with myself; her remarks are good, and extremely fine the conflict between her keen intellect and cautious kindness, for the former showed her so many imperfections, while the latter taught her to refrain from publicly declaring them. The traits of an English mentality are visible on every page, and the lovely writing is further symbolic of the system and orderliness regulating it.

*Sept. 27*

This morning, directly after breakfast, we went to see the sculptor Nollekens, where I experienced the infinite pleasure of meeting this clever, modest man, whose talent is quite equal to that of the ancients, as well as seeing a crowd of antiquities and inspecting his works, as they grade from the raw hewn block right up to the finished counterfeit of the great ancients. I also saw some busts of noble Englishmen: as, for instance, Savile, Mansfield, Spencer and others; then the superb monument which the Duke of Rutland is having erected at Westminster Abbey to his beloved brother Manners. Lord Manners died at the age of twenty-four, a naval captain in the American war, from a cannon-ball from the enemy ships, which deprived him of both feet. This monument is very large and very noble. A kind of hill by the seashore, on which Time is supporting a rostral column, and pendent from it the bust of Lord Manners, and, at the duke's command, those of two other honest officers who served and died at his brother's side; a sea-horse bears a Triton to the shore, who mournfully points to the likenesses; the spirit of fame hovers over the monument, laurel wreaths in hand. The second monument is meant for the garden of his country estate—Lord Manners lies dying on the sea-



shore, supported by the goddess of victory. The artist tactfully contrived to make the goddess in the image of the beautiful Duchess of Rutland, who gazes at him with a sister's tender sorrow, supporting him with one arm and offering him a palm of victory with her other hand.

I cannot tell you, children, what noble thought and execution is in this design; according to the criticism of connoisseurs the man possesses a great and true feeling for beauty; his figures have a noble bearing, gesture and costume.

Lord Spencer's statue is equally well planned and designed; Grief reclining on an urn on which is a bust portrait of Lord Spencer, and gazing wistfully at a burnt-out torch lying on the pedestal. This simple picture is of a lofty and noble beauty, and inspires a gentle sorrow.

I noticed with great pleasure that the artist was not only employed and supported by art lovers, but that friendship played its part; for Mr. Nollekens had over six bust portraits of the estimable Savile to complete for his friends, two of whom sent for him with great dispatch on the death of Savile, so as to have an immediate cast of his features. He showed us this mould, from which it is evident that the good man had passed beyond all feeling; for the warm, adhesive mass had torn some hairs away all round his forehead; the veins were still pulsing with the last beats of his charitable heart; pensiveness and spiritual suffering still left their mark on the tender, manly features.

I was much elated at touching three models for statues by Michelangelo, which Mr. Nollekens had brought back with him from Rome, as the sacred relics of art.

We lunched with the noble v. Reventlow at Richmond, where she had invited us all, but ill-health once more prevented my good friend from accompanying us.

We passed the great new bridge at Kew, and I was glad we were obliged to cross the old bridge, though with caution, as I had always enjoyed a sight of this bold, artistic creation, and should like to rescue from oblivion the name of the first man

to think out a means of erecting arches across a river firm enough to last for generations.

On the royal chapel in the great court at Kew the staff was still standing to which the royal standard had been attached while the court was in residence for a few days, and which will now be flying at Windsor again.

We met Prince Rezoniko from Rome, Count Woronzoff, the Russian, Count Luchesi, the Neapolitan ambassador, and Baron Buchwald of Germany.

Rezoniko, who had often seen me at Coblenz twelve years ago, in his conversation with me was much struck by the coincidence which brought us both to Richmond, and mentioned the delightful Frau v. Deden, whom he respects for her quick intellect and noble character.

Count Woronzoff conversed with me about his empress. All agreed with us that the art of looking after and entertaining guests had become so essential a part of social etiquette, that nowhere had it attained to such perfection as in this hospitable abode—all equally agreeable—from the serving-dishes, waiting, food and drinks to the plentiful abundance and pleasing attentiveness, the atmosphere of unconstraint, general culture in languages, and other subjects, music, grace and noble poise of an extremely charming, clever woman. But the discussion was interrupted by the fact that all these guests feared highwaymen, for they were all booked for the evening, and so had to leave for London much earlier than eleven; perhaps they needed their money for gaming, and hence could not afford to give it to the highwayman! So they decided to depart all together, as the robbers would hardly hold up four coaches at once.—This drove me, too, from this dearly loved house; but our coachman was drunk, and so could not keep pace with the rest, and I had leisure enough for anxious and gloomy cogitation on the imperfections of English litigation, character and education. I only hoped we should encounter one of these unpleasant gentlemen, like the one Mr. Duttan, English councillor to the embassy,



described for us this evening: 'That when in May of last year he was returning with two ladies from a country party, they were held up by a thief on horseback. One of the ladies noticed from his voice that he was young and still a little shy. She offered him her purse, and added very gently: "Young man, it seems to me that some misfortune has brought you to this; let him think how long he might live to be a righteous citizen in his native land, and how soon, on the other hand, an evil hour might lead him to a wretched death." In moved tones he thanked her for her kindness. The ladies were touched by this, and collected 150 guineas amongst their friends the following day; then announced in all the papers that the young man who had encountered two ladies and a gentleman at such and such a time and place in the evening, was to come forward and would receive a money instalment. But already, before this was fully public, the lady received a letter containing first many thanks and blessings for her humanity and kindness in thus addressing an unfortunate, and then a confession that he had really come to such a desperate pass through bad luck in gambling, but her voice, which still resounded in him like an angel's, had moved his soul.—He had ridden after her carriage and inquired for her name. He had used the money he received to pay off a gambling debt, and had gone to an uncle in the country with the story of all his mistakes, and her generous kindness. His uncle had forgiven him and blessed her. As yet, he had not courage enough to state his name until he could appear before her with the report that he was an honest man.'

This little tale had so much moved me that I undertook likewise to observe the voice of anyone who might attack, and speak gently to him. I was still troubled, despite the fact that it was almost impossible for anyone to hold us up, as scattered country-seats and villages form one long chain into London; but once such an idea takes hold of the imagination, cold reason seldom has any power over it.

We arrived home quite peacefully, met a great deal of



traffic on the road, and my son laughed at the highwayman and my alarm, despite the fact that he had seen all the gentlemen hiding their watches and only keeping a third of their money in their purses.

*Sept. 28*

To-day we visited Mr. Boydell's shop, London's most famous print dealer. What an immense stock, containing heaps and heaps of articles! The shop is on the Strand, one of the city's most populous thoroughfares, and has a view either side.

Here again I was struck by the excellent arrangement and system which the love of gain and the national good taste have combined in producing, particularly in the elegant dressing of large shop-windows, not merely in order to ornament the streets and lure purchasers, but to make known the thousands of inventions and ideas, and spread good taste about, for the excellent pavements made for pedestrians enable crowds of people to stop and inspect the new exhibits. Many a genius is assuredly awakened in this way; many a labour improved by competition, while many people enjoy the pleasure of seeing something fresh—besides gaining an idea of the scope of human ability and industry.

I stayed inside for some time so as to watch the expressions of those outside: to a number of them Voltaire's statement—that they stare without seeing anything—certainly applied; but I really saw a great many reflective faces, interestedly pointing out this or that object to the rest.

Then we entered an inner room and looked around there; finally I noticed a foreign lady perusing a number of landscapes with her companion. On hearing her speak German, I addressed her, and noticed how pleased she was at finding me here. How pleasantly surprised I was on making Mme. Prestel's acquaintance, and that on her own special artistic field. Mr. Boydell spoke of her talent with regard, and I hoped this noble race would do justice to this estimable and great artist.

And now we joined company, and followed Mr. Boydell, junior, an excellent draughtsman, to an upper story, where he showed us the best pieces in the shop and a nice collection of fine paintings hung on top of one another in a slanting corner of the room, which I will describe, as it may be of service to yourselves or one of your friends. Since Mr. Boydell's house is situated in the old city and is hence not planned according to modern method and leaves him very little room, he has made use of the corner space, filling it with nothing but doors a foot apart, five of which are as wide as the wall and open very easily after one another, so that on the side facing the window he can show a number of fine paintings with the light full on them, by means of this invention, keeps the dust off, and is able to hang them, for which purpose the remainder of the room was neither large nor light enough.

The room next to it is, however, lit from above, and devoted to works by native artists, and contains portraits of famous English painters, especially engravers; I liked Woollett best of all because of his artistic representation of trees. Next to this I chose a piece by Peters, a cleric, who portrays the figure of an angel leading a lovely lad in the full bloom of youth into eternity: a very excellent piece in lofty modern style. I have already seen paintings of angels bathed in celestial light, but I fancied Mr. Peters' light hailed from the dawn and the sun itself. Wainscot,<sup>1</sup> a historical painter, stirred me by his astonishingly striking accuracy of performance. There are two pictures of Edward iv's sons: the first shows the charming twelve-year-old Edward v in the Tower, embracing his brother, now likewise stolen from out his mother's arms and glad to have his boon companion and playmate with him again. The second presents the royal brothers lying close together in innocence, beauty and fraternal affection, asleep and hands tightly clasped as if they had grasped each other in horror at the dark, unfriendly room, or with some secret presentiment of their fate, had feared to fall

<sup>1</sup> *Sic.*

asleep—their murderers with a lamp, a satanic expression on their countenances. The impression left by these pictures must remain unforgettable in every mother's mind.

On another wall is the large canvas by Mr. Cosway, of General Piereson's death in Guernsey during the unexpected landing of the French in the American war. The painting is significant and expressive. It also contains portraits of the officers fighting beside the general, and of the Moor who shot the man dead at the very moment he had taken his master's life.

On this story twenty thousand guineas' worth of drawings are also kept, bought by Mr. Boydell for engraving purposes. In the auction of Cipriani's estate some, with a figure scarcely larger than a hand, fetched twelve, fifteen and eighteen guineas. Amongst others, however, a much more expensive one represented fortune as an unclad woman, standing with one foot on a globe, surrounded by several venturesome boys, who are climbing up her; one is clinging to her thighs, tightly clasping them with arms and feet; another is embracing her body, but she pushes his head away from her with one hand, and seems to want to shake off another who has clambered up one of her arms; one is hanging from her hair, which he has wound around his hands, and another from this one's feet—as often happens when a person only reaches the summit by dint of cringing at some great man's feet—but a couple of poor lads are lying on the ground. I thought it a new and very striking picture of destiny. Had I been a person favoured by her I should have made much more of it to-day, and bought a number of magnificent pictures; if I were to stay over here I should put Addison's saying into practice—'Things belong to him who enjoys them, not to him who possesses them'—and should often come here and view the collection and any new additions to it.

From Boydell's we went to the Wool Hall, built with arcades, but not very well maintained, as the wool is no longer brought here.

And thence to the Guildhall, or London's town hall,



where some labyrinthian, but very bright, vaulted passages lead to a great vaulted hall said to hold seven thousand people.

There is another monument to Lord Chatham here, and the statue of Lord Mayor Beckford, who protected the rights of the nation against the court, and who, according to the quaint prophecy in which the whole of London is to collapse, will be the sole survivor, thus sacred and immune even from temporal destruction.

It is splendid to read the testimonies to their merits, and the respectful blessings of an entire nation. I was further not a little surprised at the sight of a gigantic and solid wooden statue, in coloured jerkin and trunk-hose, near the above-mentioned pictures and some royal portraits, without the slightest reference to its meaning; but then it struck me that in a noble being low and crude ideas and sentiments are frequently mingled with great spiritual traits, and their occurrence and origin is also difficult to explain.

A delightful act of kindness took me from here to the medical society. As the daughter of a respected doctor I was bound to rejoice at the fine edifice. It is very beautifully built. I looked with awe on the busts of Sydenham, Harvey, Mead, as my father's friends, and had he lived over here he would also have received a monument in his honour. The memory of him revived with affection and reverence within me. I had often heard him mention these men, while telling me the history of medicine, as names sacred to humanity and learning. Sydenham and Harvey lived before him, Mead was his contemporary. The latter founded the bust to Harvey, and the University similarly honoured the memory of Sydenham and Mead.

I revered one room, consecrated to humanity, where all the poor are heard, advised and given prescriptions for free medicines.

From this house, which only calls up suffering and death to the imagination, I made my way to the Pantheon, where

none but bright and robust company attend for balls and concerts in the winter.

The main entrance is on the Oxford Street side, and its façade is copied from the Pantheon in Rome. The architect only half knew what he was about, though he certainly kept society in mind—and was acquainted with the decorative style to suit a building of that kind; and succeeded in spending the ninety thousand pounds sterling: but the astonishingly high hall, cut down below by colonnades, and surrounded by a gallery, is supposed to be unfavourable to music, for even Mara's splendid voice did not stand out there, as the sound becomes diffused. But it is excellent for masquerades; from these broad galleries where the statues of the graces and all the gods and goddesses are arrayed I should very much like to see English nymphs and sylph-like figures wandering in and out; for when the many thousands of wax candles are alight, the building is said to look entrancing. The tea-, coffee- and refreshment-room really requires effective illumination, as it is placed in the basement beneath the ballroom.

The Prussian ambassador's councillor to the legation, who comes from Neufchâtel, and knows the esteemed Generalin v. Sandoz and all my friends there, paid me a delightful visit at my home. His report that the excellent Mme. Bertrand was to have graced a post with the British princesses, and yet had preferred Frankenthal, was grievous news to me. So even the keenest mind can be shortsighted. My dear Mme. Bertrand would have been so worthy of the happiness of being with these princesses and their royal mother. It was also vexatious to know that there are six hundred Sandozes alive, for it is always desirable for a person of distinction to possess a name peculiar to them.

Count Woronzoff, a man of great nobility and distinction, also honoured me with a visit; and when he heard that I had been at Boydell's and Bartolozzi's he discussed this art with great knowledge and understanding; mentioning more

especially Cipriani's and Bartolozzi's merits. He said that before their time engraving had meant very little over here, but had now grown into a branch of commerce worth four times a hundred thousand pounds sterling. He hopes the nation will grant Cipriani's son a pension.

As he had been ambassador in Turin, and from there had made a tour through the whole of Italy, he showed great spirit and acumen in the discourse on the art, customs and character of this nation, which differs so intrinsically from England. He sings the praises of his queen, rather as an honest man appreciative of her merits than as a courtier or an underling delivering base flattery. I hope to see the good man at his home where he lives, the tenderest of fathers and of husbands, solely for his two children, offspring of the wife he lost and worshipped.

I do not think I am offending Her Majesty, the great Catherine, when I say that the private character of being an honest and excellent man, attributed to Count Woronzoff, made his visit just as valuable as his public function of ambassador. We spent the afternoon with our noble, sick friend, and the evening with the valued Hurters, where Mr. Granci was invited for tea and was glad to hear me speak of his beloved Lord Savile's bust. On my repeating Mr. Nolleken's encomiums he sighed, but said quite charmingly, 'It cannot even be said of me, "Blessed are they who die in the Lord, for their works follow after them"; Lord Savile's education was the best I have performed, and he has overtaken me.' I gladly remembered Jacobi's thoughts in the prologue to his *Elysium*, and so spoke the lines:

'A ray of his bright virtue goes before,  
It gently gleams on the nocturnal shore.'

Thus, I fancied, was the death of his unforgettable pupil.

I received another letter from Mrs. Hastings, telling me that she was calling the next morning. I admit I looked forward



immensely to meeting this woman personally, for her fate and the varied rumours regarding her reputation make her remarkable. I heard her story four years ago from a very estimable man and near relation of Mr. v. J——, who took her as his wife, first to England, and then to the East Indies, and left her there with two children in order to buy a home in Europe with the money he had earned by dint of toil and talent. She asked him for a divorce bill, however, and received it after four years, and then, before the eyes of the entire East Indies, became the wife of Mr. Warren Hastings, Governor-General of all the English possessions. Her faithful love for her mother, brother and other poor relatives have already impressed me favourably, and I await her with like regard and curiosity.

*Sept. 29*

After breakfast we visited the famous sculptor, Bacon, to see the statue of General Rodney, to be erected by the inhabitants of Jamaica as a token of their gratitude to his courage and ability in preserving their trade and their fatherland for them.

My first impression of the portrait made me wish immediately that Rodney would pay a personal visit to the island, and make use of this fanatical gratitude to persuade the proprietors of the too extensive tracts of land on this extremely fertile isle, to submit half of their huge possessions lying there untilled to other planters, and to replant their own half with those magnificent mahogany forests for their successors, for it is asserted that this wood grows most successfully on Jamaican soil, and that by dividing these vast acres, the property of some three hundred families, a hundred thousand extra people could comfortably be supported out there; this would raise the value of an acre of land, now only worth fifteen to twenty pounds sterling, to thirty and fifty pounds sterling.

The thought of some hundred thousand people living in

comparative prosperity absorbed me for a while, mingled with the idea that one of the largest tracts of land, endowed so bountifully by nature with fertility, would thereby flourish in all its wealth of beauty. And since a generous, frank and sympathetic nature is generally attributed to the inhabitants of this happy isle; that learning, a knowledge of the world and good taste dwell in their midst; and the women possess (when they wish to, one might add) a love of comfort and cleanliness, a bright disposition, humility, gentle manners, are clever with the needle, and the art of keeping house, I sincerely hoped they might all be alike in this, for affluent young men are thus prevented from keeping Moorish women, it is said, and enter more readily into matrimonial ties, and so the sons of these three hundred landed estate owners would certainly till fresh areas and bring up fine new families. It seems to me, if one were to tell the good English women of Jamaica that they could create happiness for one hundred thousand people by increased practice of these virtues, it would have more effect than Mr. Brown's method of heavily taxing untilled estates.

But let me return to the statue whose Roman dress reminds one of Roman agrarian laws. The figure is more than life-size, baton in hand, like a general commanding victory. The head is said to be an extremely good likeness; it has all the signs of a keen and contemplative man who has made a firm decision and is bent on carrying it through.

Perhaps chance favoured this monument, for at precisely the same time Bacon was working on a statue of Mars, and so had to acquire an intimate knowledge of noble martial bearing; his Mars is supposed to be much finer than the Venus which is to stand opposite the former.

I was sorry Bacon was not present when I heard his model of Venus adversely criticised, as I should have searched his face to try and discover what part of his character enables him to create a man stirred by ambition and imperiousness more successfully than a gently alluring, lovely woman. But

for another reason, too, I should have kept critics and artist in opposite camps, as the former not only found Venus lacking the infinite charms of the goddess of beauty, but also condemned her expression of modesty befitting rather the Venus Urania than the friend of Mars; for I thought it significant of Bacon and his critics that the sculptor aimed at a combination of beauty and propriety, while the latter desired a coy and sensuous interpretation. The battle was indecisive.

We saw the model for a statue of Lord Chatham, next a very noble picture in half-relief representing a nymph mourning, leaning against a pedestal, and from this there hung a cypress wreath to which she points with melancholy grace.

I never saw so many blocks of marble nor such excellent chimney dressings, unless I include the ones at Osterley Park. Garlands of fruit and flowers are so finely wrought as though the marble altered its very texture beneath Bacon's chisel and could be modelled like wax. I stayed a long while so as to watch the under-workmen employed on some delightful Greek figures designed for a monument.

Mr. Rigaud, a French painter and friend of Mr. Bacon's, came to make his customary inspection of the workmen, and we were thus given the pleasure of seeing all the models and completed works shut away in the ante-rooms.

He then took us through Bacon's garden to his own house, where he showed us a ceiling which he is painting piece by piece, and which should look very delightful. We also saw the original of the portraits of Cipriani, Bartolozzi and Carlini, and still more interesting a picture of the American, Joseph Brand, who became eminent as the leader of a party of natives, and came to London some years back, when Rigaud painted him full-length in national costume. The dress, strong colours and flame red which the native Americans paint their cheeks in battle gives him quite a grim and fearsome look. Rigaud also made an attempt to illustrate the story of the Duchess of C. from Adele and



Theodore, but his brush does not draw its inspiration from the genius which ruled the Genlis pen, and the pictures show very little of the tale.

I then hurried home so as not to miss Mrs. Hastings' visit. I was expecting to see an unusual woman, and was confronted with traits of delicate beauty, a fine figure, elegant in all her movements, kind, modest and very intelligent; she speaks a delicious fluent English and German still surprisingly well, also Persian, Indian and French. Her manner was that of a young friend meeting an elderly acquaintance again after long absence, glad to have her unusual experiences regarded with sympathy. This woman deserves to be liked, as well as admired for her subtle mind. She made a very correct and astute criticism of Mr. Hurter's enamels, and proposes to set a new fashion of wearing men's portraits in the buckle of one's belt. She spoke of her husband with grateful affection and respect, and gave frank intelligent answers to all my questions. She invited me to a homely meal *en famille* to-morrow, midday, as she and Mr. Hastings had come to town from their estate on purpose to see me. She returned home at half-past three; she was the subject of our discussion for quite a while afterwards, and then I visited the four Stevenson sisters' educational establishment, already mentioned above, having procured an introduction from Lady Fielding to her three nieces. Even for the parents and closest relations the only day reserved for seeing the young ladies is that of the main dancing-class, as they are not allowed too many diversions.

We arrived at a large house on Queen's Square; a liveried attendant led us from the pretty hall into the visitors' room, where the damask draperies, fine lustres fitted to the wall, mirrors and two sofas, in every way resembled the interior of a wealthy home. One of the sisters received me very courteously, spoke a very good French, and to my surprise was dressed in that fashion. She accepted our compliments with great dignity and then showed me a portrait of her

mother, saying: 'The happiness which this woman has given us, by means of friendship and education, incited us to devote our lives to education and the spread of culture with the sweets of friendship more universally amongst our sex.' Then she conducted us through an ante-chamber, where a very prettily dressed attendant was sitting with her needle-work, and opened the door of the apartment. I can find nothing to compare with the entrance and the spectacle it afforded, except those great English conservatories where flowers and magnificent shrubs are planted in blossoming hillocks or tiers. In the background of the well-lit hall, was an amphitheatre with green upholstered benches, where sat over a hundred pretty creatures watching the girls dancing; they also occupied the benches along the sides of the hall and we took our seats opposite the amphitheatre. Our entry was like a west wind blowing over a hill covered with lilies, orange blossoms, jasmine and white roses and causing them to sway gently; for they all rose and bowed, were all dressed in white, and only their unpowdered brown hair and green, red, blue and violet girdles cast a kind of shadow and broke the brilliance; the light, white caps lay in neat, almost fantastic folds, quite artlessly tied, and the curls in rolls on the prettiest of necks. Angel visions wherever our gaze roved, and the beauty of the pretty creatures was surprising, ranging from six to sixteen years of age. The movement along the benches of the amphitheatre was very sweet when it was their turn to dance, for they were exercised six couples at a time for minucts, and the same number for folk-dancing. I was just as pleased as they were when it was time to dance the latter, for at this age one is far more addicted to skipping than to the measured and tiring paces of the minuet. They have a good dancing-master and the girls are eager to learn, as they are already quite advanced and promise to make good dancers. I especially noted their shoes, and found that they were fitted to the foot's natural form as they would have been chosen in Greece in the time of Aspasia; made like the



Turkish slippers men are in the habit of wearing, of green, red or yellow morocco leather. I cannot describe how light and naturally graceful these young persons were, but such dancing certainly means more to the noble patriot than the greatest ballet in an opera, for what true humanitarian could look indifferently upon nearly two hundred young people in the purest bloom of life and talent growing up with virtue and wisdom for a guide; all daughters of good families, whose example will always be of great influence in their various counties and their own family circle. The excellent Stephenson told me that the annual visits home had not all been paid yet, and that they could not abolish this custom as they would like; for it increased the educational difficulties, as one or the other of the girls always returned with morally harmful or misguided notions which, however, they tried to turn to account as material for insight into human nature, thus making it a self-defence in life. During an interval I asked to see the Misses Bridges, Mrs. Fielding's nieces; the instructresses sitting on one side called them across and I saw three delightful forms between nine and fourteen years old, with beautifully moulded features, eyes, mouth, nose, neck and breast, a lovely skin and billowy brown curls on the finest napes in the world. When I spoke to them of their aunt, a sweet little five-year-old maiden<sup>1</sup> came running up and introduced herself. On being asked what she wanted, 'Oh,' she said, 'the Misses Bridges were called across to this lady, she is talking to my sisters and so I want to find out whether she would not like to speak to me too, as I am also a Miss Bridges.' Impossible to describe how adorable the little girl looked meanwhile. The Stephensons keep their methods secret, otherwise they would not have refused to divulge them to the Duchess of Milan. This much revered princess spent three hours in this house, inspecting everything; she found curriculum and lessons excellent, and particularly admired the way the girls are accustomed to orderliness and

<sup>1</sup> Diarist's inconsistency, see p. 247.



work, while they may learn anything that temperament and talents fit them for, for all their things are specially supervised, books, musical and mathematical instruments, paint things, personal ornament and dress.

My mind wandered to St. Cyr and all I had witnessed there for comparison; admittedly, if ever I had disbelieved in national cast of feature, I should certainly have been convinced by the spectacle and memories of to-day. The number of well-proportioned figures and fine features might amount to approximately two hundred here, but the contrast in character and mentality is striking. At St. Cyr a hundred faces sparkled, as numerous bright ideas played upon their features. While here, from out the greater number of large lovely eyes with their slower movement, there gazed a dignity indicative of pride. The French girl's fiery eye showed an obstinacy and spirit of fun. The English girl's bordered on coldness and reserve. At St. Cyr they were bubbling with merriment and joke, and seemed more readily amused and interested than the English, who are inclined to pensiveness and more enduring passion. I should not close so soon were I to relate all my impressions; but Cipriani would certainly have made the loveliest pictures of these varying shades. A memory of France occurred to me in arithmetical form—on admiring the lovely complexion and beauty of these young folk I wondered how many calves would one day have to be slaughtered, if the skin of these two hundred and twenty girls was to be preserved in perfect freshness by being plastered with veal still at blood heat, in the way that ageing French women on waking up treat their faces, breasts and arms so as to nourish the shrivelling skin and keep it full.

I only wished that now were the time for the dancing-masters' great annual ball, held in one of London's most magnificent halls, and where academy pupils of both sexes dance together; all the parents subscribe to it and dress up their children, sit all round as spectators, and are either amused or annoyed, according to the amount of applause

their children receive. I should love to witness Britons, old and young, at such a scene of petty vanities; but I shall have to forgo this pleasure, and only hope that the boys of distinguished people receive as fine and good an education as the girls in Queen's Square are taught good conduct and accomplishments.

Anyone who has seen or heard the Duke and Duchess of Milan, speak with high regard of both; partly because they were so natural and courteous towards every one, and partly because of their great respect for the arts and sciences and their desire for greater knowledge of them. The English people very much liked what the arch-duke said at Greenwich, namely, that 'He was no longer surprised at the number of excellent men in the English navy, as the royal provision made for old and invalid sailors must prove most encouraging to the young ones.'

*Sept. 30*

To-day we went to Greenwich ourselves. At the outset the weather was lovely, but changed to heavy rain during the journey, so that there was a dense curtain of fog on both sides of the coach which prevented our enjoying the neighbouring view; we could only notice that the route was a lively one, as we encountered a large number of riders and vehicles of all types. To our joy it cleared up a little around Greenwich, so that the majestic pile was visible from afar, rising sheer above quantities of ships' masts; but when we alighted it began raining again, so that my walk through the great peristyle was spoiled.

The six buildings of this hospital, which stand detached, facing the Thames, are not only large and extensive in character, but of grand and noble structure, creating the impression of summer palaces, which so many great lords had planned to build here, rather than of a residence for sick sailors.

The glorious river, where battleships and merchantmen,

built in the neighbouring Deptford, always lie at anchor, and the Woolwich cannon foundry adjacent, must bring back to the two thousand old seamen supported here pleasant memories of early days, about which they spin yarns to the one hundred and forty boys being trained for marine service.

Their dormitories are very pleasant; large, light and lofty, with cubicles containing glass windows on the side, where each has his own bed, small table, chair, wardrobe, tea and smoking outfit which he can lock up. No humanitarian with a philosophical turn of mind could be indifferent to the way in which they decorate their cubicles: a number of them have sea and land charts, with the voyages they have made marked out on them, or spots where storms have been overcome or battles fought, where they have lost an arm or a leg, or conquered an enemy ship, and so on; others have stuck figures of every nationality on cardboard, others of strange beasts in foreign lands, while a number have collected books in several languages with which they amuse themselves.

The corridors are wide enough to admit of eight people walking abreast. It is all beautifully panelled and the floor is covered with rugs. In the centre of each passage there stands a large fireplace around which a crowd of men were sitting; two of them had a bench in the corridor, where they sat astride, leaning up against each other at play; and beneath it was a chamber (in good old English fashion) for their mutual use, so as they should not have to leave their labours.

Everything is spotless. Each man has two white shirts weekly, and a hundred and four women are employed to do the laundry and keep the place clean.

Their dining-halls and kitchens are on the ground-floor, fitted with strong pillars supporting the vaulted roof; the tables are marble—they were laid—cloths and pewter are beautifully clean so that they should relish their large portion of meat and vegetables, and their beer mugs brightly polished.

I was very touched on seeing them approach from all



directions when the gong had sounded: across the quadrangles, along the dormitories, built in the finest Roman style, there hurried hundreds of well-dressed, contented-looking old men into the dining-room, despite their crutches and missing arms or senility.

The large chapel was burned down some years ago and services are now held in the great hall, which has pillars along the side walls so artistically and deceptively painted that they must be touched to convince one that the chamfers are not hewn. Had the illusory statues in the niches been Cipriani's handiwork, then this hall might have boasted the flower of this kind of painting. By the soldiers' benches I saw woven praying-stools similar to those in Windsor.

The quadrangles are paved with large slabs of Portland stone; the statue of Charles II stands in the centre, and two large globes carved from stone are erected here, one of which depicts Admiral Anson's voyage round the world.

We walked as far as the railings by the Thames. I gazed up and down this mighty river which is of such significance to the realm, and saw numerous ships near Deptford; pondered on the twelve thousand vessels employed by English commerce, the three hundred and fifty battleships which convey the wealth and character of the nation best of all, for they combine greater luxury and elegance and more real comfort than any other nation or type of vessel can provide: they are mostly copper-lined, possess ventilators to renew the air inside; lightning conductors; distillatory apparatus so as to make the sea-water drinkable in case of urgent need; bake-ovens so as to bake bread in mid-ocean, and that people should no longer be compelled to eat mouldy pastry; forges and quantities of dried tablets made from meat-broth so as to sustain the people's strength.

By this means both the danger and the difficulties of maritime service are diminished. All are well paid. And if one considers that this great trading realm possesses a merchant society which maintains an army eighty thousand

strong and having an income of six million pounds sterling, this leads to a series of reflections, arousing alternate pleasure and admiration at the ability and effectiveness of the human mind, and fear and horror at the abuse of these advantages.

The rain deprived me of a visit to Greenwich Park and Captain Cook's goat, which, after accompanying him on his voyage round the world and supplying him with fresh milk, had also earned the recognition of the marines and permission to spend the remainder of her days amongst the tars, where she may eat her fill without disturbance.

We went to Deptford and wanted to see the shipping wharf; but this was not allowed, and I was only rewarded while waiting for permission by seeing the carpenters go out through the gate for lunch, each carrying his ration of wood on his shoulder, while a number carried a large net full of shavings. A nice sight indeed, this crowd of family fathers with their domestic provision of tinder going to their midday soup, weary from their labours and honest toil. God! how small a portion of these six million guineas they help to earn, falls to their lot! They were mostly fine-looking fellows; many of them with the eye of a mathematician, still making calculations. In them I saw embodied the fine English schools, where the citizen's son, like the son of the aristocrat, is taught all kinds of mathematics and really good Latin. I am sure many of them will be reading the papers this evening and talking of the common welfare; watching for the names of outgoing and incoming vessels, glad to find some amongst the number on which they have worked, or to read of an institution doing honour and useful service to the nation.

The respect with which our coachman had to treat these working-people, not being allowed to turn in the narrow street until they had passed, gave me time to consider and contemplate them. In the meantime the sky had lightened a little, and we were able to see the fine surroundings and villas on the hill-side on our return drive.



I was touched to find an orphanage founded even in Deptford, and only hoped that the many houses bearing the inscription 'boarding-school' or 'educational academy for boys and girls,' would possess men and women for teachers with ideas as practical and manners as attractive as were the houses and district from the outside; for I was afraid in some cases mere conceit because of a fancied erudition, and an avarice promising itself great benefits, had founded such institutions, so that the children are tyrannised by the former and the parents fleeced by the latter, and in the end the children are either neglected or spoiled.

Mrs. Hastings sent her coach for me and I dined alone with her husband, herself and one of her friends.

They live at St. James' Place, and the main apartments have a view on to Hyde Park, which I thought was most fortunate, and Mrs. Hastings agrees with me, for she loves the beauty of nature and quiet repose. I had an extremely pleasant chat with her, and found she fully deserved the reputation for modesty and goodness of heart bestowed on her by all her acquaintances. Her general comportment is sufficient evidence that she can fill the position of vice-queen with dignity and charm. She is now forty-one, lovely still, and possesses a broad, pleasing intellect. In this house I also observed how careful people are with their pictures and household goods on removal to the country; all the frames are wrapped in paper and cloth and everything well protected; so I saw very little of the East Indian glory, but all the more of a great man's mind.

Mr. Hastings is of medium height and has one of the noblest and most manly faces I have ever seen: large, fiery, blue eyes, keen and friendly; a mind peculiarly adapted to great things, for I have never yet met with thought so precise, expression so terse, and remarks so subtle or an intellect so keen, tempered with such infinite charm. This man, once Governor-General of the East Indies, with twenty million people under him, showed us the pictures



he had had painted in India, of cities and districts, forts, temples and palaces, with gracious affability and without the least sign of arrogance. He has brought back diagrams of different parts of a great Indian temple, centuries old, combining Greek and Gothic styles of architecture of infinite work and beauty. On hearing my fellow-traveller express his admiration, Mr. Hastings said: 'You see how unjust is our European attitude when we take these people for ignorant barbarians; believe me, they are fine, splendid people.'

The picture of an Indian palace on the Ganges was magnificent; what a great thought it seemed to me: several hundred columns to support a room which is made up of a combination of squares and octagons culminating in an open gallery where an unusually fine view may be enjoyed. This glorious edifice stands at the point of a peninsula, around two sides of which flows the Ganges. Perhaps there are banyan forests there, about which tree Hastings related that it first grows fully twelve feet high, then twines its branches round until they curve to the ground where they take root, and out of their trunk the branches repeat the process, taking root once more, so that from one such trunk springs a forest of quarter of an hour's compass. Some of the country shown in his drawings was magnificent: the Tibetan mountains look grand, though they are partly covered in eternal snow, like Mont Blanc in Savoy.

I received a sad reply to my inquiry about the burning of the women-folk after the death of their men. This custom still prevails, strengthened by every possible prejudice; for it is not part of their religious creed any more than the burning of the unhappy captives during the Inquisition bears out Christian doctrines. Pride forces the Indian woman to her fiery death, for a woman outliving her husband becomes slave to all the harem, and she is scorned by all her and her husband's relatives: her hair is shorn, she has to perform the most menial tasks of the house, and is constantly tortured

with reproofs for her lack of honour and courage. The alternative, on the other hand, promises her the place of demi-goddess in another world, counts her amongst the heroes, and tells of her husband's eternal gratitude; just as both families are honoured by her deed and immediately raised to noble rank. The priests are also certain to seize all the jewels, gifts of gold and silver which this poor sacrifice to vain illusion brings to the pyre.

I have never met a European who did not shudder on being told this tale; and yet if we look round, the power of superstition has influenced us just as strongly through the centuries. Poor old women were burned for having a sick cow, just as the young Indian wife must burn for a dead husband, who often did not love her nor she him. What did the blind religious fanaticism of the Inquisition not perpetrate? and still does? Poor Indians, poor Europeans! I must turn from such reflections, they cast a gloom over my days and substitute no bright ones in their stead.

Mr. Hastings once received evidence of the strength of these prejudices. He took an Indian woman to his palace and tried to dissuade her from her intention by the use of every rational and emotional argument; but she held her finger in the candle until he fairly shuddered and opened the door for her, suggesting that she might dispose of herself as she pleased. Was not the charitable doctrine of Christian religion constantly misinterpreted by religious fanatics? Was it ever really pursued?

I wish I might tell Mrs. Hastings' narrative of her stay in Benares as well as she did herself, with that spirit of love and esteem for her husband.

When for twenty long days Mr. Hastings was in the gravest danger and defending himself against Cheyt Singh with all possible strategy and fearlessness, attempting meanwhile to spur on the loyal Indians, she was in Benares without news of him; yet had wisdom and courage enough to appear cheerful, entertain and pretend she was having the best news,



although all she knew was that a number of decapitated bodies were floating down the Ganges, and that such might be the fate of her husband and his friends; for which reason she spent her nights weeping and praying, but comported herself with calm and composure towards England's greatest enemies during the day; and finally a loyal Indian brought her a tiny note hidden in a pigeon's feather stuffed up his nose, bearing good tidings from her husband; for all previous messengers had been taken prisoner and killed.

Mr. Hastings assured us that Benares was only held by his beloved wife's courage and astuteness.

In Germany rumour is rife—but this woman fully deserves the hard-earned happiness she now enjoys, after a multitude of sorrows. I asked her about a number of anecdotes, for instance the one about the string of pearls thrown into the sea, which she had left in the basin after washing her hands. With a smile she said: 'No! I was not so foolish as to walk around the ship with handfuls of pearls during a six-months voyage; but my friend and I wanted to wash our pearls, as salt water is best for them. In the last basin of water I left one string behind, which really was thrown into the sea with the water. The young man was quite expecting to be punished, but it would really have been most unjust of me to wreak vengeance on him for my carelessness, as I had given him instructions to empty the basin.' She still has two Indian men in her service; but she could not keep the four maids she brought across as they refused to work any harder than in India, and wanted to lead exactly the same life; it is due in effect to this mode of life that distinguished people out there have to keep so many servants to get the work done, for the heat makes the limbs so languid that no one can do more than one piece of work, and having done this must go to bed and rest—according to Mrs. Hastings, who was obliged to do this herself, and only rose occasionally to fetch fresh linen and put new mattresses on. But when the sun has set, company comes and the evenings are spent as in London,



over tea, games, dancing and chatting; punch and ices are imbibed until dawn sees one home again by palanquin.

Here in London they live in retreat, as Mr. Hastings resembles all those who have lived in the East Indies; the damp, cool air gives them bouts of ague, so whatever company they are in, they return home at ten o'clock, read or talk an hour and then go to bed, but, contrary to English practice, are up again the next morning at seven. He loves his wife intensely, as also his king, and respects his queen.

Someone asked him whether he did not think England might one day lose India as she lost America. 'Yes,' he replied, 'in precisely the same way as she lost America—through the people in Parliament—in no other way.'

While we were talking about the Indian women being burned at their husbands' death, noticing my disgust he said, 'One should always observe the effects of zeal and how they may lead one astray, and mark the difference between an action carried out with pomp and circumstance and one effected by very simple medium, like that of the Roman matron Aria, who, hearing of her husband's death sentence, stabs herself with a dagger, draws it out again and offers it to her husband, with the words "Peto, non dolet." Such quiet simplicity will endure through all generations, will stir and win the sympathy of noble minds, while the Indian women's sacrifice kindles one's wrath.' In reply I admitted the great beauty of Aria's action, but supposed there were few people ignorant of the pain incurred by burning, which feeling increased one's horror at the Indian women's death. But I was argued down by a comparison of the fine picture of Queen Eleanor of England sucking the deadly poison from her husband's wound—and a woman who took poison as a result of some great passion—for the type of death was similar in these two cases, but the motive in the first case made it a beautiful and touching action, while in the second sympathy was mingled with repulsion.

Mr. Hastings' thoughtful and friendly mien is full of

grateful obligation when he hears an idea that pleases him; then he replies with some subtle observations, never saying anything coarse or ambiguous, even against his enemies, and all his remarks on Burke's *The Sublime and Beautiful* were great, simple and noble. I asked him to publish his collection of paintings and drawings of India, and to give them to some good young artist, not to the already prosperous Alderman Boydell.

*Sunday, Oct. 1*

We only took a drive to-day, and divided our evening between charming old Mr. Granci and the excellent Kirwan.

Granci was glad I admired Montague and had visited his grave; and I added my lament to the general lamentation for the death of Lady Eliot Pitt, sister of the minister, reputed to have been one of England's most noble ladies, and her loss is all the sadder for such a trifling cause; for her ladyship, who was only just recovering from a very bad confinement, and was sitting up for a short while, rose from her chair, which the nurse then withdrew, so that when she came to sit down again she fell so heavily that her already feeble frame was shattered by the shock, and death was the result. Her husband and distinguished brother are said to be overcome with grief. Both nursed and waited on her during her last hours, and after the dear lady had put her affairs in order in preparation for death, she invited her husband and brother to receive the last communion with her, and so seal their former harmony of ideas by this last sacred act. They acquiesced, and it is said none can imagine a scene more pathetic. Lady Eliot was now composed, and for some few moments appeared happy; then mustered all her strength, thanked her husband and brother for the love they had shown her, and requested them to leave her for ever.

'My soul has no further desires on this earth,' she said; 'what my body requires the nurses will administer.' And so she took her leave, peaceful as an angel after wandering

this earth for a short space, looking back at virtues performed along the way; and forward at the eternal bliss to come.

Kirwan mentioned the death of the great physicist and chemist, Price, who gave a great deal of time and labour to the investigation of metals, and finally laid claim to the certain discovery of a method of turning silver into gold<sup>1</sup>. . . .

Mr. Kirwan praised your brother Carl, asked me about everything I had seen, and wished we had come in the spring and taken a number of short excursions into the country; he would have accompanied us on some of them and introduced me to some quaint moral characters, so as to have thrown greater light and shade on my remarks.<sup>2</sup>

*Oct. 2*

This morning Mr. Hastings, his wife and Major Scott, renowned for his loyal friendship and great oratorical gifts, called on me. I was astonished to find so great a character in this florid, pink-and-white man, one who champions truth and his persecuted friend so staunchly, and I liked their noble, simple manner towards one another.

I asked the major how it was that his friend was persecuted, and received the reply that in the mixed monarchical-republican government of England, just that violence and sincerity of character were interwoven which were uppermost when Athens' fortunes were at their height; men of excellent merits and great popularity were treated as traitors to the common good, and complaints from jealous and self-seeking enemies, knowing what power lay behind the mob, were used to stop the love and respect which it should render any man of real distinction.

This little demonstration of the fine art of rhetoric made me wish to listen once to the parliamentary debates, since I

<sup>1</sup> Anecdote of Price's demonstration, failure and subsequent suicide omitted as irrelevant.

<sup>2</sup> Anecdote of some of Kirwan's students and their whimsical relatives omitted as irrelevant.



admire this part of English liberty intensely—it is a fine thing for a man with a love and knowledge of truth, or one recognising harmful mistakes or noticing the errors made by authority, to be allowed to stand up and speak on behalf of the common good or for the rights of some persecuted individual, with his whole mental perspicacity and out of the warmth of his heart. This public use of our rights is of far more value to the general welfare than the bitter gibes and complaints, to which private societies and their humours give vent, as is the case in other realms and governments.

Mr. Hastings displayed great knowledge as he discussed some enamel paintings and mathematical and physical instruments which he noticed in the room, shown us by Mr. Hurter's eldest son. He was especially taken with the device for demonstrating how a sphere in constant revolution must finally become flattened on two sides, as happened to this earth of ours.

I was most pleased to hear a man of Hastings' ability praise my dear friend Hurter as a man of genius, and I thought Hastings was to be admired for not allowing his knowledge acquired in earlier years, and love of science and literature, to be obliterated by the tedious political and involved constitutional affairs in which peace and war, nations and individuals, wealth and commerce demanded his whole attention. I promised very readily indeed to go to Beaumont Lodge on Thursday and spend the whole day with them. Mr. Hastings wrote down the route I was to follow, and said as they were leaving, 'Come early, as we rise at seven, and have a great deal to talk about.'

This afternoon I took a walk up and down that lovely Oxford Street, so as to take a good look at all the houses and the numerous shops. Our imagination, dear children, is not nearly big enough to picture the quantities of inventions and improvements. I found another shop here like the one in Paris, containing every possible make of woman's shoe; there was a woman buying shoes in here for herself and

her small daughter; the latter was searching amongst the dolls' shoes in one case for some to fit the doll she had with her. But the linen-shops are the loveliest; every kind of white wear, from swaddling-clothes to shrouds, and any species of linen, can be had. Nightcaps for ladies and children, trimmed with muslin or various kinds of Brussels lace, more exquisitely stitched than I ever saw before. I already wrote you about the petticoats for infants of six months to hoary age. People, I noticed, like to have their children with them and take them out into the air, and they wrap them up well, though their feet are always bare and sockless.

I ventured another stroll to Green Park, adjoining St. James' Park, and was surprised at being able to walk so many miles, was glad to strike some of the streets in which the butchers are housed, and interested to find the meat so fine and shops so deliciously clean; all the goods were spread on snow-white cloths, and cloths of similar whiteness were stretched out behind the large hunks of meat hanging up; no blood anywhere, no dirt; the shop-walls and doors were all spruce, balance and weights brightly polished. Bread likewise laid out on white cloths; the assistants are decently clad, and the master fairly courteous, though no Englishman will ever pay one compliments, for they are not taught cringing respect for people of rank or affluence; they know that their greetings and thanks are unbidden. I saw a number of people standing near an engraver's, in front of some caricatures, the subject of which was the life and marriage of the Prince of Wales; they are sold to the public. The bridal-chamber struck us, partly because of the picture of Danaë whom Jupiter conquered by means of the golden rain, token of the worldly qualities of the lady, who holds the prince enthralled, and partly because of the three ostrich feathers, the Prince of Wales' crest since 1346. We laughed at the change wrought by 440 years. Edward III's son, who so distinguished himself in the battle of Crécy by his wisdom and daring, tore these three feathers from the King of Bohemia's



helmet, a party to the French side which Edward overcame through his son; this picture presents them upside down on the bride's night-chamber. We also saw some portraits of Count Cagliostro and his wife and numerous reproductions of the royal family, which I should have liked to buy, as I thought them good likenesses. Soon after I was in Green Park; we sat on a bench near the lovely lake, and I rejoiced for all the good people in this large metropolis who cannot afford country-seats, and who wear their eyes out at their daily toil, and are always inhaling the atmosphere of their own room, that they could rest their eyes of an evening on the verdant green, refresh themselves here in the air, on this large friendly plot sown with trees, and far from all the stir, where none but rural, pleasant objects meet the eye; for even the royal palace presents an intimate bourgeois aspect from here, as from St. James' Park, so that the idea of sovereign or monarch can scarcely oppress the passer-by or spoil his recreation. My good Helvetian friend, who was with me, agreed with these remarks, and added that every honest man could confidently look upon this bourgeois palace, as he knows that in the king and queen are combined every virtue of paternity and motherhood. Some reflections on the national character followed; I thought it a very happy thing for the children to be allowed a freedom of ideas, certainly the main source of the peculiarly healthy mind to be met with more in England than anywhere else. Admittedly, with Wendeborn one agrees that Oxford and Cambridge produce arch-pedants, the Methodists arch-fanatics, the governing High Church arch-orthodoxy, while there are many Englishmen who would favour royal despotism; but a wisdom true and noble, just moral sentiments, respect for the worth and value of humanity keep the balance. Freedom of thought, speech and writing, a general taste for the greatness and simplicity of truth and beauty of nature give England the advantage of distinction and happiness.

So we entered the interior of St. James' Palace, which in



many ways bears the marks of its original design, as its architectural purpose was to erect an institute for sixteen spinsters and eight priests suffering from palsy, who were got rid of when the palace of Whitehall was burned down. Henry VIII enlarged the premises, keeping the name St. James, its patron, and made a royal residence of it. Certainly a remarkable change in inhabitants and visitors to the house—first, the most despised of proprietors, and then the most eminent in the land—formerly an asile for sickness, from which everyone fled, now often the meeting-ground for the grandest beauties in full splendour—as a hospital the hope of few people, as St. James' cabinet the focus for the whole world and the hope of many thousands.

On St. James' Square we hired a hackney, wishing to take the nearest way home, but had to retrace our steps owing to a big fire in one of the streets, which lasted till eleven o'clock at night and burned nine houses down. From Mr. Hurter's we could see the smother of the upward flying sparks. One of our friends went off to have a look at the blaze, but was surrounded and buffeted by a number of people; when he got free he made the discovery that his purse, containing three guineas, had stayed behind with the mob; he was surprised at having kept his money in his pocket, as he had taken precautions to leave his gold watch at home; so it was a dear lesson that he learned.

*Tuesday, Oct. 3*

To-day I saw some more encaustic painting, read some Middleton, and about the conditions of the arts and sciences in the England of 1750 as described by the Abbot Roquet, so as to compare his remarks with those of Mr. Wendeborn.

A good German artist paid me a visit, giving me some letters for his relations and asking me to put in a good word for him about his marriage. A sweet and lovely orphan, sixteen years old, took his fancy and he hers; he did not

want to add to her misfortune by seducing her, and married her, hoping to earn enough to support her; so they rented a room and a bed; the young woman cooked and managed matters, but when she was expecting, there was no way out but to go to one of the excellent institutions to be found in almost every quarter of London, which homes bear the inscription 'Maternity Home for the Wives of the Poor,' since for those unfortunates who are unmarried there are yet other establishments. The former are meant for poor artisans or working-men's wives who have not money or room enough to look after mother and child; these go with a certificate from their parish parson to the managers of the institute, announce the date of confinement, receive a ticket and are taken in a fortnight previous, being nourished meanwhile with strengthening foods so as to live through their child-bed, and for six whole weeks they are given a good bed with nice white linen and all possible attention, when they are finally presented with a cot and swaddling-clothes for the child. So they return fit and well to husband and children, ready to superintend the housework again, and the men meanwhile have been able to put all that their wives might have cost them into the savings-box. I had already marvelled at and given my benediction to these institutions, but repeated my views with twice the fervour now, as tears of gratitude and blessing rolled down the man's cheeks, and the praises of numerous other honest, hard-working citizens of London left his lips. These charities seem to me to belong to some of the best national features. I am wife and mother and know the pain inflicted by nature on those in travail, know the heart's anxiety for a beloved, newborn babe, and can imagine what a poor, helpless woman must suffer in such circumstances, both on her own and on her child's behalf. Every one of these thoughts increased my blessings on the sacred ashes of that loving heart which, wrung with similar conceptions, endowed the first of these foundations for poor, honest family mothers, dividing them respectfully from the fallen women,



thus adding to his good action and helping to bring up healthy workers for the home country; for how often are the poor, honest man's children ruined by poverty, and the mother, too, or else they remain with her in stricken and sickly state.

I enjoyed the comedy at Drury Lane: firstly, because, charming Countess Julia at my side, I was to see the famous Mrs. Siddons play; and secondly, to see besides a number of Englishmen and their families, for whom I had come to have a high regard. Before the curtain rose I glanced around on them with sincere respect and tenderness, and my gaze remained fixed on some of the ladies' boxes with the thought that not far from me one of the noble souls, may be, was sitting, who had contributed to the erection of a home for girls over sixteen, where they are educated by honest widows, rescued from poverty and seduction and formed into good, useful citizens.

The Archduke of Milan and his wife entered their box opposite to Lord North, my lady and their two daughters—a curious family, none of them having the least trace of beauty, otherwise so common in England. And now the play began: *Venice Preserved*. Mrs. Siddons kept my attention completely riveted on her: to my mind there is no greater actress in existence, nor any whose figure could be better suited to lofty tragedy; greater reality or unstudied grace are not to be imagined, much less seen. This piece is well suited for introducing every kind of talent; Belvidera takes the stage in the part of wife and daughter, and acts with a truth which charms and ravishes; men and women wept with pity for the excellent woman whose keen perception, sensitiveness and knowledge of the human heart teach her to adapt expression, gesture and exact change of tone to every moment, so that one forgets the play, thinking and acting with her; one wants to weep, indeed to cry aloud; and despite this work and study, this woman is a good mother and housekeeper, as will be seen by the following incident. A



large party, which was recently fascinated by her acting, decided at supper to send her a gift next day, accompanied by verses in her praise. One of the gentlemen paid her a visit himself on this day, and found Mrs. Siddons at her sick child's cot, rocking it with her foot and holding another at her breast, her new rôle in hand, which she was learning. The company was so affected by this tale that it wants to publish an engraved portrait of this estimable lady in this position, without any alterations.

*Wednesday, Oct. 4*

I spent this morning with Countess Reventlow in her London house, where I saw her portrait (painted by Angelika in Rome), and almost felt that the brush in a woman's hand refused to do full justice to another woman's beauty; for Julia's features and expression are not there; the pose, however, is very delightful, as if the countess were in her garden hurrying past a rose-shrub to meet a friend. In the other rooms there are some fine souvenirs of her Italian trip, evidence of her good taste. The count and countess had copies and pictures made by artists of the great masters' finest paintings, and of the loveliest spots they came across. It was exceedingly pleasant accompanying them through these apartments, hearing the origin of first one, then another picture, and their delicious reminiscences on coming upon a fine landscape rising above the sea; this is where we breakfasted, or saw the sun set; and noble too was the modesty of the countess, who refused to admit she was as pretty as her portrait, and quite seriously accused dear Angelika of flattery, at the same time relating this great artist's most sterling qualities, amongst which her amicable reception of strangers strikes one most, for she shows them her pictures and drawings as indifferently as if they belonged to some unknown person, thus hardly letting the admirer so much as surmise that he is lucky enough to be listening to Angelika herself.

During the afternoon I also called on the Heinzelmanns, and was much affected at the sight of Count Schulenberg's beautiful young widow still weeping over his portrait and letters, and heard her mourn the death of the child she had loved, and tell of his budding talents with true maternal affection. And as they took this opportunity of showing me their son's excellent handwriting, I learned at the same time one of the nice methods employed by the educational academies: a large sheet of paper is engraved with an important event chosen from the current year, and beneath the picture the children have to write out the story relating to it as a handwriting test, and they give it to their parents in the Christmas holidays. The dear lady quite rightly complained of the coolness with which the count's family had treated him, her child and herself.

*Thursday, Oct. 5*

To Beaumont Lodge this morning and to Governor Hastings'. A charming, delightful journey past the loveliest villages and villas along the winding banks of the Thames. I shall for ever retain the memory of the impression of repose created by the peace and simple beauty of most of these country houses and their open, spacious gardens. The road winds quite imperceptibly uphill, and the magnificent river, with swans to give it life, its tortuous bed, bordered by a myriad plantations, shimmers along through the fertile valley. I saw peasants at work and families with bright, merry children strolling on the front lawn, just like the intimate and charming illustrations of English prints. On approaching Beaumont Lodge there is quite a broad incline, and the path, twice intersected, meanders along between fine lawns which slope down from the house like spread carpets over the hill, and leads to Beaumont Lodge, an old English residence surrounded by tall trees, likewise a pretty house quite large enough to accommodate hosts and guests, and a very welcome sight.

The reception-room is very large, luxuriously furnished, with a fine Indian carpet and a piano for decoration. From the oriel window, formed by a kind of tower, there is a fine view of Windsor and the entire park, with an occasional glimpse of the Thames and Loddon in between. The reflection of the pink-and-white shimmering curtains with sea-green edging and fringes, and the rich verdure of the trees outside, give the room an extremely pleasant light. A delicate scent of roses, emanating from a rose essence manufactured in India, perfumed the whole house, even outside on one of the garden paths.

We spent an exceedingly pleasant day here in the company of these people, whose fate has been so remarkable: his was the simplicity of the true philosopher, full of the wisdom of experience; hers the friendly modesty which always casts a grateful glance back at the past. She answered all my questions about her education and fortunes straightforwardly, without the least concealment, and he replied to those about my company with wit. This time it was even more evident than the first that this man combines those two excellent qualities—intelligence and gift of language; brevity and subtlety of expression, never one syllable too much or too little—thus he always finds the loftiest form and tone for his ideas.

I do hope my ardent desire that Hastings should write his Indian reminiscences and remarks about Europe will be fulfilled. The genius of government-craft and philosophy would read them with pleasure and profit; and if his wife's biography were recorded by a friend to humanity and truth, the malice and falsity which have so far pervaded the narrative would be astounding.

I shall never forget the walk in the park at Beaumont Lodge, where, on the arm of this rare and lovely woman, a magnificent prospect before me, I advanced towards one of the earth's most fertile regions, and in the course of our conversation perceived the finest impulses of a generous soul,



which is so thankful to heaven and sympathetic towards mankind, that it would be unfair of me to conceal it or leave my sincere regard unexpressed.

In this park I saw a fine grey Tibetan cow, with both her young, and several other Eastern animals.

In our gradual ascent we had climbed to the top unexpectedly, where from under the shade of high beeches and oaks an infinite panorama spreads out before one to the turrets of Westminster and Windsor, and the course of the Thames, as it travels past hundreds of villages and country estates. How superb, how beautiful nature is here! How diligent is the poor man, how tasteful the prosperous dweller on this indescribably lovely plot of earth. To Mr. Hastings this large area is the merest phantom of the province he governed in East India; he added, too, that he regarded it all as his property, and was glad his country residence occupied a site from which he could overlook everything.

I thought it a delightful trick of fortune to have placed me beside the Governor of East India, to inspect animals from that clime, wrapped in an East Indian material more costly than silk, much lighter and also much warmer than the latter.

Mrs. Hastings tied a shawl round me before going out in the garden, as she thought my cloak was too thin. I accepted it, as one never hesitates to borrow a cloak from a friend, but when I wished to remove it, with a most charming expression on her face, she said that I was to take it back to Germany in memory of the wife of the Governor of East India.

She spoke with understanding of her sojourn in India, of the customs of the inhabitants and those in England. She entrusted me with some presents for her mother; a gold watch, amongst other things, for which at the moment she did not have a case, so took one belonging to an oriental watch set with pearls, which gave me an opportunity of seeing her pearls. One can only have an idea of them by seeing them for oneself, but finer than this wealth of gems was her character itself.

When I inquired about a portrait encircled by large pearls, she said: 'It is Miss von Schwellenberg.' I do not know whether I made any comment, but I inspected the portrait closely, and she continued: 'I shall never forget that Miss Schwellenberg was my benefactress, giving me dresses and linen when I left for East India.'

This open confession of her former poverty and grateful remembrance of the charity she had received, was just as valuable a moral phenomenon as the size and quantity of her pearls were a remarkable spectacle of the physical universe.

Mr. Hastings was asked whether he had had any children by her. 'Oh,' he interrupted, 'my happiness would indeed be great were I to have children by this woman.' As the talk proceeded, he wanted me to see a picture of part of the Ganges he had had painted, so as to commemorate the love she had borne him for others as well.

As the heat of the summer often made Mrs. Hastings ill, she lived on the water during the hot months; had a number of ships round her, and if she tired of the neighbourhood, moved farther up or down stream and lay-to again. Once, when she was four hundred miles from Calcutta, the river rose from the melting of the snows in the Tibetan mountains to such a height that she was forced to land. But scarcely a few days after she told one of the officers from her guard that she felt very restless, and had an idea Mr. Hastings was ill, and she would like to go to him. 'Impossible,' was the retort, 'we have no elephants with us to carry you, and the river is so high that by water it would mean imminent death.' 'Never mind,' she replied, 'order two small boats for yourself and me, and do not tell a soul; to-morrow, before daybreak, I want to leave.' She did this, and, to the amazement of the whole city, landed safely; enters the governor's palace, inquires and hears that he is dangerously ill. 'Didn't I say so?' she said to the officer. Hastings, who was dozing lightly, noticed some stir amongst the people round his bed,



and finally asked what was the matter. He was told that his wife had arrived. He is astounded; she falls on his neck, and his joy effects a crisis which saves his life. Then the officer told what she had done, and how the hermit on the rock of the Ganges had prayed, fearing for their two frail craft, and blessed them, as usually this storm demolished everything. In token of his grateful affection, Hastings had these rocks, the boats and sorrowing hermit painted.

Another picture showed a fine edifice, their abode in the East Indies, with the elephant they used to ride for short excursions, a small bodyguard around them. Myself a Swabian, I was intensely amused at hearing another Swabian's accounts of her journeys by elephant.

We were to spend the evening and some few days with them; she wanted to show me another part of England, but chance decreed it otherwise, and so I left Beaumont Lodge with quantities of good wishes for its inhabitants.

I have never seen finer silver ware. French and English dishes were served; under each dish was a thermo-lamp lit with spirit, which gave the beautiful crystal glass a pleasant spark. The wines were very rare, and the dessert service, I imagine, of genuine Indian porcelain, and magnificent; we also partook of East Indian rice, the grains of which are about half as large as a bean, and steamed tender in Indian fashion.

Two Indian boys, thirteen to fourteen years old, waited on Mr. and Mrs. Hastings. They have longish faces, beautiful black eyes, fine eyebrows, sleek black hair, thin lips, fine teeth, a brownish complexion and kindly, intelligent faces. East Indian is a very soft language; Mrs. Hastings talked to them at my request, as they understand no English.

I spent the evening at Windsor with my dear Mme. La Fite, where I met some English ladies, and Mr. de Luc's charming daughter, and was introduced to Mr. Küttner, an estimable German scholar, who has already lived over here a long time as tutor to the son of an eminent English family, and who is responsible for some of the best information on



Irish climate, character and custom; for his letters, published in 1785, belong to the finest and most complete sketches of this truly strange land, which is less known even than India.

I felt grateful to him for having noted Lady Salton's noble patriotism, for she spent a considerable time touring Holland so as to familiarise herself with all the improved processes of linen bleaching, and handed the results to Ireland where weaving is already such an art.

I also heard the tone adopted by an English lady when finding fault with others, especially when the criticism concerns women of unusual merit, as on this occasion when Mme. Thrale—a friend of the famous Samuel Johnson, to whose biography she added some penetrating notes—and Mrs. Macaulay were reproached for their indiscretions. The first, for marrying her daughter's music-master, and going to Italy with him; the second, who enjoyed great respect as a famous historian, for marrying a young arch-humbug at the age of fifty. Convincing evidence that wit and learning are two qualities quite divorced from wisdom; for it is said that few women possess such a good mind as Mrs. Thrale (now Piozzi), and even fewer the great scholarship of a Mrs. Macaulay. Wise reflection might then have made such rebuke unnecessary.

Literature was largely the topic of conversation; and as this goes hand-in-hand with the fine arts I was curious to make the acquaintance of rich Mr. Locke's son, who is considered the greatest genius of historical drawing; his father is setting him at liberty to pursue this natural talent, and the very finest work in this line is awaited from his hand.

*Friday, Oct. 6*

I visited Miss Burney to-day, and was introduced to a charming Miss Planta, of a good Graubünden family. She spoke of the minister Pitt's fraternal affection with great spirit and feeling, and, with emotion, related how he mourned

the loss of his sister before the king and queen, and both their noble majesties had shed a tear in memory of her virtue and for the honest man's grief. How fine is such sympathy! How fine of the great Pitt to say: 'I have lost more than just a sister: Lady Eliot was my friend, binding me to my good principles; cheering me when I was cast down and weary. From her earliest years her noble soul encouraged all my generous impulses.' What testimony from such a brother! She had truly earned her place as the great Lord Chatham's daughter, whom she too early followed to her resting-place at Westminster by his side.

Then we went to Leonard's Hill, seat of Lord Harcourt, whose wife is friendly with the queen. Would that all those whom I love and revere had made this trip with me, so as to share the pleasure and the memory.

On the summit of a gently rising slope, right in the very middle of the forest of Windsor, which can be viewed from here on every side, lies a well-built and tastefully furnished house. The way winds in between oaks and beeches, from which now and then the loveliest views can be had; finally, one comes to a drive, on one side of which stands the gardener's lodge, on the other, the gatekeeper's, as finely built as those in the royal gardens in Paris. The watchman pulls a bell, so that those in the house, which lies some distance away, know at once whether the visitors are riding or driving. The path then leads between laurel bushes and flowers towards the arcade into the house. A sad mischance, however, had called the countess away suddenly, for a courier had come from Spa, bringing news of Miss Danby's death, her only much-loved sister, whereupon Mrs. Harcourt straightway hurried off to comfort her mother. As I could not see the noble lady, I asked whether I might look over her house and garden. The stewardess, who knew my friend very well, willingly assented, and I saw over a house fine enough to delight a prince in our country.

The countess's workroom not only does her credit because

of the fine tapestries she sews, but because of the number of large and excellent drawings she has executed, for she has drawn all the districts visible from Leonard's Hill, and in addition, those from which this noble country house can be seen. They are all half a royal folio in size, so masterly in execution, that I was unjust enough to marvel how a lady could attain such a high degree of finish and so selective a vision.

The reception-room is glorious, and contains, as do all good houses over here, chests in the finest workmanship, holding the necessaries for all kinds of games, and lined on top with books of all varieties and languages; a piano, music, violin, and anything required for concert purposes on another side; numerous sofas and all kinds of arm- and easy-chairs; ladies' work-tables besides, so as all the guests may do exactly as they please. There are large French windows to the ground, whereby glorious views of the finest parts of Windsor may be had from any portion of this beautifully appointed room.

The breakfast-room, where they drink tea, is very appropriate, and is also ornamented with Chinese windows, porcelain furnishings and panelling, and is situated on the same side as the garden, into which a colonnade, built along the house and decorated with statuary and flower vases, leads one.

Two balconies run round one side of the guest-rooms, offering one a breath of fresh air and at the same time an astonishingly distant and indescribably fine view, since the house is situated so high up.

Everything was in order; flowers all over the place; pleasant odours were wafted towards one from all the numerous rooms. In one I found an extremely fine portrait of the Countess Coventry, formerly one of England's greatest beauties, who was married very young and taken to court from the country at a time when great festivities were in progress; here the old king asked her whether she had already seen many things—and received the naïve reply: 'Yes, your Majesty, everything; except a coronation!'



The bedroom displayed yet another aspect of the countess's industry and good taste. It is hung with a delicate monotone pale-blue chintz, with a border of the sweetest flower-garlands embroidered in blue of the same shade on a white ground, similarly the curtains, quilts on both the beds, and chair-covers.

The charm and simplicity of this room are inexpressible. All the delicious rooms and balconies on this floor run along one passage, round an oval billiard-room which is lit from above.

The dining-room is very large, and caused me to wonder whether the feast of the merry fox-hunt were not sometimes celebrated here, described by Thomson in lines beginning thus:

‘But first the fuelled chimney blazes wide,  
The tankards foam; . . .’<sup>1</sup>

The original of this society picture must be very hideous, for even poetry cannot embellish it; and it must never defile this hall.

We returned past flower-beds, one of which was being laid, over large plots of tall bracken in a myriad variegated hues and infinitely lovely prospects, skirting Sophia Farm, home, where at Mme. La Fite's I once more enjoyed the society of Miss Burney and the estimable de Luc family and learned of Mrs. Siddons' excellent remark. On being congratulated once by the king and queen for her gift of portraying every character with such truth, she answered with modest pleasure: ‘I am supposed to interpret the thoughts of others so well, yet cannot even tell my own.’

*Oct. 7*

They want me to meet Mrs. Montague yet; not because she is proprietress of the finest house in the whole of London and has nine thousand guineas a year besides, but since she

<sup>1</sup> Sophie's paraphrase of lines 502-561 from Thompson's *Autumn* omitted.

is the most learned of my sex, and has a generous spirit, too. I was, in fact, to meet this greatest and best of women, but was prevented by some misunderstanding. May blessings rain upon that hour which the highest good ordained. Resigned I will subject myself to the power of a hostile fate, and never cease thanking heaven for allowing me to behold this land, so long cherished, with my own eyes; and to enjoy the spectacle of nature's beauty here, and the friendship of noble beings who by their kindness gave me further pleasure. Indeed, how much the acquaintance of a Captain Phillip might have meant to me!—who as Cook's lieutenant accompanied him on his travels, landed with him on the isle of Owhyee when the great man was so treacherously murdered, and Phillip, the duties of a good officer in mind, had at this tragic moment to double his efforts on behalf of the living, so collected his people together and was himself wounded by a dagger which an islander thrust into his neck from behind. Phillip swam to his boat, the dagger firmly lodged in the wound, numbered his party, noticed a man unable to swim, whom the boat could not reach because of shallow water, being pursued by the barbarians—Phillip plunges, dagger, wound and all into the sea, bringing the man safely to the vessel which bears them to the big boat, where he finally has his wound bound up.

Dear, noble Burney! How well you told this tale! How pleasant your voice sounded, and the delicate flush upon your countenance as our gaze was fixed upon you. Beauteous soul! You should have been born in Newton's house, consecrated to Queen Charlotte, Burney's daughter, and the sister of this Phillip.

A delicious reply escaped her lips when, during the general mourning over Cook's death, someone expressed the view that he had fulfilled his mission, and it was time for him to die. I would not have stirred a finger to save him. 'That,' said Burney, 'is a very sublime way of considering Cook's death.'

We then hurried past Colnebrook and Hounslow, with their vivid memories of Grandison, to Richmond and the Countess Reventlow, and another enjoyable day.

*Oct. 8*

I have at last torn myself away from Windsor, from dear, honourable La Fite; alas! from so much that has become sacred to me, and to-day have cast a last look at the hills of Richmond. Yesterday they were bathed in sunshine, but they look stormy to-day; I can hear the rustling of the trees, half bare of leaves, and see dusky clouds scudding across the lovely landscape like excited indignation over the beauteous features of an otherwise peaceful, noble soul, causing expressions of anger to escape it. Thou wilt soon become merry again, fortunate horizon! Pour into the souls of my dear friends that blissful emotion which overpowers me here, and make all those living with thee as happy as I have been. Lovely plot from out my God's own earth, I shall never see thee more, flourish on. May heaven implant virtues on thee as manifold as are thy charms. You regions of Windsor and Kew, may the angel of God watch over the days of the royal father, the queen mother, and their worthy children!

My heart is sore. I must leave, tear myself from the pleadings and invitations of the noblest of friends.

Blessings upon you, estimable Count and Countess Reventlow, wherever heaven may lead you, blessings as bountiful as your friendship was generous, and your spirit noble.

Oh God! What do other days mean compared to these spent amongst such beings, and with Schönborn in Richmond.

Yet one more glorious hour in London culled from the hand of true, loving friendship—the count had us driven through the park to Chelsea, so that I should experience this one further pleasure. Indeed, these two often wrestled together in my life; my good dæmon wishing me well, and a hostile destiny bringing nothing but ill. So I saw yet another



lovely region; and the military hospital, where the land forces are tended like the seamen at Greenwich.

I wanted to pay my respects to dear Mrs. Webb's friends, but found them out; so we had a look at Ranelagh, which is now quite forsaken, and discovered from the inscription on the portrait of the architect hanging in the hall that the house is named after him. It is a round hall, large and lofty, built like a temple, which consists entirely of a series of open boxes all around where parties of music-lovers sit, eat and drink, which process may also take place in the gallery above them. In the middle of the room there is an immense stove, nicely decorated, and on both sides stalls for the musicians. The ground, stairs and passages are covered with rugs, for it would be impossible otherwise, against the tramp of several thousand pairs of feet, to hear the concert or the singing; for loud speaking or any other sound is never heard in England on such occasions, even in the biggest crowd. Manners have not changed since the time of Mme. du Bocage in 1750, who painted the scene far more charmingly than my pen can depict it.

I will copy the verses which she sent her sister about Ranelagh for you, dear daughters, since you may not have her letters handy, for your amusement and my justification, for since a French lady gives such expression to her feelings my encomium will not be wholly attributed to bias. She had seen Vauxhall before coming to Chelsea and Ranelagh.<sup>1</sup> . . .

I feel there is nothing more to add, but that her picture is still true. I was glad Carl saw the room at Chelsea to-day, for the noble pursuit of science has often led his footsteps hither to see the fire-machine, and discover whether there were no improvements which he might take back to Burgörner and introduce on the machine there.

<sup>1</sup> Here follows an abbreviated account of Vauxhall '1/- entrance, evening illumination and concert,' Ranelagh 'less noisy and ornate' and 'preferable' to the former, then a faithful reproduction of the poem entitled 'Ranelagh' to be found in *Recueil des Œuvres* de Mme. du Bocage, Lyons, 1762, Vol. III, letter iii, April 15, 1750.

At midday I found my esteemed friends the Hurters very well, and very pleased at my return. Some visitors called during the evening, and there was a great deal of praise of the commercial pact with France, as it should prove very profitable to manufacture, and Pitt is even more popular on its account than he used to be. Good, noble Granci was also there; there was some talk about the real courtesy of the English, consisting not in words and ceremony but in deeds.

Afterwards I was taken for a drive, and so saw the gardens at Vauxhall myself. They are fine and large, as is necessary for the inhabitants of London, numerous and wealthy as they are. Half this excellent area is occupied by boxes, where people can have morning breakfast or eat and drink during the evening; at the back of these boxes there is either a fresco painting or a mirror. The rest of the garden is divided into attractive walks with tall trees and green walls on either side; in the evening there are three thousand lamps alight; a kind of Gothic tower stands in the centre, with a gallery for music on the middle floor, and an organ, of which, especially since Handel, the English are extremely fond; his statue adorns the best position. On the new grounds stands a large round temple to Apollo, and a monument to Milton. In the large, covered hall the pillars are rose-coloured, inlaid with silver, as if they were made of that fine stone quarried in Alsatia, which would make them very valuable indeed, as, being so hard, it is much more expensive to work on; this is the reason why this very excellent stone has till now lain unused. These magnificent columns lead to a section of the room containing four large paintings from modern English history and the full-length portraits of the king and queen.

This portion of the room offered me further insight into the national character, weaving as it does the spirit of patriotism most nobly into its amusement, for these four pictures portray none but the deeds of Britons who have contributed to the

kingdom's greater prestige. The first shows the surrender of Montreal to General Amherst, who afterwards named his country house Montreal. The second, Admiral Hawke's victory over the French fleet. On the third, Great Britain is handing out laurels to Granby, Albemarle and Townshend; and on the fourth, Lord Clive is seen taking homage from an Indian Nabob. On another side there is a theatre where only certain pieces are presented, as landscapes, for example, with cascades, which can be heard rushing down, or artistic views which give an optical illusion with the sea in motion. Sixty thousand guineas' profit are reckoned during the summer, contributed by the Londoners and surrounding population.

The tea-gardens are also charming, there being crowds of them in England, particularly around London, where good middle-class people foregather and drink tea in the open. Foreigners will always admire the excellent service, cleanliness and orderliness of these establishments, and find the good behaviour amongst the great mass of people interesting. On the drive home I often raised myself in the carriage, so as thoroughly to enjoy the sights to be seen in this neighbourhood. I saw Lambeth, too, the seat of the archbishop, beautifully situated on the Thames, and the view from Westminster Bridge showed me St. Paul's for the last time rearing up above the clouds, and Somerset House, the fire-machine and the three round towers of St. George, all the same height. Once more I passed by the magnificent parade of the Horse Guards, and on my arrival home found letters from Hastings and my dear noble Countess Reventlow awaiting me.

A visit from Kirwan lent zest to the evening, who talked to me about his life and ideas on social matters with most charming frankness, giving me messages to Salomon Gessner, for whom he has an exceeding admiration, and telling me that the entire English nation was likewise agreed upon the works of this noble, gentle spirit, or else Gessner's writings would not



have reached their eighteenth edition. He also commended and gave his blessing to your brother Carl.<sup>1</sup> . . .

. . . The evening closed with tests of an electric machine designed for the Republic of Berne, with two cylinders, whose sparks shoot out some twenty inches, and which is very excellently made.

Some more nice things were said about Carl, and so I concluded a very happy day.

*Oct. 9*

To-day Mazanti, former conductor of the orchestra in Würtemberg, visited me. His conversation pleased me, for he not only praised the Englishman's generosity towards the teachers of his children and to artists, but also the conscientious treatment he received from several families who had gone away for an indefinite time, yet paid him all bills owing for that period as if he had demanded it of them. A man of good principles, energy and modest bearing, he assured me, might always count on happiness in his old age, for the remuneration for the first lesson was three, for all subsequent ones, one guinea.

He sang Mme. Mara's praises unstintingly, and said that she had earned her good fortune of making three thousand guineas a year, by diligent application to her art: though she had almost failed because of the Pantheon, the structure of which gave the voice no chance at all, and since she sang there on her first appearance, when her loveliest notes were lost, many would have condemned her, though she received six hundred guineas for twelve arias.

I then went to buy a trunk, making yet another satisfactory excursion into the spirit of English craftsmanship. The shop

<sup>1</sup> A lengthy digression giving the full contents of their conversation on (i) science, Kirwan's early life and work; (ii) physiognomy, a dubious eighteenth-century scientific craze headed by Lavater; (iii) the Burney Family and well-known anecdotes of Fanny's childhood and burning of her writing given in A. Dobson's preface to *Evelina* and elsewhere; (iv) tales of the 'Eccentric Lord Monboddo'; (v) 'Wicked Lord Lyttleton's' famous dream in 1779, in all of which there is nothing new, as a glance at the *D.N.B.* will reassure.

to which I was taken was full of trunks in all shapes and sizes; they were all shown me very pleasantly, and I was told quite candidly—‘On this side are the best and most expensive, and I guarantee them even if they were booked as far as India and filled with stones; but on this side you will see some which must not be packed with heavy things if you wish to go a distance. Choose whichever you prefer.’ I took one at 14s., for, as it has to be embalmed, I thought it quite strong enough: I packed it, and spent another pleasant evening with the Hurters. If only I could repeat Mr. Kirwan’s clever remarks on feminine intellect, or tell you the comments made this evening about the slender threads from which joy and friendship depend, or to which philosophy, wisdom and generosity, goodness and Godliness are attached—so quickly rent if vanity or pride are hurt or some sensual passion is aroused.<sup>1</sup> . . .

. . . I also learned of a further trait regarding the philanthropy of a Mr. Day, who is very wealthy, lives very simply with his family, and uses a great deal of his income for the redemption of honest debtors; as, for example, recently, when he improved the circumstances of a poor grocer imprisoned for three hundred pounds sterling; Mr. Day paid the amount. The man was called upon to meet the assembled creditors. ‘My God,’ he said, ‘what do they want with me? They know I cannot pay them.’ ‘They are already paid,’ came the retort. He thought it was a dream, though he attended in the room where they were waiting for him to hand over the signed receipts. With heartfelt joy he asked after his benefactor, who had long since departed; Mr. Day was named. ‘I have never heard that name and do not know the man! Where does he live?’ They informed him; he went there, and offered his thanks gladly and with all his heart. Day interrupted him, saying he was glad to have been of assistance, and now what was the man going to do? ‘I shall collect the

<sup>1</sup> Omitted are some rambling and insignificant reflections on ‘philosophy’ as from a newspaper dated 2nd October.

remains of my meagre estate, and begin to trade again.' 'Would these remains suffice for him to start up again?' 'I should certainly require quite two hundred pounds, but I have fresh credit now.' Day was silent, turned away, pulled some bank-notes out of his desk, handing them to the honest man, who was standing there dumbfounded. 'Oh, sir, you are good indeed! I do not know whether I shall be able to repay you!' 'I do not ask for payment.' 'But please accept a note of hand from me.' No! his heart was guarantor enough. God bless the money for a fresh and successful venture. Should he make any profits then it was for him to help others.

Dear children, this is the last anecdote I was told in London; Kirwan, himself an estimable character, related it, and my departure was all the more painful. He wanted, had we had more time to spare, to tell me some equally fine actions rendered by acquaintances of his. I was to be introduced to Dr. Monro, whose very lucky wife is German; should have accompanied charming Countess Reventlow to Count Woronzoff, and seen him in the part of tender, enlightened father amongst his children; ought to have spent a day in Chelsea with good Mrs. Webb's friends; a few days at Hastings' place—but these days had to be cut. And so I took leave of the capital of this land I love so well, of the family of my friends, the Hurters, whose native land I had valued so highly all my life. And the Swiss dæmon rewarded me for this, here in this promised land, for it gave me friendship and many lovely days by means of two of its distinguished sons, Hurter and de Luc. I took my leave of the Hurters very reluctantly, for they had all been very kind to me, and in their turn deserved my eternal affection, esteem and gratitude. May the honest parents live long enough to bring up the excellent children they love so well successfully, and give them happiness.



DOVER, *evening*

I travelled with Mr. Hurter, who had fixed business in Paris in such a way as to keep us company as far as Calais and St. Omer.

You can well imagine, my daughters, that I kept my eyes open everywhere—and swallowed anything that came my way! We left Deptford and Greenwich to our left, and in heavy rain came through some delightful hamlets to the summit of Smith's Hill, notorious for the many thefts committed there.

On top, at the end of a large estate, stands a high Gothic tower which must command a fine view over London; and once again I realised the whole scope of the good fortune attending those who on a voyage are at liberty to do with time and circumstance what they will. For example, I should have stopped at Blackheath, because of its famous battle and glorious country-seats; at Gravesend also, that delightful, populous township, with its excellent walks by Thames-side and its hosts of ships—and there recalled the boldness of Admiral Ruyter, who ran up the Thames as far as this in 1667, burning all the English lying at anchor, and had brooms fixed to his own masts with the assertion that he intended to sweep the sea of English boats; nor should I have chased through Rochester, Canterbury, Chatham, but in the first of these should have gone over the extensive ruins of the old castle, in Canterbury looked at the cathedral, in Chatham the harbour and docks. Though I was lucky in my companion, Mr. Hurter, whose descriptions and pictorial mind were an excellent substitute.

The Thames looms ahead magnificently, sometimes a large, sometimes a smaller stretch, often like a lake, at peace amongst fertile slopes, seen shimmering between copses or across soft, verdant hills; or it bursts into view from a hill-top in its entire expanse, laden with ships sailing up and down. At every fresh incline the myriad pleasant objects grew in

number—hills, coppices, meadows, with cows and sheep grazing, scattered over whole fields; the highroad with coaches hurrying to London, just as we were fleeing thence. At one corner we encountered some itinerant farmer's caravan, with their household goods piled on one wagon, and the children and poultry in another, while in a second cage, next to the latter, were a ginger and a black cat—an extremely picturesque procession. Soon after we came upon a sight which would provide material for a novel with a copperplate of it for ornament; at the corner of a gentle slope where two highroads converged, a very pretty maid stood near some fruit, which was for sale, and very decoratively arranged; from the head of the fields forming this corner shrubs ran down, between which a round, neatly thatched roof was fixed over her seat and fruit display. The girl, wearing a red coat, white apron and attractive hat, the fruit-garden on the other side, and the lonely peasant's cot standing in the distance, seemed to us a charming subject for a rustic picture and romance.

Traffic on this busy highway is very well catered for in that each locality possesses several post-houses, and fine vehicles and horses are to be had everywhere.

It was a quick drive to Canterbury, which must be a very old town, for they say the first settlers came there in 900 B.C. with St. Augustine for their first archbishop; later they acquired a saint and martyr of their own in the person of their archbishop, Thomas Becket, murdered in the church during Henry II's reign in 1170, and while England remained Catholic they derived great benefit from pilgrimages to this saint. But when Henry VIII, with a change of wives, made a change of religion and pillaged the costly shrine, reliquaries and offerings, the inhabitants sought their fortune in trade, and it is said that French materials in particular were to be had here in great quantities. They do not seem to want to vaunt their wealth externally, however, for the city walls and most of the streets bear not the slightest trace of any out-of-

the-way prosperity, though the districts on either side of Canterbury are fine; and as there are woods all round, the sight of the many hues with which autumn tints the trees and bushes was a joy; may the fat, fertile country-side nurture a free and happy people to the end of its days.

I was frequently reminded of my tour through Normandy, for there were also chalk cliffs here, streaked with flint, and grey sand-hills, with great layers of granite alternating with sand, and towards Dover again nothing but chalk, though its surface has long been cultivated; for from the fissures or broken clods it is quite clear that herbs, roots and flowers have long been rotting there, and forming two whole feet of fertile soil on top. For some time nothing but great heathlands are visible, unlike Normandy, and which is a pity for England's sake. We came across a number of pointers, sniffing about them keenly, led by their masters; but they would certainly not have succeeded in beating anything up on this very barren patch of country, even if they had been unleashed.

To my great despair, night fell upon us; and though the moon shone very friendly I could no longer see the neighbourhood as I should have liked: I just managed to discern the different shapes of the cliffs near Dover, silhouetted against the horizon, but all else was mantled in grey. I was much entertained by the so-called will-o'-the-wisps, quantities of which were floating to and fro on our right-hand side, which made me wonder whether that side might not soon be tilled and made fertile. I contemplated the beauty of the far bank of the Thames sown with villas and townships, the upper reaches of which I should also visit, were liberty and wealth at my disposal, as are my ideas.

I soon saw Dover Castle, like a black silhouette rising on my left, and thought of the temerity of a Blanchard and Jeffries entering their balloon here so as to fly across the Straits to France.

During our discussion we arrived in Dover, which I had



imagined must be a very large town, as it took us quite a long while to reach Mr. Le Marie's inn, who bade us welcome with a cup of very good broth and French bread, placing the newspapers ready for us, and remarking that the commercial treaty recently concluded with France had already doubled the influx of travellers for him, as many people from both countries were scurrying to and fro, so as to be the first to rouse slumbering contracts and derive benefits.

One of the papers listed a number of things, amongst others, 'That England might hope for better comedies from the new free trade with France, as now her lazy English dramatic poets would be allowed to translate French plays, or other honest folk might found a factory of these translations and make use of this very necessary branch of commerce.'

The rest of the party arrived after Mr. Hurter and me, so I had ample time to write and repeat to myself, 'You are now on the English frontier, and will never come over again except for some fresh miracle of friendship or of chance, but you will always rejoice that you have been across.'

DOVER, *Oct. 10*

As the wind is unfavourable we are obliged to content ourselves here for a few days, so we went to take a look at the coast and the harbour. The sea is rough, and I saw it tossing some twenty fair-sized vessels at various distances away, up in the air like a ball. I spent some time watching the flow of the waves, which bring in the tide, breaking on the shore. With might and grandeur the waves roll in, chasing each other along, then broad and towering tumble on the shore, and break with a dull thud of thunder, like a waterfall now flecked with silvery spray.

We had a telescope, and I observed Dover and its vicinity, with its chalk cliffs in crescent form, one of them bearing the old castle fastness with its four square towers, like all such buildings in England, their roof hidden behind the high castellated wall, and formerly intended as a look-out for

distant foes, and a vantage ground from which to combat any attempting to scale the tower.

I saw the spot from which Blanchard started by air to Calais, and imagined the crowd of thousands of people thronging the harbour, shore and cliffs, anxiously and admiringly watching the desperadoes, Blanchard and Jeffries, in this air-filled balloon, made of white, flimsy material, rise up above the ocean. Hundreds of spectators followed their course eagerly through telescopes. A number of women were taken ill, and it lasted three hours before the great telescopes on the castle hill observed them land on terra firma in France. Some humane persons had sent out boats in squad formation, ready to come to the flyers' rescue should they have the ill-luck to fall into the sea. This incident seemed to me remarkable in that so few people of standing or particular intellect were present, only the populace came to see. The landlords, who naturally calculated that this extraordinary scene would mean some profits, sent out men to invite eminent and prosperous people as well to witness this novel spectacle; according to our very sensible host, Le Marie, however, they came, stirred rather by the patriotic conception of bringing Dover some money in, than for Blanchard's sake.

This remark gave me food for thought, and I came to the conclusion that this kind of indifference was the fruit of an inward disdain towards persons entering on any useless enterprise, however artistic or perilous it may be. The dexterity of tight-rope walkers or acrobats, for instance, leaves one dumbfounded, while the perseverance and accuracy of movement required for balancing-tricks arouses one's admiration; the love of one's fellow-beings makes one shudder at the danger involved in certain extraordinary feats, and it is difficult to conceive how daring they really are, but intellects, energy and lives thus employed will never meet with any feeling of regard. The landlord's further comment to the effect that all the spy-glasses and lorgnettes in London were sold out at the time, while after the first fearful glances



at the air-balloon it was quite humorous to see so many thousand people with telescopes of all sizes, made us smile too.

Returning homewards it struck me that the few streets we had rambled through contained far more pretty members of my sex than either I or my fellow-travellers had ever seen elsewhere; features, delicate skin, colour, stature, eyes, and all combined with a pleasant manner. And in the light of such remarks one is at once reminded of a statement from a scholar's travel diary to the effect that the real explanation of the beauty of the English race lies in their mixture of Danish, Saxon, and Norman blood. Dover has a constant influx of foreigners, several of whom settle, and thus this unusually fine human stock (as it is now called), is produced.

The English maintain that the excellence of their laws consists also in the fact that they, likewise, are extracts from the laws of these different nations. This might very well apply to their good taste in works of art, which seem to be extracted from all the best and loveliest that the English have noticed on their travels amongst strange peoples, appropriating features from the ancient and modern world, and introducing them at home, where the noble patriotism and glorious craftsmanship of their workers have nationalised and perfected them.

But the question arises as to whether this mingling always had this effect or was always necessary; whether Circassia, Georgia and the Greek isles ever used such expedients, or whether such things took place in Italy, when she was selected as the first point on the line of beauty stretching to Persia. There is a maid in the inn here who is most lovely, even the most exquisite of connoisseurs allows this, and her figure attracts the feminine eye to such an extent that it cannot deny her exceptional charm; it is evident that she is conscious of it, though it seems to leave her quite indifferent, and she hovers, without any definite stopping-place, like an enchanting vision amongst the rooms and passages. We were told, however, that one of the subtleties in the policy of an



English landlord was always to select the prettiest girls—clever and honest ones, that is—for his house, as this attracted double visits from wealthy clients; for every lover hoped he would win the day eventually. How does such sport appeal to you, my daughters—a combination of avarice and lewdness with wit, beauty and virtue along the seashore in the charming country around London?

I am sorry I allowed a little rough weather to prevent my climbing up to the castle with your brother, though this was not the only reason, as I was advised not to, and gave in with inward vexation for fear of appearing stubborn; from there I might have overlooked Dover and its surroundings, besides a large slice of England, should have seen the old Gothic castle close to, and given my blessings once again to the neighbourhood of Windsor, London and Richmond; but I always give in, and prefer other people's ideas when it comes to sacrificing one of my own. So Carl went alone, and I revisited the harbour, spent a few moments contemplating this portion of the English coast, and gazed across the water to the shores of France, for the sea extended a mighty arm between them, and divided Great Britain from the continent, with the care of a divine precaution encircling the ever-blessed isle on every side. I rejoiced at this, rejoiced at the stormy waves before me, hoping they would preserve the English national character from any harmful contamination from others, for I would rather they were influenced by their guardian angel, the sea, than by their artistic neighbour on the continent. May their great and noble qualities, the fruits of nature and generosity, and their born love of reflection and endurance, end in that perfection of which they are the nearest exponents and certainly possess many examples. The noble ambition of their mechanics striving after perfection, a lofty taste in art and high-minded simplicity inherent in them, respect for law—all these things bring them close to the highest grade of moral effort, and their geographical position makes my love confident that it is impossible for

them to become petty slaves or flatterers. I may fear abuses of their liberty, good fortune and talents, but their downfall never. As long as this sphere of ours endures, may it be possible for the true philosophical observer to remark, like Archenholz, that in the whole history of the human species, Great Britain has given a permanent example; that millions of beings live together freely, rationally, according to the dignity of human nature, and despite the highest culture, affluence and learning, law governs and not man. And if, in time to come, our nation should contribute a second Wendeborn to England, may this new estimable man, after fifteen years of observation, be in a position to write: 'Honesty and candour are part of the English national character. Wealth and position are of no avail in court, even if the plaintiff is quite a poor man. No nation has a more natural inclination to treat mistakes with kindness and pity the unfortunate. In England thoughts, tongue, pen and press are free, therefore have no cause for hypocrisy; neither education nor law makes slaves of them. The ordinary man's leisure in reading public papers does away with unruliness, oppression and superstition everywhere. The public is the great tribunal by whom all judgments are made, and this voice can awaken shame and terror: the English are brave and regard death as a gift of heaven.' Should there be Deists, Quakers, Socinians, Papists and Presbyterians amongst the English Christians at that date, I hope this new Wendeborn who is to do honour to our grandchildren may be able to say of them 'That they speak of their different creeds candidly, amicably, without interference. May the educational tenets of the Quaker be disseminated, as they are said to possess the secret of persuading children to perform the tasks and endure the unpleasantness of human existence, so that, according to a very credible statement, the Quakers have never been known to commit a suicide.'

I love England's poets of all time, and hope that in the future a new Thomson will experience the joy of singing the



spirit and virtue of Britain's sons and daughters as he did in his *Seasons*. And if a subsequent Talbot should fade at the prime of his success, may the new Thomson, as he draws a comparison between Britain and Rome, Greece and other modern and ancient free states, always be justified in giving preference to the noble freedom of his motherland, saying, 'Centuries ago another name sang that virtue alone could maintain England's prosperity; it has done so.'

And may another Glover intone some magnificent poem on the everlasting blossom of action, and further Popes and Counts of Rochester find no more material for *Dunciads* and satires on human kind.

I pondered once more my stay in England, and all I know about her; my spirit was moved, and with tears in my eyes I besought Providence always to provide this country with a king as fatherly as George III, and a queen with as great a learning and virtue as Charlotte of Mecklenburg. Chatham's spirit hover over all the ministers and the lasting influence of the society for the encouragement of agriculture and useful crafts. For there are still hundreds and hundreds of untilled acres where that soil can be seen of which Addison says it yields nothing but buttercups, buckthorn berries, blackthorn and truffles.

And now Carl returned from castle hill, and told us of the vastness of the buildings and halls, and of the strength of the walls, and brought all kinds of stones he had collected from the cliff-top and seashore: chalk, lime, mortar, granite flints, marine plants, one of which is supposed to be polypoid. I was glad he had gathered all these specimens, but angry with him, after the guide's statement, for risking himself so far on to the outer edge of the cliff, so that he had to lie down flat on the ground to prevent himself being carried off by the wind and flung into the sea.

Oct. 11

This afternoon I was vividly reminded of Miss Burney, as there was some talk in the paper of good Lavater, and some-



body, on hearing that his mind had become fuddled, said, 'It was a good thing for humanity, as this example would cure many of the exaggerated enthusiasm to which he had brought them.' Charming Miss Burney would almost certainly have made as pointed a remark as she did over the Cook incident. During a discussion on physiognomy Mr. Hurter expressed the idea that it was nothing more than a game of chance. It was only a matter of drawing some fine figure or other, and then either contracting the said features a little or expanding them, so that three different physiognomies of the same person would excite a similar number of different versions of their moral character. With reference to the above, I expressed the hope that I should find Lavater in good health on arrival, and should like to hear him talk with the author, as due to inclement weather we had to stay about here quite a long while, and the sight might have dispelled the tedium; but it gave us the advantage of a rest, and we were thus able to select our ship from amongst the packet-boats lying at anchor.

I should very much like to sketch the schoolmaster, who has a school opposite my window in the room of a really miserable abode; a large, powerful man, strong enough to strangle four youths at a time, and who, in addition, has his square head bound up in a large cloth which, plus his dark brown overcoat, gives him a disagreeable look which must frighten the children. Nor can anything more joyful than the faces and capers of those little ones when school is over be imagined. During those dreary days in Dover, these boys of six to fourteen years, in that fine flower and with the splendid stature peculiar to the English, cheered me somewhat. Youthful spirits, sensation of freedom, companionship and mischief; some of them having a sense of justice and protection towards the oppressed, others aggressive and offensive, then beating a cowardly retreat, showing malice or sympathy, all these characteristics could be discerned amongst the fifteen or sixteen boys, and just as I am writing this, they

are gathering for school again. Five of them still have some important task to perform, and are investigating their tiny pipes and squirts made of elm-wood, smiling kindly at them before putting them away in their pockets, and then they troop into school together. There are very fine boys amongst them, but those with the little pipes seemed to me gentler, while the owners of the squirts were more violent and more decided in their gestures, which was the natural outcome of their characters, as perhaps they fashioned the soft, simple pipe from the wood of some shrub to give themselves and others pleasure, while the squirts were cut for teasing purposes or perhaps for revenge. They did not put their books down, and I regret not having asked them to show me their school-books. May they grow into honest citizens supporting their old parents, and become good husbands to the pretty lasses with whom Dover abounds.

I remember to have heard from Mr. le Bret that in the inn at which he stopped during his trip with the Duke of Würtemberg in Dover, there was a library for foreigners where several languages might be had, so that the period of waiting for a favourable wind should be pleasantly whiled away. I made inquiries at our lodgings, too, and saw a cupboard opened which contained besides a supply of tumblers and bottles a few copies of very good English sermons.

One volume of Plutarch translated into English in 1686. A copy of a Paris newspaper, which some traveller must have left behind, and one book, with the title-page missing, from Louis xiv's time, describing a *fête galante* held by the latter at Marly.<sup>1</sup> . . .

The rain cleared up a little, so I went to buy a travelling-bonnet, and visited a book-shop as well, and asked for Brath's charming tale, *Emma Corbet*, from which Angelika borrowed the subject for a stirring picture representing Virtue bending

<sup>1</sup> There follow pages of translated extract from *L'Ennui sans sujet* (tedium without cause) describing the pastimes of the age, building of Marly, a *fête galante* held there at the time of Louis xiv, which are omitted as irrelevant.



over Emma's urn, and mourning her death. But the man did not have this tale in stock. I was tempted to buy a delightful little engraving, however, showing a lovely peasant girl holding ears of corn in her hand in pious rural manner, and her eyes lifted to heaven. The inscription reads, 'Lord, Thou who tookest away my parents and madest me poor, grant me work and protect my innocence, and I shall never bemoan my fate.'

I bought the September and October numbers of the *Lady's Magazine*, and was sorry I had not procured them all, as they contained very nice essays, most useful for the information of my sex, as, for example, An idea of true philosophy and wisdom; On the spirit of contradiction; Educational institutes; Medical notes for women; Blind delusions of love; A fine picture of the value of a loyal stepmother; charming poems on various subjects, and a number of riddles, some made up especially from the names of boy and girl pupils in different counties, some requiring a thorough knowledge of the language, others observation in natural and racial history, art and other branches. I was informed too late of the publication of a handbook for ladies dealing with feminine interests and amusements, and directions as to how to become prosperous with honour. Further, dedicated to men of small means, advice showing how families can live on £750 to £130 a year. As such sums are often the lot of eminent persons at home, and as now the state revenues and expenditures of kings and princes are becoming known, it seems to me a useful piece of work might be done using this material as a companion study to our estimable Professor Crome's catalogue of European products, entitled, *Europe and her Expenditure*. But this useful English book cannot be very well known, even in its own country, as in the latest papers I saw a number of estates up for sale; it seems to me as long as paint *à la* Ninon Enclos, soap-bubbles of Venus, hair-oil of Athens, and exaggerated fashions are sought by the 'ladies,' as this paper reports, and as long as there are men who



dodge the ban upon the coming fashion of tying shoes with laces, which threatens to ruin buckle-makers, by wearing a buckle on one foot and a shoe-lace on the other, so as not to cause too precipitate a change—so long there will be family estates on the market, and this booklet will need to go through more than five editions, especially if ministers be returned again of the type rebuked for spending untold millions, for the nation cannot always count on a William Pitt to succeed with virtuous precepts in counteracting this irresponsible squandering.

I was very glad to have this reminder of the great man while still on the shores of his own country, just as the last drop of a rare elixir from the chalice of human joy is quaffed rapturously. I derived great pleasure from reading the invitations to four different winter clubs—for philosophers, doctors, politicians and economists—where practical problems are dealt with. There is also one announced for fools and idiots, in which the maddest member acts as president. I do hope the economic club will encourage Mr. Watson's excellent suggestions for teaching young people of rank and means the principles of agriculture, commerce and manufacture, so that they may one day be of real service to their country in important matters in parliament by their understanding, and on their estates become models and leaders in a sound land policy and be assured against the tedium of which gay, wealthy noblemen complain in the country. Further, this excellent man strikes chords, the sound of which excites my grief; for instance, he suggests that this would cause a sound increase in agriculture and the good, honest, peasant population, as millions of acres are lying there fallow; and let me add that it would remove the reproof that highway robbery is a native English characteristic. Secondly, Mr. Watson continues that parents leave their children at the university too short a time, as they take them away at the age of seventeen, give them a horse and money at random to pursue gaieties galore, teach them to drink at table like

their elders, and then send them to France or to Italy—so that Great Britain overflowed with babblers on good taste, literature, art and religion.

Millions of untilled acres, and so many young people ruined by the senseless kindness of their parents—this was a double crime, and grieved me extremely. Swarms of young Englishmen in Göttingen, Geneva and Lausanne came to my mind, confirming such complaints. I am indeed sorry that parents are accused of this, thereby throwing a great moral shadow over the fair isle.

My children must allow me one more extract from this last paper read on English soil, for so many desires with regard to my own country are entailed; and I openly confess that I am sorry to find in this extract the faults of the teachers in the English academies I have praised so highly.

Mr. Digby wants to found an academy for fifteen scholars, who are to learn Latin and French, and a perfect knowledge of their English mother tongue, with pleasant, harmonious pronunciation and every fine turn of phrase, to enable them to pursue their studies or travel worthily and with enjoyment. They are supposed to be made familiar with the classical authors of these three languages, and mathematics. Besides which, they must be trained to show a fine candid spirit and a pleasant demeanour; nor will any punishment be inflicted which might harm the mentality of a sensitive, honourable youngster, as happens in so many academies amongst disagreeable, stupid teachers, often for quite minor youthful offences caused by thoughtlessness, making learning a torture for them, and suppressing all noble ambition.

He guarantees large, clean rooms in addition; simple, nourishing food; boasts that his dwelling is situated far away from any disturbing racket and has an exit into the park for open air and walks, so that good parents might rest assured regarding their sons' health.

I only wish as many academies were provided in our German Fatherland, and that the scholars were given

English frock coats, hats, boots and cravats to wear, and that something of Mr. Digby's programme were adopted in their general training, and that their intellect were polished by social intercourse and modern languages, while avoiding the glaring mistakes in teaching which he reproves.

The apparently vainglorious tone assumed in praising the pretty, spacious rooms and the cleanliness and his position near a good walk is no small matter—I have heard good parents complain of the incredible dirt prevailing in educational establishments at home, ruining the health, orderliness and good habits of the pupils, so that they were taken away before they had received half their instruction.

I should have liked to write some excerpts from the history of Dover, but found nothing but the fact that the castle had been constructed on the foundations of the great Roman castle which Cæsar had built, and that once the town had seven parishes, only two of which remain; that Dover had once been rich enough to equip twenty-one battleships, but was not so prosperous now. So the good city is, in fact, only meant for transit and a passage through, for fortune and affluence do not settle here.

We too assert that had we only known we should have to stay some days in Dover, we could have remained in London a little longer. Some few more days there would have meant so much to me. One more amongst the finest in my life at Windsor, which some high mercy had decreed for me; another little trip with friends and Carl. . . . Oh, I feel in these and other joys, I experienced the sensations of an artist scheming an ideal for a painting or a statue, with a mental picture of the glorious creation in its supreme perfection before him, striving to give it form, using every effort in his power, and then discovering that the image he had planned was quite different from the one confronting him. But a peculiar, rare specimen of genius is required to hew Apollo from out a block of stone, or with the brush present immortal masterpieces. The spirit in question, combined with happy



hours, would have to cast and mould circumstances in such a way that the image of a happy moment would grow as we had fancied it. Very ably drawn was the picture of my enjoyment, both mental and emotional, during this tour—contour, blend of colours, all in finest perspective; perhaps, however, I have forgotten the shadows which overcast all earthly phenomena.

I owe my *Pomona* one very real pleasure in winning Mme. W—— for a generous friend, for she gave me the amount of the remaining hundred copies, enabling me to let my son make the return journey with Mr. Hurter via Paris, and so give the dear boy yet another pleasure which will last him the rest of his life—that of seeing one of the world's most remarkable cities in the company of his parents' trusty friend, who loves him too, and at the same time of visiting with him physicists and mechanics there. This prospect for your brother crowns the pleasure of my tour to England, and of my work with the friendly pages of *Pomona*.

*Early Oct. 12*

The wind has veered at last. We are leaving at midday with the French mail-boat in which the Duke of Milan crossed to Calais; the man harped on this incident as though it were some particular achievement on the part of his vessel.

Adieu, England! Be thou ever as fair as when I beheld thee, and as virtuous as I believe thou art. Windsor, Richmond, I shall never forget you more.

## INDEX

- Anglo-German relations, 7  
 Anglomania, 18, 45  
 d'Arblay, Mme., *see* Burney  
 Archenholz, A. W., 8, 31, 110, 133, 186, 206, 292.
- Bacon, John, 243-245  
 Balloon adventure, 287, 289  
 Bartolozzi, F., 40, 230, 231, 232, 242, 245  
 Bertin, Mlle., modiste, 27  
 Bianconi, *see* La Roche, Sophie v.  
 Bielfeld, Baron von, 8, 15  
 Bocage, Mme. Figuet du, 20, 103, 136, 279  
 Bondeli, Julie, 22, 23  
 Boydell, John, 237-9, 259  
 Buffon, 16, 27, 53, 106  
 Burney, Fanny, 51, 179, 185, 186, 196, 197, 202, 273, 276, 277, 282 *n.*, 293, 294  
     diary of, 6, 51, 52
- Cagliostro, Comte de, 6, 25, 51, 53, 136 ff., 148, 263  
     biography of, 7  
 Caricature, 262, 263  
 Casanova, Mme., 24, 25  
 Charities, 170, 254, 265, 283; *see* Index of Places  
 Charlotte, of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Queen, 130, 145, 199, 200, 201, 205, 219, 276, 293  
 Cipriani, Giambattista, 154, 231, 239, 242, 245, 252  
 Coaching, 15, 35, 82, 84, 86, 94, 235, 286  
 Cook, James, 14, 109, 114, 188, 253, 277  
 Cosway, Richard, 239  
 Customs, the, 80
- Defoe, Daniel, 8, 31, 48, 51  
 Delany, Mrs., 201, 203-5  
     Memoirs of, 6
- England—  
     fashions in, 49, 88, 89, 95, 98, 103, 208, 217-19, 296  
     meals in, 37, 38, 67, 148, 154, 188, 199, 207, 272  
     tourism in, 17, 35, 82, 290  
 English gardens, 49, 86, 194, 210, 212, 231; *see* Country houses, Kew  
 Sabbath, 135
- Fielding, Mrs., 6, 179, 180, 196, 197, 198, 199, 248  
 Finch, Lady Charlotte, 179, 196  
     Miss, 179, 180, 196  
 Forster, J. R., 143, 144, 156, 228
- Gainsborough, Thomas, 151, 152  
 Genlis, Mme. de, 28, 180, 245  
 George I, 74  
     II, 74  
     III, 14, 170 *n.*, 200, 201, 217, 219, 276, 293  
 Gessner, Salomon, 23, 53, 57, 281  
 Goethe, 53, 62  
 Gordon, Lord George, 7, 51, 137, 148, 160  
 Graham, Dr. James, 38, 39  
 Grand Tour, the, 13-19  
     books on, 7  
     English abroad, 14, 23, 27, 298  
     in England, 8, 17, 18  
     in Germany, 15  
     in Italy, 15  
     in London, 31, 33, 35, 36  
     Nugent on, 14  
 Green, Benjamin, engraver, 151, 154  
 Guide-books, compilers of, 16, 17
- Haas, brothers, 91, 134, 135  
 Hastings, Warren, 51, 126, 243, 246, 254-9, 260, 261, 268-72, 281, 284  
     Mrs., 242, 243, 246, 254, 256, 257, 270, 271, 272  
 Hatchett, John, coachbuilder, 158, 159

- Herschel, William, 51, 159, 190-3  
 Caroline, 159, 192, 193  
 Highwaymen, 51, 214, 235, 236, 237  
 Hogarth, William, 80, 218  
 Hurter, John, painter on enamel, 88,  
 89, 91, 100, 156, 160, 223, 232,  
 242, 246, 261, 264, 280, 283, 284,  
 285, 288, 294, 300  
 Junior, 173, 186, 190  
 Jacobi, Friedrich, 28, 201, 242  
 Jervais (Jarvis), Thomas, 193-5, 202  
 Katterfelto, quack, 39  
 Kauffmann, Angelika, 134, 154, 225,  
 231, 267, 295  
 Kielmannsegge, Count F. von, diary, 8  
 Kirwan, Richard, chemist, 92, 155,  
 156, 259, 260, 281, 282 *n.*, 283,  
 284  
 La Fite, Mme., 51, 92, 173, 180, 181,  
 185, 186, 187, 188, 190, 196, 198,  
 272, 276  
 La Roche, Sophie v.—  
 Articles, etc., on, 6  
 and Bianconi, 55, 58  
 and Wieland, 6, 22, 23, 53, 56, 57,  
 58, 59, 60, 62  
 Birthplace, 54  
 Biography of, 5, 53-63  
 Children, 22, 28, 60  
 Husband, 5, 20, 22, 54, 58, 59, 60,  
 88, 187  
 Letters to, from, 6  
 Maiden name, 54  
 Marriage, 58  
 Parents, 54, 55, 58  
 Works, 22, 60 ff., 105, 226, 300  
 in England, 19, 35, 36, 37, etc., 77  
 to end  
 in France, 25-28  
 in Holland, 28-30, 65-77.  
 in Switzerland, 20-5  
 Lavater, Johann K., 53, 153, 282, 293,  
 294  
 Lever, Ashton, collector, 46, 111-15,  
 122, 128; *see* Museums  
 Lind, Dr. James, 188-90  
 Luc, Mons. de, 187, 188, 195, 272,  
 276, 284  
 Lüttich, Merlin von, 47, 139-41  
 Lyttleton, Lord Thomas, 6, 282 *n.*  
 Magnetism, 27, 28, 111, 195  
 Methodists, 66, 67, 77, 170, 263  
 Monro, Dr., of Bedlam, 168, 171, 284  
 More, Hannah, diary of, 6  
 Moritz, Carl Philipp, 8, 33, 35, 37, 52,  
 110, 206  
 Newspapers, 130, 216, 295  
 extracts from, 71, 95, 100  
 Nicholson, Margaret, 6, 97, 102, 169  
 Nollekens, Joseph, 7, 233, 234, 242  
 Packet, the, 14, 75, 76, 77-80  
 Peters, Matthew W., painter, 238  
 Pope, Alexander, *see* Twickenham  
 Quakers, 43, 134  
 Reventlow, Julia, Countess of, 92,  
 173, 205, 207, 209, 217, 218, 233,  
 266, 267, 278, 281, 284  
 Count, 206, 207, 208, 211, 225, 234  
 Reynolds, Sir Joshua, 6, 23, 151, 152,  
 179  
 Rigaud, John Francis, 245  
 Sarasin, J., 25, 136, 138  
 Savile, Sir George, 7, 160, 161, 233,  
 234, 242  
 tutor to, 160, 161, 242, 259  
 Schools, 92, 93, 135, 175, 246-50, 294,  
 298, 299  
 Scott, Major, 260  
 Seddon, Thomas, cabinet-maker, 173-  
 5  
 Societies—  
 Debating, 229, 230  
 Medical, 240  
 Royal Academy, 43, 46  
 Royal, 19, 43  
 Soc. for Encouragement, etc., 161-4  
 Specialists, on tour, 16, 36  
 Stolberg circle, 21, 219, 215  
 Stuart, Gilbert, 151, 153  
 Theatre, on the, 7, 41, 42, 121  
 Plays, 93, 94, 121, 219, 266  
 Players, 41, 42, 93, 94, 98, 121, 266,  
 267, 276  
 Vulliamy, Benjamin L., clockmaker,  
 100, 101, 146, 148



- Watzdorf, H. von, 20, 110, 206  
Wedgwood, Josiah, 108, 122  
Wendeborn, G. F. A., 8, 18, 20, 46, 52,  
110, 221, 222, 263, 264, 292  
Wesley, John, 6, 66, 67, 69, 73, 76, 77,  
78, 81  
West, Benjamin, 151, 152, 153, 194,  
195, 232  
Wieland, Christian M., 119, 134; *see*  
La Roche, Sophie v.  
Woide, Rev. Carl G., 103, 109, 159  
Women, 39, 57  
    books on, 6  
    intellectual, 28, 61, 105, 106, 178-  
    80, 196-99, 203-5, 231, 277  
Woollett, William, 238  
Woronzoff, Count, 235, 241, 242, 284  
Wren, Christopher, 123, 124  
Young, Arthur, 13  
Zucchi, 225; *see* Angelika Kauffmann



## INDEX OF PLACES AND SIGHTS

Adelphi, the, 34, 43, 161  
 Amsterdam, 29, 30, 222  
 Augsburg, 54, 55, 56

Bank of England, 164

Basel, 25, 136  
 Berne, 23, 282  
 Blackheath, 285  
 Bönigheim, 59  
 Bordeaux, 27  
 Boulogne, 28

Bridges—

Blackfriars, 34, 155, 171  
 Kew, 234  
 London, 28, 33, 38, 99  
 Westminster, 34, 171, 281

Brighthelmstone, 28

Brook, 29

Burgorner, 279

Calais, 28, 300

Canterbury, 285, 286, 287

Chamonix, 21

Charities—

Bedlam, 42, 45, 166-71  
 Chelsea Hospital, 19, 45, 278  
 Foundling Hospital, 45, 176, 177  
 Greenwich Hospital, 19, 42, 45, 250-

3

Guy's Hospital, 45  
 London Hospital, 45  
 St. Bartholomew's Hospital, 46  
 St. Thomas' Hospital, 46  
 Westminster Hospital, 45

Coblenz, 59, 235

Coffee-houses, 18, 43

Colchester, 35, 70, 82, 83, 87  
 Machine, 84

Colmar, 22, 25

Country-houses, 48

Beaumont Lodge, 48, 268, 269  
 Leonard's Hill, 274-6  
 Osterley Park, 48, 224-8, 245

Customs House, 165

Delft, 30

Deptford, 252, 253, 254, 285

Dieppe, 28

Dover, 14, 28, 285, 287-91, 294, 295,  
 298

East India House, 165

East Indies, 70, 243, 254, 258, 270, 272

Ehrenbreitstein, 28, 60

England, *see* General Index

Eton, 190, 191

Ferney, 24

Guildhall, 44, 239, 240

Haarlem, 30

Hague, The, 30, 75, 194

Hamburg, 21, 92, 193, 206

Hampstead, 34, 48

Belsize, 8

Well Walk, 8

Harwich, 14, 16, 19, 28, 35, 70, 77, 81,  
 82

Havre de Grace, 21, 27, 77

Haymarket, 87, 88, 122; *see* Theatres

Helvoetsluys, 14, 15, 28, 81  
 at, 65-77

Ingatestone, 82, 86

Ipswich, 71, 72

Jamaica, 243, 244

Kaufbeuren, 54

Kew, 16, 48, 131, 202, 225, 228-9,  
 234, 235, 278

Knightsbridge, 137, 148

Lausanne, 23, 27

Leiden, 30

London, 31-53, 85, 86, 87, 91, 115,  
 127, 135, 143, 177; *see* under  
 Charities, Parks, Theatres, etc.



## London—

- Environs of, 45, 47, 48; *see* Windsor, Richmond, etc.
- Growth of, 31, 32
- Lhong Dinas, 52, 53
- Shops, 40, 87, 111, 112, 132, 141, 142, 158, 159, 171, 172, 221, 237, 261, 262
- Tower of, 42, 44, 126-30, 144
- Transport to, 82
- Works on, 7, 8
- Louvre, the, 26, 124
- Lucerne, 23
- Luxembourg, the, 26

Mainz, 28, 59

Mansion House, the, 44

Markets, 44

- Covent Garden, 143
- Billingsgate, 44, 165, 166

Mistley, 82

Museums (collections)—

- Agar's private gallery, 47, 213
- British Museum, 46, 103-10, 114, 156, 228
- Cox's Museum, 47
- Holophusicon, Leverian, 46, 41, 112-115
- Townley's Antiquities, 47, 219-21

Oxford Street, 40, 41, 141, 241, 261

## Palaces—

- Bedford House, 131
  - Buckingham House, 38, 46, 102, 145-148
  - Gunnelsbury Palace, 48
  - Hampton Court, 47
  - Kensington Palace, 48, 223, 232
  - Marly, 26
  - St. James' Palace, 38, 147, 218, 263, 264
  - Trianon, 26, 27
  - Versailles, 26, 27, 53, 102, 217
  - Whitehall Palace, 38
  - Windsor Castle, *see* Windsor
- Pantheon, the, 38, 41, 240, 241, 282

## Parks—

- Green, 147, 262, 263
- Greenwich, 253
- Hyde, 40, 136, 254
- Kensington Gardens, 135
- Richmond, 210

## Parks—

- St. James', 38, 40, 102, 147, 220, 262, 263
- Tuileries Gardens, 26, 102
- Paris, 14, 16, 17, 25-27, 29, 83, 86, 87, 93, 102, 103, 111, 127, 139, 195, 217
- Pleasure Gardens, 8, 281
- Bagnigge Wells, 49
- Bermondsey Spa, 96
- Marybone, 8, 49
- Ranelagh, 8, 38, 41, 48, 49, 50, 279 *n.*
- Sadler's Wells, 38, 50
- Vauxhall, 30, 38, 41, 48, 49, 50, 279, 280, 281

Richmond, 21, 45, 90, 173, 205, 206, 207, 209, 225, 234, 235, 278, 300

Ritzebuttel, 28

Romford, 82, 86

Rotterdam, 28, 30, 65, 67, 79

Royal Exchange, 44, 222

Sardam, 29

St. Paul's Cathedral, 33, 42, 43, 44, 123-6, 281

Savoy, the, 18, 34

Scheveningen, 21, 30

Slough, 191

Societies, *see* General Index

Somerset House, 34, 43, 154, 153, 281

Spires, 25, 59, 61

Stour, River, 79, 81, 82

Suffolk, County, 79, 80, 81, 82, 85

## Theatres—

- Astley's Amphitheatre, 96
- Covent Garden, 41, 93, 218
- Drury Lane, 41, 42, 93, 266
- Italian Opera, Haymarket, 41
- Little Theatre, Haymarket, 41, 93-95
- Royal Circus, 50, 96, 155
- Sadler's Wells, 96, 131, 132, 133
- Touraine, 27
- Twickenham, 47, 206, 210-12

Vevay, 24

Warthausen, Castle of, 20, 59, 60

Westminster Abbey, 42, 102, 115-20, 122, 125, 129, 147, 202, 233

Westminster Abbey—

Hall, 121

Parliament, 42, 43, 120-21, 122

Windsor, 34, 45, 47, 53, 90, 92, 97,

160, 173, 207, 211, 235, 252, 272,

274, 278, 299, 300

Sophie at, 177-205

Witham, 82

Wool Hall, 239

Woolwich, 251

Yarmouth, 16, 28, 37

Zürich, 22, 23

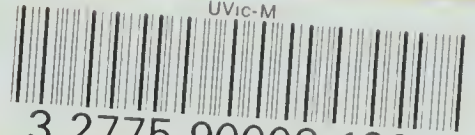








009966



3 2775 90008 1224

DA682

L2

La Roche, Sophie von.

Sophie in London, 1786.

DUE DATE

BORROWER'S NAME

DA682

L2

La Roche, Sophie von.

Sophie in London, 1786.

DEC 8 1981

AUG 2 1981



